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CRAZIWAYS, EUROPE

By the Same Author:

THE SECRET CORPS
THE COCKPIT OF PEACE
THE CRATER OF MARS
THE BATTLE OF BRAINS
OCCUPIED, 1918-1930

CRAZIWAYS, EUROPE

BY

FERDINAND TUOHY



HAMISH HAMILTON

90 GREAT RUSSELL STREET LONDON

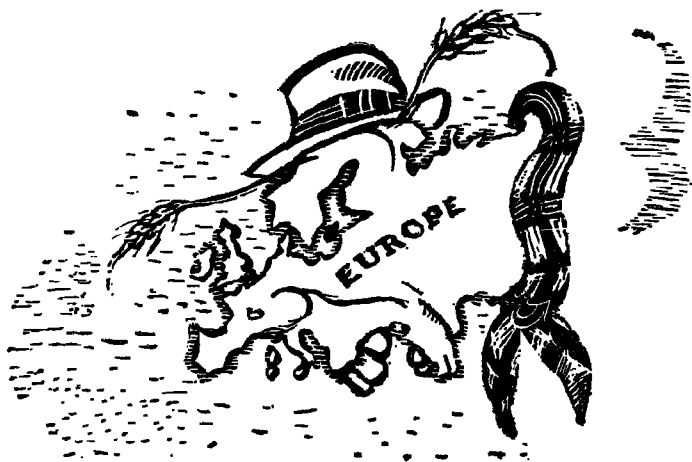
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CRAZIWAYS, EUROPE

The author is indebted to the Editor of the *Sphere* and of *Britannia and Eve* with respect to the liberal use he has made of facts, situations, and general background acquired while acting as special correspondent of these two publications.

CRAZIWAYS, EUROPE



I On the morning of this beginning I lay in verdant freshness on a high plateau of Auvergne: that loveliest of settings, stillness, a carpet of mountain flowers, the timid first waters of the Tarn, the crags and stones of altitude. Awayness. Attagirl was cooling, bonnet up, for she can be a hot little morsel.

Yes – it *was* time to decelerate, to slow down and stop, if anything at all were to be made of the past year. Otherwise this would simply slip away in confusion, evaporate. How many frontiers? Thirty! My whole Carnet de Passage of sixty coupons had been used up, two for each frontier passing.

What a Europe. What a crazy . . .

Europe the Fifth. Yes, that should be it. It would mean nothing at all to the reading public but, for me, that should be the record. My fifth successive Europe in thirty-five years. One every seven years, on an average. A different one. The solitude of height being conducive thereto, I lay on, and passed those personal Europes in review –

Archaically standing out was First Europe, 1898-1905.

'That,' said my father one July dawn in the former year, 'is France.'

'What? That rock?' It was St. Malo. There is no mistaking now the separate and distinct period the ensuing years composed. The Continent we would cross to must have been almost as near to Waterloo, in views and outlook and habit of life, as it is to the Europe of 1933. Our raiment, our pleasures, our comic immobility, come back as unreal as do the all-pervading calm and ease and certainty of that day. Which showed no sign: of ever changing.

But change did startlingly come, and I mark off a Second Europe as extending from somewhere round 1905-6 down to the War. Years of awakening from safe Victorian fulfilment, years when things began to move. The Kaiser, motor-cars, Balkan wars, aeroplanes, strikes and suffragettes, conferences and crises, the cinema, wireless. What was happening? We were being thoroughly shaken up. 1910 was already another world from 1900. Germany, France, Switzerland, Italy, I would run round at lightning holiday speed (two weeks). Only a miniscule percentage took the faintest interest in or were educated to capital events. Yet for all its repercussions and novelties, that unfolding and stretching Europe maintained an uncrowding tranquillity as it did a natural lightness of heart. Right up to the end it was so.

It will not be necessary to insist on the War as clear-cut period eternal. Half Europe closed. But the other half! Few, perhaps, saw more of it the opening year than I, as war correspondent west and east. And after that: fed, clothed and carted this way and that without having to lift a finger and being treated with immense respect the while; the colour and movement and continuous tension, the mad uncertainty and irresponsible uniformed immunity, the insensate quaffing and bizarre and facile love-making, the numbing emotional thumps one collected each day, the financial, moral and physical contempt for the thereafter, the somersault of values

and standards, the full-steam-ahead-and-damn-the-morrow of 1914-18.

When the curtain descended, there followed post-war Europe which possibly began to terminate round 1930 in the wake of Wall Street. What shall the glut of post-war books a decade hence say of the jazz age, so recent and yet so far? Of the feverish craving for distraction at all costs, and dizzy parting with money as soon as one got it? Of the sense of futility abroad, of why worry about anything? Of the garishness, the tense, high-pitched nervous note, the niggers and saxophones? The fury of speculation, the chronic restlessness, the dance dementia, the simply marvellous speech, the feather-brained film idolatory, the publicity-seeking and cynicism, the throwing of reticence to the winds, the Blah Young People, the spuriousness, the artificiality, the false bottom to it all? The uglification, insensate production and overbuilding? One could go on indefinitely digging out characteristics of the age that is no more. (I haven't even mentioned cocktails or night clubs or that fearful fashion decree which sent dresses above the knee.) Many of these things are still with us, yet the whole business has notably toned down, perforce moved into a lesser key. The monetary chaos was a big contributing factor to the temporary insanity of the times. What was the use in saving when you didn't know if it would be worth a bean the following morning? The countries of Central Europe became preserves of every form of excess. The natives joined in with a will when they could, but Berlin, Vienna and the rest were principally retained for victorious millionaires of the rate of exchange. It used to be humiliating to the human species to see Germans and Austrians humbly collecting the equivalent of cents and pence in return for major services – for a whole meal, may be, and the finest on the menu. The topsy-turvy period of the exchanges – when such things could occur as a Detroit salesman claiming the prettiest girl in a Berlin cabaret for half a dollar, and boasting of it – shook one's faith in things in general. Tempests of

paper money eddying. Here was a whole world to rebuild. A whole world to supply with cars, with everything. Who shouldn't have money? As the gigantic process of reconstruction and development expanded, it was a case of easy money all round. The while an international political revue, whose principal scenes were conference on conference, now with Cannes as drop-piece now Spa or San Remo, did not cease to be enacted, and thoroughly in harmony with the period. No such caravan was ever seen before nor e'er shall be again. There comes back a vision of Mr. Lloyd George explaining to correspondents his would-be deal with Rathenau, to the air of 'Violeterra' emanating from the lounge of the Carlton at Cannes. The augmenting disillusionment spreading from these pow-wows, the rising of forces such as Fascism and Bolshevism, the gradual revelation of the Continent as being in little less than a state of suppressed war, produced a feeling of insecurity, and no-confidence-in-anything, which fed fuel to the flame. On with the round! There can rarely if ever have been a like period of crumbled beliefs. Yet it is not improbable that some day the late epoch may be sentimentally recovered from the past and regretted even as have been the good old days. We do not know what severities we may not be steering into. The gay abandon of the gone years, for all their crudity and over-emphasis, their idiocy and their fake, may stand ever more vividly out, even as 'the dancing after Waterloo'.

And now this Fifth Europe. Of standstill on the surface: when things were never standing less still underneath.

The Continent has passed from one abnormal state to another. How could it be expected to recover overnight from such a comprehensive binge in all things as filled the 'nine-teen-twenties? From wild overdoing of everything, matters have journeyed to the other extreme. I have never known a more subdued Continent. Nothing is working properly, nothing. It doesn't matter where you go. The story is the same. On the surface there may be glitter, even merriment,

and bright lights and laughing faces, but you don't have to search very far before coming upon something different, upon care and distress and hopelessness. It is said that 30,000,000 are victims. Of course, we are all affected; I mean that these millions of men, women, and children are actually suffering. Behold a sorry Continent, a far-flung tale of evictions and business failures, of wholesale closings-down of hotels, shops, stores, night-places, theatres; a Continent of charity, of hunger and sleeping out, of declining morals and morality, of heartbreaking daily presentation in search of work; behold, too, a bad-tempered, nerve-frayed Europe, and a poor, unspending one, with most things cut to the bone. A growling Europe that is going cruel and has badly got the jumps. A doped and hysterical Continent, with a varied assortment of armed factions peering into the immediate future and thinking only of their prospective clubs. Anarchy, one ever feels, would break loose at such extraordinarily little provocation. Oh, pleasant Fifth Europe! Of organised fire-raising and widespread swindling or defaulting, of smuggling unique since the Gentlemen went by in the long ago, and of chronic verboten. The things you may not do would fill a book and daily they are added to. Not a country in which taxation has not reached ceiling, yet expenditure goes on and this although production has dropped to less than half of the normal. Harbours packed with laid-up shipping. Smokeless factories. Purchases reduced to a minimum and small feel of permanence in anything. Commodity prices descended so as to ruin producer and consumer alike. Salaries down, sometimes 70 per cent and in all trades and professions. Cinemas, cafeterias, cigarettes, cosmetics, as the lucky survivors of the giant dislocation. Barter of common occurrence, especially in the country districts. Another innovation of necessity is the professional mart, where lawyers, writers, painters, dentists, exchange services in kind. Europe is right back at the birth of things here and there, no money passing, just groceries for meat, clothes for

utensils, services for rent. Without doubt the deadest sector of all is along the Danube where inter-relationship over frontiers seems practically to have ceased. An American friend sailed right down the Danube from Vienna to the Black Sea, 1,000 miles, and passed only twenty-one ships, the majority of them coal vessels connected with the passenger service of the river. One boat every fifty miles. And this the greatest potential waterway in Europe, passing through seven rich industrial or agricultural countries.

It is a melancholy and rather frightening Continent over which one travels fourteen years after the War. Right and left, idleness, emptiness, hard times, muttering. Trains, roads, boats, half-filled. A handful of tourists even at the set centres, and that sure indicator of business, the commercial traveller, the rarest of birds. I who motor over Europe in and out of season am often now very nearly alone in a hotel dining-room. And how one gets positively nerry at the constant reiteration of woe which is the permanent leit motif of all casual conversation. War and slump.

Pulled up, angered, stumped Continent united upon one thing only: *this cannot go on*. Sometimes, contemplating it, I am moved to wonder how it pulls along as well as it does, ridden by all the ills as advertised. It may be that we minimise the dissemination of human benefits the past dozen years have brought and which, if partially mislaid at the moment, nevertheless combine to maintain this Europe high above its predecessors in many a material field. It may be that we take our cue of woe too starkly from trade returns and high and mighty messes.



2 The foregoing may be chatty, yet it hasn't solved the most important matter, namely, where to begin this trek. Even as there exists neither pattern nor scheme in Europe to-day, so it has been also with the course covered by Attagirl.

One way out might be to get into her now that she has cooled and move backwards over the zigzag trail. The form would not be new, Japanese authors having long exercised the right to begin their stories with the end.

At any rate, the thing might be tried because if I finish up in a ditch, I at least know where to start, which is something. The start would be Hamburg, last and most recent port of call. A plunge into the country of the hour . . .

Germany has earned two eloquent new names in 'Hitleria' and 'Naziland', the one suggesting hysteria and the second Zulus. I particularly like 'Hitleria' though Hitleria did not like either of us. With poor little Attagirl the thing was obvious. Not only were her well-known lines as familiarly French as Marianne's bonnet rouge and tablier but she bore a damning capital 'F' on the right rear mudguard. Small use for me to discard my béret: the pair of us were branded French of the French and brave young Nazis glowered

permanently in our direction. Small use to signal 'Engländer!' for the English were now little more popular than the French. Our compassion for the Jews and intellectuals, even for the Marxist enemies of the Third Reich, was sufficiently resented. And we were conspicuously guilty of Greuel-propaganda. But we also threw Hitler's wreath in the Thames. And was it not chiefly England that had sought to raise that other Germany of Weimar, synonymous with the detested 'System' which long blocked the Führer and all but sank him? Yet it may be that one must go below the surface for the main explanation of Nazi feeling (admirably, ironly suppressed) towards England. It may be that the real reason resides in a memory which telescopes into a fear: if it was primarily England that spiked the Second Reich's guns, so also if anyone spikes the Third Reich's it will be England too. That seems to be the fear, and no one likes another to hold so much of their fate as that. At times, not even the word 'hate' may be too much in our regard, the special German gift of Hasse not being deletable in a generation, particularly when Adolf, the god, the prophet, makes a point of sustaining it as part of mental armament and virility. In this view, the Nazis will be prepared to go considerable lengths in being nice to us for just as long as it suits their book and they are able to draw off benefit, if not from an accommodating England, at least from a land that does not actively impede; after which watch out, fair angels, and Saxons, as you may be. That we were more consistently decent to a downed Germany than all the rest of the top-dogs put together cuts precious little ice these raw times with an almost transfixing people glued to new and fabulous horizons.

Yes, the Nazi movement is above all else one grand emotion.

*Rule of the heart, not rule of the head
Rule of sixty millions, surging up
We have one throb and one alone—
Hitler!*

It is like nothing so much as a mammoth religious revival centring on a godhead, a spiritual awakening set in a general emotion not easily to be described even if it be standardised. Childishness and silliness run with bravery and readiness to die a thousand deaths, boorishness with drumming passion, and savagery with a perfect comradeship. The thing goes deeper than ever one remembers in Italy. Massed sentiment has always been a winner with the Germans but now they feel as humans renewed. After fourteen years of humiliation they have their self-respect again. They feel free. An immense sensation of relief. And it has all been done by faith. In as sad and undistinguished looking a national idol as ever happened. But he has done the trick, the biggest personal one of the century, since his was a far harder nut to crack than Mussolini's with his illiterate, unorganised, low-grade and submissive Italians. In darkest 1919 Hitler had faith in his star; is it to be wondered at that now, when in 1933 he professes faith in Germany-again-a-great-nation, tens of millions believe fervently in his being right a second time?

Pending such dénouement, or rather during the preparatory period conducting thereto, the Third Reich affects an almost overdone *je m'en fichisme* as to what others outside Germany do, think, or say. The whole task to-day is inside Germany, all eyes are turned inwards, time enough later to lift them. This attitude was well conveyed when I called at the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* one morning, ostensibly over Schleswig but in reality to note the change that Nazism had brought to German newspaperland. Said the Foreign Editor (who was curt and would not speak English), 'I can give you no views or opinions on Schleswig. The Government does that now. I can tell you this, though. We Germans are not concerned at the moment with such matters.' Later he did express a desire to see any article I might write on the Polish Corridor ('in der ganz erste Reihe') but the brief interview was as far as far could be from the ready unburdening that used to ensue in a previous newspaper Germany, when as

often as not one had to flee the torrent of explanation and justification.

'What a great game you're having, anyway,' I recollect saying to, or rather at a party of Hamburg S.A., uniformed, badged, and strutting, and the road cleared for them as were they the Guards. It *was* a great game, and Hitler scored heavily in taking these workless youths and rigging them out and ordering a species of general 'let's pretend we're doing something'. I had noticed similar fussing over nothing, before in Italy, but Hamburg had that beaten. There was no need whatever for black-and-khaki youths to aid in traffic direction or for them to patrol the pavement and doubtless their dashing in and out of buildings and careering round in cars flying pennants were hardly more necessary, but how those swastika-d on-top youths did revel in it. Their thrill at the prospective giving of a salute, say to a First-Wave man! A great game. First-Waves (original trusties) and Second-Waves. There seemed but one element missing, the feminine. Only one uniformed Nazi did I see with his girl and he looked betrothed many times over, judging by the stiff angle of his proffered arm. This movement is a very male one, please note, and pure to austerity at that. The dispensing with Fräulein, even if she promise not to smoke or lipstick, is very real, in public at all events, and it has led to not a few stories concerning alleged peculiarities of Party morals.

I mentioned the fake busy-busy bearing of the average Nazi youth. One duty at least was not eye-wash. Each morning I would be awakened round six o'clock by lorry-loads of Black-and-Browns all Heil Hitlering and waving and shouting. They were returning from their nightly round-up and beat-up of Jews and Liberals and Marxists. Visiting hour for such beats-up was round 4 a.m. If the victims were spectacularly damaged or rendered unconscious they would be collected for a few days' sojourn in special clinics. Otherwise they were told to get back home and indoors and shut their mouths or . . .

In Hamburg the calm was not natural. An Ogpu suspicion filled the air. People spoke in low key. One was constantly aware of the passer-by who felt himself earmarked. Nervous glances at the great open police lorries slowly patrolling—a dozen armed and uniformed bruisers, an ominous platform with chains, and the bruisers eyeing the citizens. They could take anyone, and not the faintest explanation either now or later, O, great free Hansa city! Historic home of German liberty and advance! Now . . . tremendous watching of one's step all round. Fear. Fear of pimply adolescents, too often either bellied or lanky-lean, yet whose distinctive tread, striding and resounding, told of their supremacy in Germany. There is something shocking about adults having to submit to extreme youth at any time; when the boast of the jackbooted prodigies is to sink all who are better equipped mentally than are their second-rate, arrested selves, as it is the boorish inferiority boast of the Nazis, the shock turns to a fluttering indignation.

One man, and one only, spoke to me off his own bat of the régime. He was a tram conductor and we were coming back from Altona, the rear platform clear save our two selves. For a short spell I felt sideways glancing, then: 'Sind Sie Seemann?' 'Nein.' 'Engländer?' 'Yawohl.' Pause. The fellow coming nearer. Presently, in a confidential undertone: 'Is it true that National-Socialism has come to England?' 'Good Heavens, who told you that? What nonsense!' 'We in Germany know nothing any longer except what they wish to tell us.' He was a handsome, finely built German of forty, fair and blue-eyed, and who had had enough of war and had not long since married. Was there going to be another war? He thought so. The Nazis meant to have one. I joshed that in that event I had already booked an inaccessible island whither I should repair. He replied: 'We have no islands.' And then someone else got on and there descended that silence of Ogpu.

My days were deliberately spent in getting plugged by all

forms of Nazi propaganda, in gobbling Goebbels, Minister of Public Enlightenment. So, I thought, to the core. At various times of day I would buy far-known papers that had abdicated character and freedom and which were now cowed agencies for the mass production of the Nazi mind under O.C., German Mind. The shop-windows, cinemas, kiosks, hoardings, bawled at the passer-by. From sexual introspection, the bookshops had gone 100 per cent régime, displaying little else than Nazi literature and Nazi faces, from the Führer, alias 'Germany's Unknown Soldier' (and not so bad, for Hitler's War record was of the very best, four obliterated years with the PBI and ever opposite us), and the fearsome Goering, last successor in command of the great von Richthofen, to the lesser known Schlageter and Horst Wessel. Albert Leo Schlageter has become the German Nurse Cavell. I was in the Ruhr when the French executed this Iron Cross ex-officer on a charge of rail sabotage. On the evidence they were justified—even as the Germans had been justified eight years earlier in Brussels—yet it would have been the wiser part to have consigned Schlageter to the Citadelle of the Ile de Ré. Psychologically an error was committed of neighbouring texture to the shooting of an unconscious woman on a chair at the Tir National. Ten years after, the Nazis have reared Schlageter upon high as the martyr of the Revolution. At Düsseldorf, 700,000 assembled for the first Commemoration last May. Two stage dramas, half a dozen films, a whole bibliography of books, and rhetoric without end and broadcasting, plug Schlageter. The plays and films have to be shown by order of Goebbels, the former in sixty-two theatres throughout Germany. Perambulating Schlageter exhibitions tour the country. Memorials are arising on all sides. Schlageter Day is to be an annual Feiertag in memory of 'the William Tell of the Third Reich'.

Coming down to earth, Schlageter, a Swabian, joined the Black Reichswehr after the War and when he was down and

out like so many thousand other officers. He was stationed on the Polish border and chucked it in 1922 when he returned to Berlin and found a job connected with the surreptitious traffic in arms. A soldier of fortune by nature, he lost no time the following year in heading for the occupied Ruhr and there, the French dossiers tell, he worked for lucre as a saboteur and one of 'la bande Hauenstein'. One day he was caught with explosives which at that time was sufficient. Revelations have lately been made in France claiming to repose on the official dossier of the case and setting forth that Schlageter was a double agent, his name having been on the Deuxième Bureau books as an informer. Whatever the truth here, one cannot help thinking that this admitted adventurer for profit, however disdainful of death he may have been, is rather a far-fetched national hero especially as he had nothing whatever to do with the Nazi cause. However, revolutions must have martyrs, and these it would seem have been rare in the Reich, Schlageter being alone with one other.

Young Horst Wessel was Hitler's conception and embodiment of the perfect follower, ever blindly on his toes to fight and perish as an example. The other side opposes chapter and verse that he was a souteneur and stool-pigeon. Anyway, eight bullets were plugged into his face and the Nazi air is called after him for ever more. It isn't bad, as calling-for-blood German airs go – the opening line cries what a great place the world will be when every Jew has been done in – but not half as suitable to an awakening as *Giovinezza* with its chirpy, marching-forward note – though, heavens, where, where, the Rouget de Lises of these modern revolutions!

To proceed: Picture galleries and windows featured war paintings – field-greys lying in hay, that sort of thing, how jolly the War really was, good comrade stuff. One longed for an Orpen or a Nevinson, of Flanders, of Passion Dale.

One day, after listening to a martial concert given by the Reichswehr, I watch a film called *Bleeding Germany*. This is the official Government film dedicated to the German

People, and after Hitler had spellbound the Berlin Sportplatz for half an hour, a resonant professor commented on the film which had several terminological inexactitudes, including the delightful and well-known one that Germany had to wage war to escape from a ring of enemies. This lie – superior to our German War Guilt one – one found being plugged nation-wide. A pleasant interlude was afforded by *In the Great Days* depicting an unmentioned Kaiser on Döberitz Plain with his plumed staff and charging hussars. Crowd enthusiasm was obtained by showing the Kaiserin driving in state on the Linden, no mention being made of Queen Alexandra beside her. The occasion was, of course, a very special one, but here was intended to convey ordinary day to day enthusiasm. Standarte 14, of Hamburg, played the Horst Wessel Lied and we rose, and then there was the business of Schlageter being shot. We saw a French N.C.O. brutally pushing the victim to earth prior to 'Feu!' and were told this was the official French film. Low noises of hate in the auditorium. Another day I looked in on *Morgenrot*, a second Government film, with armed Nazis outside, and showing U-boat glory while avoiding the matter of eighty sunk amid frightful human agony. (That war was a good one, and don't you forget it!) After *Morgenrot*, beer was indicated, and this was taken to the accompaniment of a sailors' band from Kiel. On my tram ride to the hotel to take a second breath for the evening, I read that the British Press misrepresented Germany and refused to see her in her true innocence. O.C., German Mind, was banking heavily on this misunderstood and defamation business, while himself daily circulating a brazen misrepresentation of others. And to think that this lame little Goebbels of the bulging, bird-like head and trenchant, astonishingly rapid but precise diction, verbal machine-gun, undisputed Generalissimo of the German mind from the meanest stage and screen to the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and every form of authorship and broadcast, to think that this handicapped little fellow from Westphalian

nowhere but who press-agented his chief whither he is, figured so very unflatteringly, right up to his taking office, in a Berlin exhibition seeking to show how much the infirm or deformed had left their mark on the world. There was Danton and Marat and Mirabeau and Robespierre and Talleyrand and Thiers and the ex-Kaiser and Snowden and Bela Khun and Lenin (now Roosevelt) and so many more. The physically endowed d'Abernon was quoted as observing in his memoirs that Poincaré showed a will power and energy which belonged only to the undersized and this let in a further troop including Napoleon of the short legs. Queen Elizabeth was there with her collars that hid a queer upper structure and so was Catherine for something else, and Philip II and Richard III, not to mention Pericles and Oom Paul and Rosa Luxembourg . . . such an eclectic museum was this since it also extended to musical and literary and philosophical moulders without end: Leonardo, Beethoven, Chopin, Gluck, Gounod, Grieg, Handel, Meyerbeer, Rossini, Schubert, Wagner, Strauss, Mozart, Weber, Byron, Heine, Shelley, Stendhal, Voltaire, Hugo, Schopenhauer, Balzac, Karl Marx, Kant, Nietzsche, Spinoza, Swedenborg. They were all there for some physical oddity or another, and limping little Goebbels the newest and latest justification of the theory.

Goebbels certainly haunted and hovered over the enquirer in Nazi Germany with his all-intrusive personality, especially if one went out to be plugged as I did. His rat-tat-tat staccato was seldom absent from 'The Nazis' Hour', Government reading of events over the wireless, and the evening I listened in the nation's Schoolmaster told how the universe was intoning a hymn of hate against Germany though he must well have known that hate was not in the make-up of two or three of the more important of Hitler's critics.

One was well aware the Nazis were doing everything in top speed compared with Mussolini's virgin, little-by-little trial and error experimentation, that a good deal was shop-window stuff which would be unobtrusively discarded (one

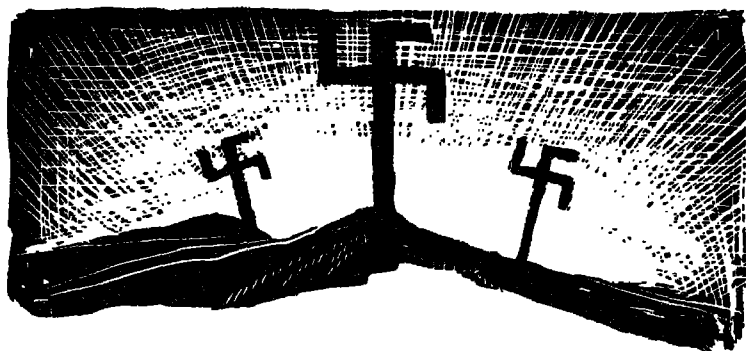
can do this when babes and sucklings constitute the backbone of one's party) and that, even as the earlier Duce, Hitler would be two-faced, kindling to battle domestically while posing as a peace-pursuer for foreign eyes, yet a governing fear prevailed, namely, that whereas the Fascists probably genuinely would prefer to secure, without violence, what they hold to be their just due, a re-armed Naziland might quicken to another fresh and joyous war, even if a fair amount could be obtained without it. Prussians are so different. Nor did this legitimate fear recede out at Altona at the compulsory national play *Schlageter*. In the entracte one reflected, 'This is all nonsense about the internal conduct of one people not concerning others. Here is this new Germany deliberately being taught to hate and to glorify war, its daily kraftbrüche a potion of gore and thunder. Doesn't that concern others? This new Germany patently wants to be left alone for years in order to develop her muscles for striking. Should she be allowed to do so? Might not fairly bloodless, protective, restraining, anticipatory measures against her, in the meantime, be better than waiting for an eventual clash that would mean a new world war? To wait or not to wait? Isn't that now the question?'

How nice it was that midnight to relax from *Schlageter* amid the Stimmung of a scenic Bavarian beerhall on the Reeperbahn, Hamburg's White Way. Two thousand mugs were there, foaming and banging, and if a reminding portrait hung draped and wreathed and we had to rise once or twice to the Horst Wessel Lied on exuberant S.A. demand, where he who could resist joining in those ever-thrill-making German choruses?

What wild contradictions men could be!

Soon I was 'proosting' with my neighbour, and he was telling me the latest gaga one about Hindenburg.

'The old fellow he was looking out at the great Nazi procession in the Wilhelmstrasse and he turns to his son and asks, "Where did I capture all these Russians?"'



A NEW INSTRUMENT

3 Is it realised that well over half the newspaper Press of Europe has to-day completely lost its traditional liberty, having been compelled by various forms of 'strong' régime to subside into the contemptible rôle of government claque? That spoken humiliation of the *Fremdenblatt* is widening as the ripples from a stone. The Freedom of the Press! You will travel hundreds of miles on the Continent and cross successive frontiers without coming upon a trace of it. In this capital and the other the stuff offered you to read might have been taken down from the revolvings of a very modern instrument, the dictatorphone. In the new sort of States that are painfully forming, the whole hitherto conception of journalism has been hurled out of the window. Men of independence, of vision, of the critical faculty, rebelling at 'directives' and inoculated against 'dope', can apply elsewhere; more than this, they may consider themselves darned lucky not to be in concentration camps. As for the rank and file, poor rank and file with families to support or perilous ways to make, let them just conform and also consider themselves no less lucky to have henceforward a species of State guarantee in adversity and age, always provided they agree to be submerged as individuals during their active lifetimes.

In Russia, Italy, Germany, to name the three leading cases, journalists are henceforward to be virtually State functionaries and most carefully schooled and watched from early adolescence, at that. Only thoroughly vetted stock shall in the future be admitted to these foreign Fleet Streets. No random taking up of the profession because one felt that way inclined or perchance could write. Nothing like that any longer. Rather: How are this young fellow's morals? His family record, politically? Character and temperament? Is he solidly for the régime? Suitable in physique?

How many of the international lights of to-day would have been ploughed under such an inquisition! Most of them wouldn't have got past number one.

The civil servant notion is scarcely new for we find it in operation with the 'diurnarius' or journalist under the Emperor Justinian. The first known newspapers were also government propaganda sheets. The original *Acta Publica* of Cæsar's day was perhaps not a newspaper at all, being confined to making known the Executive's decisions, a kind of official monitor. But there followed, in wax, the daily *Acta Diurna* which in addition to the official stuff had gossip writers and sensations and was a wow — in fact, in 59 B.C. Cæsar ordered its circulation throughout the Empire. Perhaps, though, the real hit came later when Editor Sallust, financed by Lucullus, got out the *Commentarius Rerum Novarum* and was able to develop a circulation of 10,000 (sans Dickens) and to make a profit of 40,000 drachmas a month, because 300 slaves did all the copying, and accordingly, overhead could be kept right down. Diurnalists were extremely well-paid officials, being among the few educated adults, and for co-ordinating Cæsar's will in waxen exemplar they enjoyed many privileges. However: there are two sides to this present tale of rude Press revo ution and whipping to heel. Most certainly, free newspapers are in 'civilisation's' van, but let us be frank. The freedom of the Press has been

abused in our time as have few other freedoms. If to-day the pendulum is swinging much too far in the opposing direction it may be in part that our friends the dictators are aware of the existence of considerable public disapproval vis-à-vis its newspapers. Viewed in the round, journalism since the War has not been a pretty thing. One would go farther and say that it has been directly responsible for a great deal of the existing confusion, animosities and perils even as its mad sensation-hunting back in 1919 contributed forcibly to the muddle and mistakes of the Peace Conference. A good deal of the international Press has as much right to-day to chastise the fashioners of the Treaty as might have a gang of poisoners later to upraid an unsuccessfully intervening physician. Things have improved in later years at international conferences, for which we have largely to thank the unceasing influence towards objective truth exercised by the League (the finest university any serious scrivener could hope to have), yet all too much of the 1919 spirit survives: the irresponsible going out after scoops and stunts, the staging of dramatic situations between countries and which do not at bottom exist, the faking for the front page, the wrecking by premature publicity, the exaggeration when calm should be the word and the ignoring of currents the world should know but which are 'dull', the misrepresentation of other countries and statesmen, the availability of pens for special interests on a cash basis. Looking back, international correspondents should have been paid the salaries of judges, placing them above the *mêlée*. For the evil they have wrought, it would have been the soundest investment of the lot. One need only instance the League itself. To the end of my days I shall remember the outrageous Press conduct of which it has been the victim. I hate to write this but we're sailing all the time so near the reefs and it is my belief that the test of my generation will be whether or not we have been able to hand on Geneva. I feel rather deeply about this Press business because of the obscenity that is mounting in

the room of free journalism. We have our Cotys and our Hcarsts and our Others still with us but to their ranks have been added the Rosenbergs and the Radeks and the anonymous Italians, belching venom and distortion for their massed ignorants. We know there are good prints left, but how these survivors are difficult of obtaining now at the kiosks round Europe. Over large tracts the suppression or banning-from-entry is as good as complete. Instead *The Daily Dictator-phone*. The Press asked for a great deal of what it has got yet not quite for this.

The newspapers might have been the true 'clerks' since Versailles, guiding, instructing, advancing sound thought as did others of old; as I write, the bulk of the international Press stands forth as an influence capable of great evil. It is my experience that left to themselves the various peoples desire to be friendly one with the other, exception made of the class-war exponents and where antagonism is artificially fanned as with the Nazis and Fascists. It is doubtful if the films have done much to disturb this natural tendency to inter-goodwill. When people don't like films they can bar them—as with France and *Potemkin*, Germany and *All Quiet*, Kemal and *Hell's Angels*. Incidentally, such instances have been extraordinarily rare, while the common-or-garden news reel acts as a constant hyphening. How long this film influence may remain as non-antagonising as to-day is now doubtful but so far the screen has hardly set people against people—except in such freak cases as the Americans condemning themselves for everyone to see. Screen people do well to embody such basic principles as these:

Objective and accurate knowledge of the life, habits, and mentality of each people by reference to authentic documents and not as the outcome of fanciful or artificial creations or the speculation of incompetent authors.

Respect for the political conceptions of each country.

Respect for the political chiefs, prominent persons and representative authorities in each State and for their religious, political, or spiritual outlook.

Respect for the national history of each State. Distribution of films showing objectively and without wounding the susceptibilities of any people the general or special lines for the actual establishment of peace.

But they need not fear that they have sinned much to date. And until the Nazis started with Austria the same applied to broadcasting. A minimum of international wounding or animosity had, with this exception and Moscow's antics, been allowed to gain the ether; mistakes were usually followed by courteous amends honorables. The wireless has, however, been abused for internal purposes. Hindenburg barred his opponents from using it. Tardieu did much the same. And Labour preferred a like charge against our National Government. And, alas, heaven knows what monstrous mouthing may not be essayed in near years – indeed it has already begun, and every day is showing what an aid to war fever the ether can be, even if simultaneously some nations continue to try to speak peace unto other nations.

Turn wearily once more to the printed thing. On my table is a periodical devoted to the reproduction of international cartoons. Judging by their bent, we might be a collection of caged monkeys screeching at one another. On one page the Pope is depicted as a chimpanzee, this being Moscow's contribution to a Darwin controversy. Here is France in her now familiar representation of scraggy ex-Maya in bonnet rouge, and grasping with long fingernails (alternately, she is a bloated, bedecked creature, asphyxiating passers-by with her scents). And here is the once robust J.B. a harassed, deflated figure, and for the Soviet, one covered with blood and chiefly engaged with cannon and gold. (Italy is also not so bad in this line at our expense.) Turn a page, and one comes upon the current Parisian conception of brother Boche: a helmeted hog whose gas mask forms the snout. Uncle Sam seems to be gradually merging into a gruesome gangster of Shylockian impregnation. Japan is depicted hopping about in apeland with bombs and

flammenwerfer. And the Germans draw the Poles as holy horror, and so on. Such cartoons are plugged through Europe week after week. Hostile cartoons have ever been a boon to the crayon tribe. French cartoons against England were so hostile thirty-five years ago that when some were recently resurrected in a Paris publication, the Prefect of Police seized the whole number. Nevertheless, it would be a safe bet that the pretty complimentary exchanges of 1933 have not been approached.

To summarise this distressing aspect of a daft interlude, broadly what has happened is well-known. On the one side, Mussolini, ex-editor, began playing first violin many years ago and the entire native Press had to attune itself or risk extinction; since when this prostitution to so fallible government has gained country after country and—fatal flaw—these lands have not all possessed wise or expert first fiddlers. On the other side, the surviving free Press is not conducting itself even now as it will have to one day if the laying of heavy hands upon it is to be avoided. Nor is this surviving Press being owned as the future is certain to direct and limit ownership. Of the free Presses remaining, one would give highest marks to the English and, until quite lately, nearly lowest to the French. Things are improving since a certain M. Comert came to the Quai d'Orsay. But so much of the French Press is not free at all, being lashed to banks, armament firms, heavy industry. If French people realised how they are handicapped by having such a Press as theirs, how foreigners of all kinds wax indignant and contemptuous, they would understand better why France is not so popular as she might be. That masses of French people are all right and likeable may be perfectly true. But a nation is vastly judged by the newspapers offered inside its borders, and so many foreigners read French, though this is only just being perceived. The venality that it is hardly thought necessary to conceal might be sufficient in itself; the ungenerosity and ignorant reading of

others which find perpetual outlet in misrepresentation and in wounding the susceptibilities of practically everybody in turn save Czechs and Poles, cumulatively have the effect of antagonising most thinking and creative foreigners among whom are not included the worthless troop of self-advertising sheep that can be certain of honour and applause by first visiting the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Poor fellow, whoever he was! The eyes that have been directed down upon him, eyes of Gold Star Mothers enjoying a trip to Europe for having 'given' their sons last time, eyes with plucked eyebrows and gummed lashes, part of the publicity programme, eyes of notorieties seeking to rehabilitate themselves, eyes of directors acquiring favourable newspaper notices as the prelude to a deal, eyes of visiting politicians on like bent for a loan, eyes of self-paraders swanking up in uniformed array . . . poor, poor Soldat Inconnu where will they bury your successor – or won't they?

How many communications have come this way in latter years asking what France has done to me that I should be such an 'aigre magister' or words to that effect. The latest, signed Marianne, enquires did I ever lose my boots in a French hotel, or was it dyspepsia, or had I perchance suffered in a French affair of the heart 'which of course you would not understand'? I have certainly suffered from the French Press. In fact, now that I don't have to read this any longer apparently I am becoming less aigre. I shall even strive to eradicate from memory the dozen years of unrelenting anti-Angleterre writing that it has been my lot to absorb in Paris, shall strive to forget that it has been this French Press, almost alone, which has kept the traditional dislikes and animosity alive. I who have drunk on a thousand zincs through France, and so rarely had hot words with the citoyens I've met, may be permitted this. I do not know why these French scriveners do it unless they're paid for it or think the public likes it. I should give the mass French sentiment towards us as one of cool regard, hovering

frequently round a carefully suppressed admiration. And I should be tempted to add that, as elsewhere, the mass may be more intelligent than its newspapers. A case in point occurred when things went groggy for us in India in 1931 and when the Grande Presse with whoops of joy and view-halloas dispatched its corps of writing aces to the Golden Gate to write the approaching decline and fall of English rule in India. The cost did not matter. Angleterre was going to get it in the neck so prepare to spread the headlines. And, lo, it was so, thanks to the enterprise of this Press that also (so logically) honours Kipling as un grand ami de la France. But the average Frenchman was not impressed, his reaction being 'what good will it be to us?'

Quite the silliest of French notions is reliance on how-nice-and-right-we-are propaganda which must not be confounded with the sterner buying and corruption of people and forces which Goebbels is essaying and at which Mussolini has long been a sly (and indescribably better) adept. But the 'how-nice-we-are'—can't we spot the subsidised commodity every time? This wool-over-the-eyes business is surely much of a wash-out in an exasperated world which increasingly prefers to go by acts? However, the French—whom I was brought up to regard as the most intelligent of peoples—the French bank so steeply on bamboozle propaganda that last summer the Senate *openly* voted 33,000,000 francs for propagandising the United States back into liking France rather more realistically than that Gold Star Mother stuff. And what did the Americans do? Why, like ourselves, they writhe at the word 'propaganda' and resented the planned French buying of American opinion in a diversity of delightful cartoons and skits, particularly relating to the proposed substitution of cute young Under-Thirties as lecturers in the room of Immortals who'd lost their kick. Someone has said (I think Léon Daudet) that we are experiencing contemporaneously 'the Black France', that the wit and intellect which history made

synonymous with the French has been forced under by a dark, gross surge from below. I know not. But possibly the last word on how-nice-we-really-are propaganda is Jean Giraudaux's: 'Il s'agit de nous faire aimer de tout ce monde là qu'on aime pas.'

This section having swelled into a discussion of mental armaments generally, one may as well finish the lot. Rather more potent an influence than paid propaganda may be the bookshop and library window, the fashion lately having turned to the exposure for sale of shockers aimed at other countries. A good example hails from Berlin where whole windows last winter displayed nought save a lurid tome entitled *Achtung, The Poles Last Night Crossed the East Prussian Frontier!*, the deuce of a title for any book. Libraries proceeded to improve sales by arranging miniature battle-fields in their windows, tin soldiers on sand, and signposts showing the frontiers; and the Poles possessing everything from tanks to Berthas, and poor Fritz heroically standing-to in a trench with—nothing. One visualises interesting developments in this line of plugging books. Were this one up to its theme, it would no doubt inspire the window mis-en-scène of a lunatic asylum.

Until the coming of such efforts as *Schlageter*, the modern theatre was not prominent in arming the mind against others. The chief anti-foreign agency is probably revue and cabaret. A good experiment in self-control is to sit through a real Parisian cabaret like the *Boîte à Fursy* or the *Noc-tambules*. Few non-French escape being scalded in this steam outlet of an inherent xenophobia. But internationally offensive productions are not otherwise frequent outside of Moscow. There was young Rostand's wretched charge against Queen Victoria, also a Stockholm revue which the Quai d'Orsay objected to, while Berlin requested that a play depicting the ex-Crown Prince as 'le Boucher de Verdun' should cease. Whatever it was in the past the stage to-day lags behind the big four, the Press, Broadcasting, the

Cinema, the Library, in the matter of moulding mass opinion. It may be that we shall soon have to add a fifth force in the raining down of leaflets from aeroplanes. The whole subject of the dissemination of news and the formation of public opinion is passing through an intensely vital period. If we lose the Press, we may get something too dreadful. Often in bygone times were the newspapers gagged or dragooned, yet never as to-day, nor ever was seen such monstrous subjection of the human brain as Hitlerian Germany is attempting through every channel that offers. A *Times* leader apropos Hitleria's day of mourning in commemoration of the signing at Versailles condenses the frightening recession that has occurred:

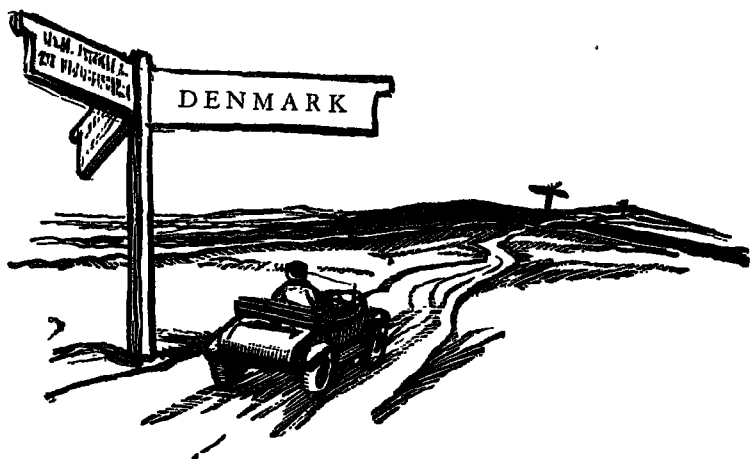
The story of the last twenty years will, of course, be told in terms of National-Socialism. Only one aspect of it will be selected, and according to the custom of propagandists, it will be magnified in such a way as completely to distort historical perspective. Germany will be absolved from responsibility for the catastrophe of 1914. The War will never have been lost by the German army in the field, which will be said to have yielded, not to the Allied forces welded into victorious solidarity by the armed ambition of Imperial Germany, but to the 'stab in the back' inflicted by Socialists at home. There will be denunciation of the 'Colonial Guilt Lie', which deprived Germany of her colonies on the unjust pretext of bad administration. It is important to remember that sentiments such as these will henceforward be very firmly inculcated into the hearts and minds of every German boy and girl. And the youth of Germany will probably be told nothing of the harsh treaties of peace which Germany herself imposed where she could, or of the still harsher peace which she would have liked to impose in the West. It will learn nothing of the long struggle for domination in Europe, of the ceaseless shocks to the fabric of peace, of the continual sowing of hostility and suspicion between other nations which was German policy in the years preceding the War; nor will it hear anything like an impartial account of the final crash of German armies through in-offensive Belgium.

Still, surely *that* cannot ultimately be the solution; surely the brave young mind will not in the long run submit to such darkness and perversion, canalised and treated 'truth'?

Meanwhile, what is being done about anything? Ever since 1920 they have been trying to limit and reduce mental armaments from Geneva under the severely handicapping label of 'Intellectual Co-operation'. What does that suggest? The well-meaning reformer, if not the crank, the professorial idealist, highbrow moralist. Our co-operating intellectuals waste their substance on such aimiable curatives as 'exchanges between museums and libraries' and in sending students to other countries, even in encouraging young Germans to write nice letters to young Frenchmen and vice versa (a laughable fiasco resulted not long ago from a reunion at Strassburg). The League Assembly has advanced a corrective that at least contains some recognition of essentials. 'Being aware of the danger which in the event of an international crisis, may arise from irresponsible Press campaigns and publicity given in the Press to inaccurate or tendentious information; recognising that aggressive propaganda against a foreign Power may in certain circumstances constitute a veritable threat to the peace of the world . . .' and then the motion goes on to claim the right of reply, by international law, when the newspapers over-reach themselves. The trouble is that we are all the time in an international crisis. A second move is towards the creation of a Supreme Scribes Tribunal that will outlaw sinning members of the profession. A lot a Pertinax or a Rosenberg would care if he were outlawed.

One hope of preserving a free Press in certain countries may reside in new measures aimed at proprietors who should not be there at all; in the compulsory publication of all holdings and interests; and in removing corrupting influences around the Press where such removal is possible. For example, the prohibition of the private manufacture of armaments would remove a main source of corruption.

But the sands are running thin. A few more 'strong' governments and the liberty of public expression shall have lived. We shall all be in Hitlerian darkness, if hardly composure. Eyes bandaged, we shall be told, individually as nations, just what our particular godhead deems it good for us to know—freely the worst concerning those around us, near and far, judging by what has occurred with existing godheads.



CROSSING A FRONTIER

4 Each time the crossing of a new frontier approaches, speculation sets in of a kind apt to engender driving of the reflex order. Rather is the mind occupied with such thoughts as: How much shall I be worth at the revised rate for sterling? What particular form of trouble is on locally? Do they like England this month? Has one written caustically about them recently? What fresh rules or bothers about the car? Which side of the road? How about the language? Also, the subject of food and beverage arises since, internationalised as may be one's digestion, national ways of nourishment yet prevail tending to cramp both stay and style. There doubtless are scribes who can scintillate on a Spanish summer's day after being nourished on oily-oilies and sweet heavy wine; pasta may be the delight of others and not prove a futile distending that leaves one craving for something to eat an hour later. Very terrible dishes may be served in the Balkans unless one take care. Yes, when a person has to tune in to ever-changing gastronomics, the table *is* important. Some nations eat far too much and others the reverse and you must possess the knowledge that leads to accommodation. Some countries congregate at such and such o'clock and others favour totally different hours—

again, your's to tune in, and it isn't always so easy especially if one travel a French interior. One or two countries appear to feed all the time, which is convenient. Concerning others, I have never yet found out when they really do feed, having materialised at different hours only to find them one day heavily in action at this o'clock, and the next day, at like o'clock – an unmobilised scene. This pause with the myriad dishes of the nations serves to kindle renewed respect for the doggedness of human alchemy, as it offers opportunity to salute two exemplars which over all-comers, won in their respective fields: the fish curry on Gammelstrand, Copenhagen, and the Tokay of the Ungaria in Vienna. In the way of the now popular snack, the Weisswürstel, brown bread, white radishes, and beer in the garden of the Löwenbräu at Munich retain my vote and sympathy.

The alternating personal standard of living devolving from sterling's varying value one must learn, digest and tuck away. I shall spend £10 a week in Denmark and derive £13 or £14 purchase value. I do likewise in Holland and derive £5 or £6 purchase value. Comfortably off in Barcelona or Brussels or Stockholm, perhaps also in Prague, and London (save evening sorties the cost of which remains as high as anywhere), outgoings have to be watched in Berlin and Geneva and Rome and – and how – in Paris and Amsterdam, while other capitals such as Vienna and Budapest seem situate in a species of no man's land, neither one thing nor the other, so far as those two inseparables, Messrs. Sterling and Tuohy, are concerned. To look back upon the mathematical certainty that attended continental journeyings in days pre-war is to realise anew the many excuses that exist for being unstable personally to-day. In those days one took three or four £5 notes and went and went one's will, over any, over all frontiers, and ever knowing to a shilling precisely how one stood. Now it's usually a case of pencil and paper and the latest exchange quotations and, in crises, almost a matter of what-the-deuce-is-Roosevelt-really-up-to

and is-France-going-off-gold? Imagine the 1912 visitor abroad regulating his itinerary according to the Agadir Conference! Nevertheless, progression through the price-maze of Europe in 1933 has its compensations. The crazy economic play ordains that bargains are to be had all round Europe, that owing to the play of exchange or saturation or to this or the other circumstance an article costing a pound in one city may be procured for 15/- and under in the next. The inveterate perambulating one keeps an inventory, the general effect of which may be, 'No, I shan't get that here – can get it for half the price in Brussels.'

Thus, shoes of famed leather in Granada are 8/- a pair. I bought two pairs and didn't really need a third some time later, and at a scarcely less advantageous figure, in Prague. Pass on to Vienna and do not fail to acquire pigskin gloves at 4/- a pair, or a suitcase of like leather for a relative bagatelle. Furs are also cheap while nattie little presents in glass, onyx, jade, may be taken aboard though I took Tokay and stowed it away in an evacuated battery box. Victuals can figure on the inventory if of the lasting variety. Plovers' eggs in Copenhagen: two shillings a nest of twelve. In the same fair city: smoked salmon at less than two shillings a pound and English tobacco considerably cheaper than in London. Germany has little takeable-away to offer unless it be Solingen ware – a spirit lamp, a patent lock, razor blades galore, and a picnic apparatus bear witness. For all forms of clothing, underwear included, there is just one city, to which a host of people cross purposely, with the pound buying so much in its native lair. Also remarkable must be the private taking away of sausages from England. At least, on a recent occasion when I said I was crossing briefly in that direction, telephonic orders poured in with the result that on the return journey I approached the French Customs weighed down by Fortnum and Mason. 'Vous n'avez rien à déclarer?' 'Des saucissons – tout ça c'est des saucissons.' 'Vous ouvrez au moins une charcuterie? Allez,

passiez!' For stationary, there is no place like Brussels, and if you scriven this is no small thing to know. As the site of Free Trade's last stand, Belgium is good for many bargains. But perhaps enough has been said to indicate that in course of time one can become quite internationally fitted out and attired—I am at this moment a sort of sartorial League of Nations, having, in addition to a selection of the above, a Milanese tie on and an outsize black béret only to be acquired opposite the Cluny. One becomes, as it were, the walking symbol of that frontierless, unimpeded trade Eden which, with machinery ever ready to swamp everywhere and every time, if you give it half the chance, must be the maddest dream of the lot. . . .

To return to the frontier crossing, it is always advisable to find out whether there's a revolution on where you are going. Or whatever label they are accustomed to give locally to bombs, raids, curfews, martial law, riots, burnings, tear-gas, m-g's at street corners. In some parts of Europe it is wise to scan the local papers or to have these translated prior to making one's foreign and suspicious entry. Overnight all may have been calm at destination; your arrival provokes a police barrage. And then it isn't always so good to have 'Journalist' inscribed in one's passport. Distrust; not popular. That was why some time ago I had my calling brazenly enough altered to 'Writer'. Alas, the change has worked rather for the worse. 'Journalist' at least was an all-language word. But 'Writer'—what might that be? Ha-ha! one of those international intellectual wallahs always spying and stirring up trouble! Alas, yes, that is how it is too often now. Next time I think I shall ask them in London to fill up 'Pigeon Fancier'. Pigeon fanciers frequently go on long European journeys. I've met them in the most unexpected places, releasing their birds. How the compulsory public awoal of one's trade or craft has ever angered. Long have I felt as Beerbohm Tree in his hansom cab. That one anent the cabby's frequent lifting of the top and enquiry, 'Where shall

I go, guv'nor?' And Tree's as frequent, 'Drive on! drive on!' and final, 'drive on! drive on! why should I tell you where my bee-you-tiful home is?' In the good old days after the War Montparnassians used to make a point of filling up very queer hotel slips indeed when on the move. 'White Slaver' would be a mild one. But good-bye to such finger-snapping now. Instead, a close interest is betrayed in whom and what you may be, motoring alone and out of season in this brand of Europe. Commercial traveller is the guess nine times out of ten. It even arises that perfectly bona fide tourists get challenged for filling up hotel slips quite correctly – as in the case of the Anglican bishop in holiday attire who filled up 'évêque' and then went up to bed with his wife. This happened at Chartres, and the proprietor, believing gross insult was intended to the Faith of his country, demanded an explanation.

Whether or not the country about to be trodden is favourably inclined towards one's own or engaged in active or smothered dislike is a matter of some consequence in times such as the present when any degree of relaxed tension is something gained. One remembers having read at one time or another that each and every country in Europe, even the Soviet, is exceptionally well-disposed towards English visitors but a great deal of that is newspaper talk printed in conjunction with travel advertisements acquired. Probably the truth lies nearer this: that most countries are far too fed up now to be particularly nice to anybody but that the inherently nice person will always find a welcome despite this. Obviously in this matter much depends on the degree of sensitiveness or comprehension of the language possessed by the visitor. Some nationals are uncouth without wishing to be so. The inexperienced may take this for hostility. Elsewhere one comes across the sacred egotism of Fascism finding outlet in a sustained determination to be imperturbable before the barbarians, yet the resultant laughable haughtiness does not change the fact of Italy's natural inclination to be among the friendly ones in our

regard. The boorishness of the Nazis, which sometimes takes the form of a refusal to answer, has completely displaced what was becoming an easy German relationship; Germans are frightened to be nice any longer even where they could or would be. The functionary, business, and bourgeois French can be more ill-mannered if not hostile than several we fought. It would be affectation to pretend there's a great deal in the Republic's long-standing claim to the courtoisie and politesse monopoly. Polished phrasing and hat raising are one thing, sensitiveness towards others, something different. Yet that need not blind one to the existence of some of the most attractive people in Europe among small café, hotel and shopkeepers and in the artisan and peasant class. It is unfortunate that the two types with whom foreigners come chiefly in contact, the Parisians and the functionaries, are such poor advertisements for the country. But a change may be on the way. A 'drive' was recently on to acquaint the French with elementary truths about the English at home. The front pages daily displayed the brilliant findings of writers specially sent across to the perfidious one with evident instructions to unpreconceive. Maybe it has at last dawned in influential quarters that eternal Narcissism has landed the country among the least knowledgeable concerning other countries and that this won't do in the modern world.

Danes, Austrians, and Spaniards are apt to be the most favourably disposed, with the Dutch, Swedes, and Hungarians following up. Surrounding one in these lands there is the feel of that something more than the mere interested welcome of commerce. But it is all a very generalising question – and how, I wonder, should we be rated by foreigners? Friendly? Or not friendly? And to whom? Upon one thing all foreigners seem agreed and let us hope the pitch will never be queered: they trust us more than others.

This morning the omens are good for I am motoring up through Schleswig to Warnemünde and thence, after a

narrow Baltic passage, onwards to Copenhagen. Sterling will be a third better than in Naziland. The Danes are always nice. They all speak English or German. There's no revolution. And table amenities are of their kind supreme. Just one snag: Attagirl. She's going to cost money because the Danes insist on the foreign motorist paying a tax whether he have triptych or no and also a liability insurance worked out on a policy of about £1,200. Did I sport a GB. sign there would be no tax and insurance to pay but my sign is F. and France has not made an arrangement with Denmark. However, such hitch is the exception. Crossing a frontier by car is usually a ten-minute stereotyped affair of filling up forms, showing the motor number, and opening one's kit. (Usually not.) The most annoying experience was watching the Belgians seal up my typewriter near Antwerp. I might not use it in the country. I could hire one instead, and with my own sealed beside me, could get along with my work. Europe may be crazy but that was too much. Later, in my hotel room, that sealed cord was satisfactorily edged and edged and afterwards as satisfactorily replaced. The only frontier abruptness I have encountered was from Czechs who also make a heavy charge for passing through their country. As for that bugbear of the uninitiated, the differing right and left drives, there is little to it. Concentrate heavily for the opening few minutes and after crossing the first car or two the thing is done, though reconcentration must be practised in the first town. Czechoslovakia, Austria and Hungary are about the only ones left on the left besides the British Isles. But it is time to be moving –

Lübeck: until lately Nazi G.H.Q. against Denmark, for the re-absorbing of North Schleswig. I had already decided that the Germans were good to drive with; this morning endorsed matters. They are probably the best drivers on the Continent, taking matters all round, and I only know ourselves *abroad* who might be better. This is not nationalism, rather the fruit of sometimes difficult experience on a

thousand roads. The French are quicker than any in the uptake, and this makes for road sense, but they are too nervously about-the-road, take many risks, use their cars up with trick stuff, overdo the apéritifs while driving at week-ends, conduct a permanent who-has-the-loudest-klaxon championship, and the toll of their roads considering the enormous space at hand – often 5 or 6 miles and not a car – makes it impossible for any impartial witness to hand them the palm. Two are real nuisances and bad drivers: the Swiss and the Belgians. The latter are the worst in Europe and how a sensible person such as King Albert allows them to tear about without a speed limit of any kind and a minimum (!) of 40 kilometres in the centre of Brussels, is not easily comprehended. The worst country to motor in, however, is Holland. It is one never-ending procession behind American cars giving off fumes, and the only breaks are the costly ferries or a tip-over into the canal ever at your elbow. For enjoyment, Spain is to-day the motorist's country and next I should put Austria though very small. Cars are hardly indicated in the Scandinavian lands at all – too much water and extra cost of one kind or another; besides, the trains, canals and ferries make delightful going – and that is just what I decided at Lübeck. Sorrowfully I left Attagirl in a garage flying the Swastika and took train for Warnemünde, port whence one ferries out of Hitleria. At noon the Berlin express is shunted aboard here and this time it was full of fleeing Jews cowering yet, because it was a German vessel and up above still menaced that theatrical symbol of Buddha and the Sun. Ferry crossings can be interesting with their twin-element, train-and-boat originality, people strolling in wagon-lit corridors and on deck, not to mention a restaurant beneath the train as in this case, but to-day our exiles cast a damper. At the time of which I write it was impossible not to sympathise unreservedly with Germany's fleeing Jews whom I had first seen on the station at Amsterdam, a score of husbands, fathers, brothers and so on, sending back their women into the dreadful land to

try and collect money or property, or relatives. The hang-dog look in those beaten eyes (sometimes in two senses) as these scanned the platform to see who of prospective travelers were Aryan, to see who might presently make trouble for their women in that train. For my unhumble part, no touch of Celtic pride quickened the pulse. An inexcusable act had been perpetrated, this wrenching from hearth and home and casting forth of a people as dung. Since then, first emotions have been replaced by reflection. Hitler might have carried through a valuable Jew purge without arousing a quarter of the disgust he did. He might have gone for the pivotal, Semitic parasites we all know abound in capital cities but who happened to be far more active in Berlin than anywhere else. Such Jews—freely apostate or lapsed from Judaism—are an international curse for their exploitation, their putting of self above loyalty to anything or anybody, their countryless manipulating of the money markets, their occult trouble fomenting, their deep connection with such elements as lead to white slavery and dope. It would be doing the Jews no service to hide from them that Europe has been talking in no particularly friendly way in their regard, if compassion was not withheld at the time following their persecution. Had Hitler acted on the widest of black-lists made out on the lines above, and he could have had that black-list for the asking, had he thrown this evil mob out, by the thousand if necessary, and let the rest stay on in peace, from Einstein down through the fascinating intellectual—artistic element to the humble shopkeeper asking nought but to do commerce with his own race, my conviction is that he could have got away with it and that principal condemnation from without would have sprung from his savage deletion of Brüning's and Breitsheid's Germany which, quite possibly, should have been the principal condemnation anyway. In some of the concentration camps are five and even ten Liberals to every one Jew. The latter got too much of the tragic spotlight.



5 Copenhagen can no longer feast and celebrate as in 1919-20 when the months were a long Schleswig celebration on the strength of good monies amassed by one who had so long been a crucial neutral. In those days the Danes – the reverse of melancholy at all times, the Norse are the melancholia experts – yielded to none in their material enjoyment of the hour. How they ate! How they still eat, for that matter. Yet almost slimming stuff, it is now, compared with last time, when male Danes pursued their favourite diversion in the shape of four solid and four minor repasts a day, although in fairness it should be added that the day rarely ended before 2 a.m. in the Tivoli Gardens. Still, one of those lesser affairs would constitute my lunch. Take a thick slice of brown bread, butter heavily, place thereon an ample cut of red roast beef, and on top of that two crisply fried eggs, cover with inch-deep fried onions, and serve hot. A smorbrodt. Just a smorbrodt, a snack to be taken idly at any hour, while waiting, while reading. But my lunch. Now here I was smorbrodting again. Fourteen years later. And again writing about North Schleswig. In the years between, Denmark, with Sweden, had known a minor golden age. Probably the two attained the highest all round standard of

living and general culture yet known. They may have been high-water mark in our curious civilisation. In the organisation and enrichment of daily life, in craftsmanship and architecture, the Swedes touched the heights. As for Denmark, even to-day and when she is striving hard to be John Bull's Other Ireland in order to pull through, there is a *bien aise*, a tranquillity, a genuine equality, unmatched anywhere else. Thanks to luck and character, vigour and brains, these two lands contrived since the War to equip themselves materially and culturally as none have ever done in the mass before and to put into practice a philosophy of life yielding maximum result for the times in which we live. Detachment from a harassed Continent they had and they seized although their representatives never once were other than willing to shoulder their part at Geneva and always on the side of toleration and soundness. One likes to think of the land of Gustavus Adolphus, placed next door to the competing and envious colossus with its Red Army, yet offering to disarm provided it can obtain a modest defensive footing in Finland. No whimpering about security.

When I flew up to Stockholm many moons had come and gone since the North Sea Bubble. A national habit of mind had gone, the Kreuger, get-rich-quick, americanised one. Sweden had basked for ten years in the reflected glory of her lone Ivar, playing his lone hand, lavishing agricultural, transport, and industrial possibilities on twenty different lands. Where governments failed abjectly to keep money in circulation as between producer and consumer, Kreuger waved his wand, and it was so; credits to the right, credits to the left, whole nations lifted up and saved, and Wall Street and the League and the Old Lady and the Banque de France and all the rest of the high and mighty standing by in wonder. Stockholm grew to be a financial capital. More and more so 'Svenska Tandsticks' seemed to rule the earth. The whole national system of these 4,000,000

northerners reposed on their Match King tackling single-handedly the transfer problem that had baffled both hemispheres, borrowing capital where it abounded and passing it on to denuded lands, administering to a chronically sick world nobody else appeared able or intelligent enough to succour. Skahl! Everyone was 'in Kreuger', in one or other of the half-dozen great trusts Ivar had built up—Ericsson Telephone, Swedish Woodpulp, Boliden Gold Mine, Grangesberg Iron Ore and in Kreuger real estate, and, of course, in Kreuger and Toll, that wonder concern which paid a 30 per cent. dividend on the strength of 250 match factories strewn through forty-three countries and comprising 65 per cent. of the world's production. Now it all lay in the dust. A sham box of matches had brought it down. The chief external sign in Stockholm was the number of things for sale—luxury apartments, speed-boats, islands, super-Mercédès cars, and prices were real bargains, for the owners had either gone bankrupt or were experiencing the greatest difficulty over very compressed domestic budgets. According to one advertisement, a speed-boat guaranteed to do fifty knots, and once the property of Civil Engineer Ivar Kreuger, was to be had at a quarter its price, but there were no serious bidders in view of the fact that the engines demolished oil and petrol at some fantastic rate. In like manner, Ivar's island fetched but £2,500 instead of twice that sum. No money lying about. Luxury living, in which the Swedes were adepts, had ceased. Amusements and betting, travel and fine dressing, all had had to be pruned. The Swedes were down to necessities. A harder job was keeping up appearances, very necessary in stiff and formal Stockholm. The right clothes, *if you please!* One looked about and wondered how many of those now circulating in a minor key had free consciences; surely there were very many who knew Kreuger could not possibly have been on the level? Perhaps no more, though, than there probably were elsewhere, and in fairly elevated circles. It is difficult to

believe that so many astute financiers and others were such easy dupes.

It was good to hear that young Swedes of both sexes, though trained all their lives to look up to Kreuger as the Ideal, as *the* conquering hero, were not going nihilistic after perhaps the greatest juvenile disillusionment on record. Cutting out town and city, tens of thousands were already learning farming and cultivation of their own plots. There are nearly 500 branches of the parent association up and down the land, and members are taught not only how to raise their crops and poultry and breed their cattle but also how best to market their products. The Government and the Rockefeller Foundation are behind the movement and dozens of advisory experts have been incorporated. May it be hoped that something on the same lines will come to be essayed in England now that the amenities of country life are being brought more and more abreast with urban.

At Copenhagen I had put up at the Kong Frederik, as it looked the kind of seasoned, unshowy place that would give value. But it took some finding – and here let me break off a moment to hymn the advantages of travel by car. I like to nose out my own hotel or restaurant. With a car you can cruise and do this. But take the arrival by train. Porters upset me, anyway, because I dislike service. But porters do far more than port. They hand you over to taxis or hotel 'buses and before you know where you are you're morally beaten and in the local Ritz. Admittedly by car takes longer and you get wet and have stoppages but one says good-bye to bacilli and closed windows and suffocating smoking and people opposite neither easy to look at or to inhale. German trains are absolved, as models of hygiene. One may not even smoke in the corridor unless it be in the section marked 'Raucher'. One of the most annoying habits of recent growth is the way people light up anywhere. The non-smoker, or the light one, has no rights. In Germany he has. The non-stop puffing derives, of course, from the States where they

smoke all through meals, foulest of table habits. Once, in a little Montmartre eating-box, Miss America would persist in smoking through a meal that mattered. Twice the owner-chef approached. She'd see him in hell. A third time the patron said he would stop the service. I remonstrated with the transgressor but in vain and we had to leave the restaurant. However: cost of motoring has worked out about level with second class rail and this covers everything, including two dream-collisions. The first of these may be dismissed as a vulgar affair. I merely ran into the back of a stopping and mammoth motor-coach on the winding Corniche at Les Trayas; and immediately and successfully took the offensive because it devolved that the driver would have had to have possessed an arm several feet long to have signalled his slowing up, so wide was that coach. (All the same I had been dreaming.) The second affair was destined to hold romance of snowed-up-in-the-coaching-days rarity. It was during a fierce February cold and I was driving down to Geneva by Chatillon-sur-Seine, north-east of Dijon. The road was probably better than the Grosvenor Ice Rink and obviously when one comes to a long and steep corkscrew descent over ice, and have no chains, no anything, it is meet and advisable to concentrate upon events. But, far away with other things, I declutched in these circumstances. It was only for a second but it was enough. Into the most beautiful side to side swaying we went, bend after bend heroically taken, but nothing to be done, and poor Attagirl finished up with crumpled ribs against a culvert. We were in the wilds; everywhere ahead snowed-up. New parts would take three days. So, with several other snow-bound motorists, I dug in in the depths of Burgundy in mid-winter and what happened to the cellar of the Hotel de la Poste in that little pays is the affaire de personne. One drank of the past doubly, in bouquet and in cut-offness.

The unshowy and old-time Kong at Copenhagen turned out to be the dance-club-bar-eats-whoopie rendezvous of the

bronzed and platinum youth and beauty of the village and the circumstance gave opportunity to consider a question of importance, namely, which were the prettier girls, those of Copenhagen or of London? Assuredly it lay between the two. Possibly these Danish girls had gone too Garbo. Possibly the prize should go to the one that faked herself least. However that may be, one could have selected two or three any night at the Kong who would have wiped the floor with the beauty queens that are trotted round. It was only natural that this ambiance of the twenty-year-youngers should set one to comparing these glowing and zestful creatures with their opposite-numbers-that-were of the last generation. Was Aldous Huxley on the right track in casting the generations ahead for a sort of general sleep-as-sleep-choose mix-up? Was there yet much real evidence pointing that way? Might not certain symptoms be misleading? Such as the determination of our juniors to talk the whole hog and their craze for the beautification of the body and the communal exposure of this? The pose was that sex had been put in its proper place—in the corner over there, to be taken when required. Wasn't all the body-showing precisely making for less sex? For all one heard of 'fuller lives' and a freedom that ran to companionable week-ends, might it not be quite possible that the precise opposite of the Huxleyean reading was materialising and that the tendency actually was away from what had been a greater past indulgence? Girls of a bygone day had so very little to do with themselves and were sheathed away in some mystery yet. Here were their successors, with well-filled days of earning and distraction, with trousered freedom among other girls, and stripped to loin and waist so far as 'mystery' went. And as regards the young men? Those of the past had greater purchasing power with which not only to enliven themselves but to please fair lady. They would have howled with laughter at the suggestion of a companionable week-end mutually wearing shorts. They certainly were luckier in regard to that

invitation to adventure, 'the glad eye'. Save in the professional realm, this aid to existence appeared to be well on the way to extinction round Europe. The substitute vogue was to go to fixed places for introduction. As here at the Kong.

Artificiality of the body may breed a tendency to artificiality in matters of the senses. . . .

Anyway, how some of these Frokens were improving on their natural selves. No doubt presently they would be able to be somebody quite else for the season, in colour and feature. All that would take up more time. And, Heavens, weren't their lives full enough already! I may be quite wrong, but somehow I have the impression that our young lives were 'fuller'.

THE DEITY IN BATTLE

6 The unfortunate contretemps by which Christianity developed two Gods in the last war, one on either side, has not yet been forgotten. How many Deities may crop up in the next is probably an ethnological matter. Meanwhile, there is something peculiarly repellent in western men of God furthering a policy, any policy, likely to lead to that next war, if only for the conspicuous failure of religion to fulfil any mission it may have had in the last. One had hoped that there would be no more inspired lining up of the Deity on this or on that side in the matter of our miserable, puny affairs. Vain hope. Already, and with a swing, the thing has been done in advance. Pastors Peperkorn and Schmidt, of the Lutheran persuasion, are the Nazi chiefs on the North Schleswig front against Denmark. As such, we must take them to be national. Akin to saying that should our worst fears be realised, there will be a repetition of the contretemps of 1914-18. The old German God. And a different Deity to withstand things.

Thirteen years had passed since last I stood on Flensburg Fjord – poilus and tommies then dotting the landscape – the while 75 per cent. of the war-worn North Schleswig population opted to go back to that Denmark whence their

fathers had been wrenched by Bismarck's Prussia of 1864 – a performance even Queen Victoria found difficulty in swallowing. The fact that those Allied troops attended in 1920, implying the Versailles Treaty at work, has become the battle-cry of the Nazis in their campaign to get back North Schleswig which the Danes call South Jutland. It is not easy to develop other and legitimate German claims or grievances. Therefore, all is riveted upon the detested Diktat – the Danes had had recourse to it! Sufficient! The Nazis provide themselves with a background by banking hysterically upon the historical. Thus, the old German cry of *Up Ewig Ungedeelt!*, meaning that North and South Schleswig shall never be divided, is their stand-by despite the fact of its home being a treaty of the fifteenth century, and treaties are not eternal. However, 'up ewig' is sufficient for the incorporation of this 'bleeding border' in the general German frontier hæmorrhage that forms Hitler's chief stirring in young veins. Visit these hæmorrhages singly, Danzig, Posen, Katowice, Pilsen, Strassburg, Eupen, and there will yet remain the most astonishing claim of the lot in North Schleswig. It is courting trouble to include revisionism of any kind in a book, so quickly are we moving, but what I found in this region almost silences by its brazenness. Not by any stretching of the imagination has Germany, young or old, a claim on this ceded territory other than *Up Ewig Ungedeelt!* The Germans are in a minority locally of nearly seven to one. And even this Minority of 30,000 is racially, religiously, and lingually linked with the Danes, and this happens to be the only trio recognised by the League as yielding grounds for an appeal from the established order. These Minority folk are not so much 'Germans' as German-minded, rather a different matter. Every unit among them reintegrated in the Reich would mean seven Danes exiled to that land of toleration. Such, in a nutshell, is the position I found. Hitler wants North Schleswig chiefly because it commands the Little Belt, such a nuisance for the Kiel

Canal. Most of the rest is worked-up tosh. Yet will the Danes prove equal to maintaining themselves or are they too fatally easy-going? Passing through South Jutland, by Haderslev, and Aabenraa and Sønderborg, I had considerable misgivings. The Minority birds, noisily Nazi, were doing exactly as they pleased, exception made of a recent inability to wear uniform. In Aabenraa many were the shops displaying large portraits of the Führer festooned with the Nazi colours. Young fellows saluted one another with a 'Heil Hitler'. The local *Nordschleswigsche Zeitung* might have been edited by Rosenberg himself. In its pages, professors, teachers, priests and even magistrates of Aabenraa – Danish citizens all – were permitted to inveigh against Copenhagen and to thrill to an approaching deliverance. It made one rub the eyes. In Sønderborg, I entered a restaurant to the strains of '*Ich bin ein Preussent!*' bellowed by a party of youths. This, apparently, was common. The Swastika flew from several buildings, while Swastika placards and notices were pasted on the walls. In a café, I asked a Dane about things. 'Over there,' he pointed towards Flensburg, 'are sixty thousand Nazi voters and behind them seven hundred thousand more. Hitler has got a frontier population all ready and straining at the leash. Schleswig is one of the most rabidly Nazi provinces in all Germany. Feeling behind them this tremendous power, the Germans on either side of the frontier are intoxicated. On our side they are spying and agitating and undermining in the public services, preparing the way. Here everything and everybody useful are "subsidised", so far as this can be done. The Hitler plan is steadily to generate a terrific Minority pressure from the Danish side. It would be fake and would in no way represent the true feelings of the vast majority. But what are we Danes doing to meet it? We allow the Nazi leader on our side of the frontier, Pastor Schmidt, to continue as deputy in Copenhagen and at the same time Goebbels arranges to broadcast what he says, such fine propaganda it is! The good cleric harangues, writes, and

does just as he likes. His nucleus is composed of the disgruntled farmers who, in the wild spending and development following Denmark's reabsorption of her seized territory, mortgaged and borrowed extravagantly and now are having to repay at a very different figure and in the depths of slump which has nowhere hit more heavily than precisely here. Farm produce is fetching little in Denmark. But still quite a lot over the border in Germany. Here you have the seed of much local discontent which the Nazis are exploiting. It is as if these bankrupt, hard-hit agriculturists said to us, "Well, so long! You're no use to us any longer. Even a handicap. We owe you lots. We'll be so much better off under the Germans."'

One fears too many Minority troubles are traceable to this kind of thing. These frontier folk want to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, change over from one side to the other as the material call beckons.

At Flensburg I sought out Pastor Peperkorn, a zealot under forty and married to a Danish wife. He was quite frank and looked forward exultantly to the day when, 'the streets on the other side shall be open to the brown battalions!'

'Supposing it leads to war?'

'It will not, and I am all against war. Understand that there are three ways of establishing our German rights. By war, by plebiscite, and by direct negotiation with the Danish Government. If you English and other foreigners would mind your own business and keep away, we could settle this question amicably with Denmark by direct negotiation. It is my policy. It is the Führer's policy. We want no war!'

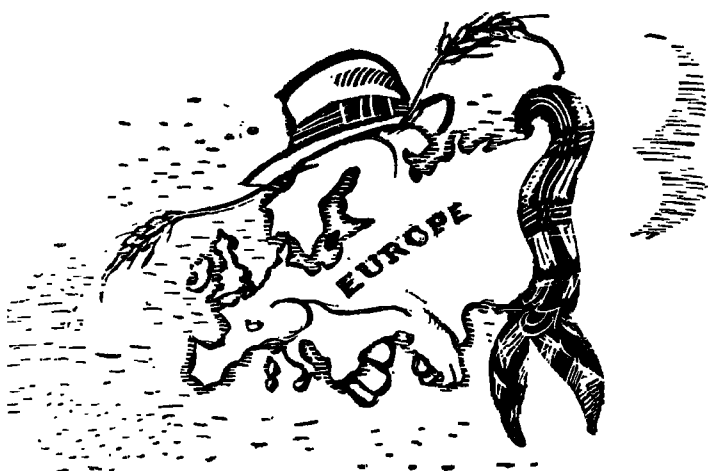
'How about another plebiscite - why not that?'

'One was held and we were tricked. No more such things!'
(At the 1932 elections the German vote sank to 14 per cent.)

I left Pastor Peperkorn, he obviously desiring a clear field,

firstly for staging his massed emotionalizing and after that for bullying little Denmark.

At Lübeck the same night I found the Swastika sign painted in red on either side of Attagirl's bonnet.



7 Pursuant to the Japanese retrogression formula, the next destination should by rights be Brittany. But between Lübeck and Rennes there lies, in the geographical mind's eye, The Hague, and it is difficult to pass by The Hague. For there, as you no doubt know, is situate the Supreme Tribunal of Mankind, not to penetrate which is to deny oneself as stimulating, heartening, and pride-giving a contact as the Continent holds.

A decade ago The Hague used to be a really peaceful spot. The tinkling of countless bicycle bells was as good as all that disturbed. The Dutch capital, spreading amply in and out of green woods and restful waterways, exhaled the proper atmosphere for calm and meditation. Even the native mind was suitably attuned to a certain slowness and non-excitability. The very place for reasoned discussion! So, Andrew Carnegie evidently thought early this century when he set about building his Palace of Peace. Besides its physical attributes, The Hague had piled up a unique record for arbitration. And the Dutch were by way of being neutrally inclined by temperament. Andrew chose The Hague and prepared to spend £2,000,000.

Precious little peace remains about The Hague now. The

American motor has come to town in shiploads and, blending with the surviving bicycles, renders the one-time peaceful capital a rushing, jarring city, clanking trams and klaxoning 'buses rounding out the picture. The only thing to do with the droves of cyclists, I found, was to drive slowly but steadily on and let them do their tricks on, around, and beside you – for they all are trick cyclists. If one or two came gently off their machines they knew how to do this. Fatal, on the other hand, to attempt to worm one's way politely through the wheeling throng, sometimes groups of twenty or thirty and not infrequently couples spooning awheel, arms interlocked, hands clasped across one another's handle-bars.

A second unserenity is struck by the architecture of The Hague which has gone jazz with a Javanese note. Whole sections of the city have been rebuilt. All Holland has indulged a long-drawn-out building orgy, part of that astounding story of what that war did give to people, all the same. I wonder someone does not put a book together touching the benefits derived from it – not in the way of a world safe for democracy as much as in hard bricks and mortar and social and other developments which assuredly never would have materialised in our time but for 1914-18. The more I see of current Europe, the more the idea takes root. That war gave new homes, new pleasures in life to millions.

Carnegie's optimistic gift to mankind, then, rears itself no longer amid peace and quiet. For these, one has to penetrate within. The Vredespaleis is the last word in preserved and cared-for sumptuousness. It forms a massive red square block round an internal courtyard in which scamper life-size china polar bears. The corridors are panelled with symbolical groups of Pax and Lex, are hung with candelabra, and studded with busts of peace-workers: Stead, Asser, Cremer, Loder, Carnegie. The central hall has a religious note with its stained-glass windows and dominant figure of Christ.

The carpets, the woodwork, the marble flooring and pillars, the polished and burnished whole, the regardless-of-expense suggestion, quite capture you, until you notice you have been prowling about for half an hour without meeting a soul. And this on the morning of a big day! And then the truth strikes home. You are in the least used building in the world. It is as brand new, as shining and impeccable as when last you visited here in 1923. Nor should it ever grow older, less impeccable. It is more like a temple dumped down among people not of the same cult, and therefore ignoring it, than what it purports to be – the Supreme Law Court of the World. Hither, if things were working ideally, nations would come with their quarrels, and the place itself become a magnet for all men of goodwill. The corridors would be thronged, not populated by one wandering scribe and – I forgot – one charlady. Hitler would come here, and so would Mussolini, and de Valera, and every and anybody else with grievances. I am not allowing things to run away with me. Woodrow Wilson meant it to be just so – that this World Court of International Justice, affiliated to the League, should ‘mete out unappealable decisions governing the fate of nations’. The World Court – whether to join it or not – is still a big and undecided issue in American politics. Heaven knows why. The business it transacts is hardly as important as that which might detain, say, the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce. With perhaps one notable exception – the Anschluss – this is substantially true. The reason being that the bench of judges is incompetent to deal with real rivalries such as produce wars, and that it is supposed to eschew absolutely the political, i.e., to stick to the rigidly legal. As ‘a Tribunal of Mankind’, therefore, the Court is boycotted. I attended the first or second case that ever came before it in the company of the wild League-damner, Hiram Johnson, who went to The Hague specially to damn the Court and, I recall, grew so bored with the proceedings that he spent the balance of the morning in the admirable Dutch

Gardens adjoining. However, when he got back to California he could say he'd been there. In fact, an expert. I am not among the enlightened fraternity that would sink the League of Nations for what it costs – Britain's annual share corresponds roughly, I am credibly informed, to the charge for reconditioning one light cruiser – but, oh, what a pity Andrew didn't endow his ideal into the bargain! Failing which, the organisers should in all equity have laid it down that those bringing cases before the Court footed the bill and not the company in general who are members of the League. For example, you have paid some £300,000 towards the upkeep of this admirably equipped super-white elephant and for this outlay have had recourse to it in one or two trivial shipping and Palestine concession disputes and once, with France, over a Tunis and Morocco interpretation. All of these cases must have been susceptible of treatment through the ordinary channels. Pray note, though, who *has* been using the Court. Of 16 judgments handed down up to my last passage, over half were at the instance of Warsaw and Berlin, and over half, again, of these Germano-Polish judgments were about a factory at Chorzów. Upon such summits does the Supreme Law Court operate most of its time. The Tribunal of Mankind. But come inside for a moment on the big day I spoke of, not on the usual dud occasion. France and Switzerland are at loggerheads. France hates this Court which somehow – how can it be? – rarely sees eye to eye with the French concept of justice. The fact that it was a Frenchman, Pierre Dubois, who first dreamt of a World Court, in 1305, and that it was a second Frenchman, Emeric Crucé, who resuscitated the notion in 1623, in no wise mollifies Paris which has long decided that the present realisation, not being wholly French, is 'an anglo-saxon box'.

[This is the normal French attitude in international affairs. France poses her case. All who do not entirely agree are located in a hostile bloc. Manœuvring against France.

Always the similies of war are used. 'The attack against France in the Third Commission this morning was executed with all the subtlety of which we know the anglo-saxons to be capable.' (For which probably read: 'Great Britain and the United States invited the French delegation to consider the postponement of clauses . . .' etc.) If only France *could* get that war out of her mind! It may be the death of her yet. I have long cherished the notion that her monument-aux-morts saturation is a dreadful error, feeding an already diseased psychology which ever sees the enemy where is simple non-agreement. The bravest French leader would be he who'd reduce the culte des morts of 1914-18 to what it amounts to in other lands that suffered too. But he'd have to be a Titan since the Nationalists and the Church hang on to these dead poilus for rare self-maintenance. The ceaseless grist to the political and personal mill those mouldering forms still are!]

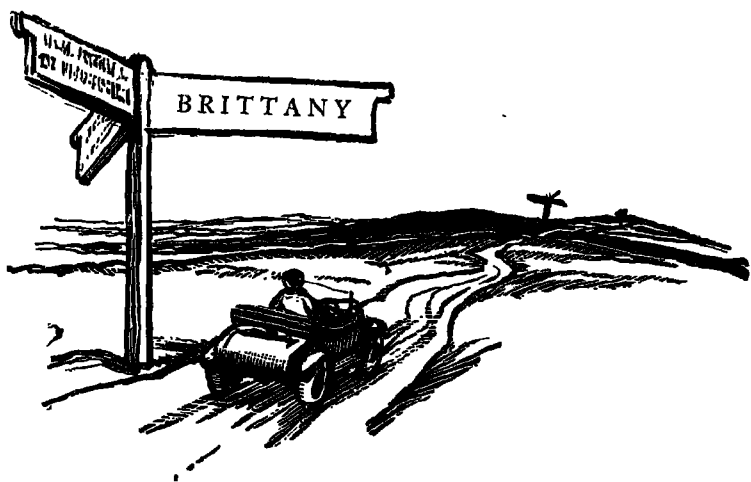
Well, this case has to do with certain free zones round Geneva into which Poincaré, lawyer though he be, arbitrarily gate-crashed one early morn ten years ago. And France is to lose again—she who has been dragging this case on, with judgments against her, for five years. Refusing to accept, she, the champion of arbitration, security, disarmament.

Procedure is for the Court to hear the opposing agents interminably in public and then for judges to adjourn to their rooms often for a month or more, deciding things. They are not unlike cardinals in conclave, each judge in his own room along a splendiferous corridor. The main reason things are so long is the absence of codified international law, rendering it necessary for judges to interpret the legal aspect as they go along. This accounts for the number of dissentient opinions, distressingly high. Judges go into conclave with themselves, and with their mountains of documents and volumes, and come out not only with different opinions, but freely with divergent interpretations. I

happened on Mr. Kellogg emerging from his room arranging his flowing lace tie and seeing that his black velvet gown hung well. Mr. Kellogg has a never-ceasing side-to-side shake of the head, as if saying, 'What use was my Pact, anyway?'

As for the agents, indubitably this is the K.C.'s paradise. They go on talking for weeks. Perfect heaven for the law. With reposing periods every twenty minutes the while interpreters carry forward events. This morning the French Agent, Maître Basedvant, stands at a lectern in bright red robe and war-ribboned. He lectures the Bench of twelve. He has been doing so for ten days. I gaze around the Supreme Law Court with its immense frescoes and cathedral-like stained glass, the pair conjuring humanity and Above. I count sixty present. The judges, the agents, three English interpreters rising in rotation and reading from shorthand notes. Nearby, the official shorthand writers. A dozen permanent officials interested in the proceedings, a score of the general public, and one or two Press, complete the picture of the Supreme Law Court at work, fourteen years after the War, in a world simply bristling with quarrels and difficulties which could by right come before a universal tribunal such as this one was intended to be in the long, long ago of Wilsonian idealism.

Reading through the above, it occurs that if we are paying immoderately, we are keeping the idea going, and that there is at least a hope that some day a deeply chastened world may be as wise and honourable as a Norway of to-day – a Norway which established itself in Danish Greenland, proudly refused to quit but agreed to go before the World Court, lost, and, without even appealing, left Greenland.



8 'Disunite first, the better to reunite later!' Can this be the conception towards which certain of the smaller European entities are being conveyed in first approach to ultimate realisation of some form of United States of Europe? Shall the old frontiers of a long since imposed history and of a subsequently no less imposed economic overlordship one by one come down? For fresh delimitation to ensue by which modern laws of production and consumption, while by no means going unrespected, shall no longer be permitted to override and dominate the cultural, spiritual and ethnological?

'Federalism.' The democratic answer to Fascism?

Can this be the word slowly and painfully arriving in the European air? Decentralisation from the capitals-of-conquest-of-the-past and the substitution of some form of devolution? The reverse of deadening balkanisation – rather a neighbourly federal life as this has worked in forty-nine States in America, as it is differently being essayed in thirty-six republics in Russia, as it has long operated in the four cantons of Switzerland, has been recently introduced in Catalonia, and as it is being worked for in the Ukraine, in Flanders, in Alsace, and, nearer home, in Scotland, Wales

and Brittany, in addition to the very complete case of Mr. de Valera's Ireland? At a pinch, there is also the newly-planned Indian federalisation. But there's small need to pinch. A germ seems clearly to be abroad. In the wake of the Little Entente (embryonic federal species), Sweden is said to be seeking a union of Baltic peoples. Denmark, Finland, Poland, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, and possibly Norway, are cited for this interlocking of interests although I confess that the only people I asked about it, in the Danish Foreign Office, said in as many words, 'No, thank you. We don't want to be drawn into any continental war net. With Poland and such.' None the less, the circumstance that federalism is rampant at both ends of Europe, Russia and Spain, and that several others in between are claimant for it, should preclude the dismissal off-hand of the whole idea. All are not submissive as those Germans who yielded their age-long State rights at the first heave on a rope by Berlin. The great octopus capitals with their blind and egoistical grasp right and left, because history wrote it so, are none too popular these times of basical recasting. There is movement against their enduring exploitation, often of others with little or no ties of family relationship. Some of these others, duly impregnated by the nationalism and self-sufficiency of the hour, are wondering why they should go on submitting indefinitely to 'foreigners' who have not only made a mess of local affairs but of their own as well. Better cut free. While the cutting is good. Remain within the framework of the Nation, maybe for such things as foreign policy and defence, but otherwise paddle one's own canoe and in no realm more definitely than in all-permeating finance and economics.

Indubitably Mr. de Valera's all-Irish plans for the future have been at the bottom of the self-determination rumblings in adjacent Celtic lands. In Wales, Scotland, and Brittany, the symptoms show a fair amount in common, due allowance made for particular influences in each. In no instance is there to be found as yet the uncompromising breakaway

policy advocated by the President, in Dublin. Mr. de Valera, as we are aware, is building for the day when an all-Ireland Republic shall shake free of the United Kingdom and slowly but steadily emerge as an economic entity with its own industries as well as agriculture, no longer a 'cattle ranch' for England but fully able to provide its own necessities of national life, to exist outside of the sick and ailing Continent, if need be. The Ireland now in embryo shall not be contaminated by freely immoral Europe nor drawn into its condemned economic system. There are many who think the somewhat idyllic scheme not only pauperising for Ireland but impractical into the bargain. Not so Mr. de Valera who merely admits that the way of rebirth is going to be hard for all classes though the sacrifice will be rewarded. Crises and crashes may come and go on the mainland; Erin shall be blithely free of them, carrying on as a self-contained community. Admittedly there is much current excuse for the laying of such ambitious foundations. Things have gone wrong right and left; never in history have men wracked their brains so for new solutions, philosophies, systems. It is a fascinating affair, Ireland's cutting adrift and attempted placing of her own house in order for herself alone. Still, as above suggested, Mr. de Valera is going rather too far and too fast for brother Celts and Gaels of Welsh, Scotch, and Breton strain. These may be all attention to the necessity for change in a dynamically changing world; but only extremists of their number are out for thoroughgoing republics. A republic is one thing, Celtic self-determination a second. It is not for me, a scrivener abroad, to tarry with Compton Mackenzie and the Duke of Montrose, nor with any young Glendower who may be emerging in the Rhondda to fill the shoes of the one man who might have done it, 'Ll.G.' With Brittany it is other, and this trail now leads in the direction of a red virgin.

It all started with the blowing up of the line in front of M. Herriot's train, at dead of night, at a point delimitating

the historical frontier of Brittany and Poitou. The dynamiters merely meant a gesture of 'come-no-farther', since they sent warning by letter to Paris that the deed would be done. 'Bretons are decided to bear no more insults in celebration of their annexation.' Signed, *Gwenn-ha-Du*, meaning the *Black and White* of ancient Armor and Arcoat, when Brittany was a free nation fighting now England, now France. Advice was added that lights would be placed round the wrecked spot; and this was done, too, stopping catastrophe. This none the less serious sabotage had been preceded by the blowing up of the Rennes monument showing a symbolical Duchess Ann on her knees before a triumphant king of France. Bretons have ever turned from that vulgar travesty of their beloved, that kindling inexactitude in stone and cruel crowing, and, all in all, it does really seem as if Paris might have thought twice about organising fêtes commemorating the 400th anniversary of the union of France and Brittany through Ann, because M. Herriot's going down to Nantes to orate apropos an occasion indissolubly linked in Breton minds with the rape of poor little Ann promotes the vision of others long ago sending, say, Mr. Asquith to Ireland in hard times to sing the praises of Cromwell.

Poor little Ann – where a sadder story of a finer spirit? Especially with people like the Bretons, sunk in Ankou (death) and in the past, is it unwise to tamper with history to make a propagandist holiday. Bretons are dry, silent, knowing. The speechifying urge in others, the up-welling of official sentiment-to-order, leaves them dry, silent. And no less knowing. They know that the real 400th anniversary was forty-two years ago. They know of the document of 1491 when the girl-wife Ann was forced to sign away her realm – 'a donné, cédé, quitté, transporté, délaissé pour toujours, perpétuellement, irrévocablement, les droits, propriétés, possessions, noms, raisons, seigneuries, actions et obligations lui appartenants.'

The smouldering fires of these last of Continental Celts have never been extinguished. In language, in faith, in literature, in custom and tradition, in character and outlook, mysticism and sadness, these Bretons have remained the lonely, last, lost race, proudly refusing to be hauled into the many-hued net of Gaul. Basically different from the French – the only people I know at all resembling them in the Republic are the Basques – the Bretons may fight like none for France, nay, be her best soldiers and sailors, and yet proclaim their insubmission either of mind or of being. (The Bretons lost 240,000 dead recently, one in fourteen of the population, more than twice as much pro rata as any other belligerent anywhere.) Not in boom times, even, did the Bretons come in any measure close to the French. I recollect how in money-tingling 1927-28 the priests of the interior were schooling the young against the religion-denying and immoral neighbour; how bitterly, also, the Bretons hated being laughed at for their quaintnesses, and which included a primitive hygiene. In those days, too, there already existed a racial dislike of the exploitation of Brittany by 'foreign (Paris) finance'. It used to be said then that Brittany was divided in twain: the untamed, off-the-map peasant of the arid interior showing almost Chouan resentment at French presence, and the touristic coastline population which gave small thought to the Union one way or the other so long as the francs came tumbling in. Now interior and coastline have been brought together in adversity. The tourist traffic has fallen and fallen, so have the fisheries dwindled away. As for agriculture, it is in the abyss (we did some of it, St. Malo way). Sinn Fein went merrily on with its job at all times, boom or other. This Breton business has clearly crystallised chiefly from slump. Racial antipathy may have endured, yet good times were good times, after all. Now they are so no longer, and grievances are shaping a many-patterned challenge to the Paris Government. A long enough bout of distress and idleness and most 'cultural entities' want

to be free of the guiding hand, in order to have a shot themselves. That Brittany has been neglected, scarce a railway or a road save for tourists, that she has been crushingly taxed for what she has received, that little is done to remedy agricultural misery and general unemployment, that a small dole was wrung for the fishermen only after begging and begging, that Brest has gone under (to Toulon) as a naval port, that the tourist industry has been let go hang, that the attitude of the French authorities is often humiliating, that the Paris Press is apt to insult Brittany, that the personality of the province is suffocated, are among the complaints most often heard. In the background looms sterner stuff: the land for the Bretons! an end to foreign exploitation! a shame on neighbouring bourgeois corruption and irreligion! and no more war!

To clamour unceasingly for *sécurité* may have the effect of making parts of a country feel insecure. . . .

Bearing such things in mind, I sought the presence of the Girl Who Hates France, Mdlle. Francine Roseg, rue Edith-Cavell, Rennes. Her's was not, perhaps, actually the most important of the five parties aligned against the Republic, yet she was Brittany's Red Virgin. And an intriguing creature she proved to be, a tall, hardy amazon, good to look upon, fresh, grey-eyed, reddish. Dressed anyhow as a Russian girl of these days, big loose limbs crossed mannishly, and puffing away at *caporals*. No nonsense about Francine. The police had been unable to get a word out of her. Mute disdain. This girl of twenty-one had in a year become the soul and leader of the separatist movement, *Breiz Atao* (Brittany for ever!) She violently ran a weekly of that name. She talked English and Gaelic, having learnt her lesson over in Ireland from Louis Napoléon Le Roux, self-exile and founder of the movement. Éngland had him in prison once, I believe. His was said to be the long-distance, intellectual guidance of much that was now happening; his name in whispering Brittany of *Gwenn-ha-Du! Gwenn-ha-Du!* was

one to – whisper. But do not let me exaggerate these people. Francine, Brest tradesman's daughter, may be nothing, as Paris avers. All I know is that she carried all before her at school and at fifteen, converted to Breton separatism, was over in Ireland thrilling to 'how it is done'; at seventeen, back in France with a deep hatred of the French oppressor; at twenty, well, last year she pushed a man clean out of the job and became the leader of *Breiz Atao*, the 'Big Party' of five factions aiming at one form or another of severance from centralised government.

'This house of the sixteenth century saw the first Breton independence and I swear it shall see the second!' The girl was in a bleak office, editing. She was under constant observation and had been detained more than once. She was afire. Monsieur desired to trace *Gwenn-ha-Du* to its source? Monsieur could go on desiring! 'I do not know it myself. No one does. Rather take it as an underground explosion of popular anger, as a warning to the invader. For the French are invaders, people who oppress and pillage us. We do not intend to be contaminated by the rotten French democracy!'

It was then that she crossed her legs, and puffed, head tilted, as who should say, 'Get that, Steve!' It was then, also, that she ended the interview.

Her party, *Breiz Atao*, claims to be above religion and class, to be out for one thing only: national liberation. It is the party informed by a rampaging mysticism, violence of word. What it represents Heaven knows. The French police drew a blank and the newspaper people professed not to have come up with a blessed symptom. And yet they did: they came up against a wall of silence, and what that might mean was, and remains, a secret of the countryside. No one would talk of *Gwenn-ha-Du*. (Even as all were once mum about gentlemen on the run.) But anonymous letters were descending in thousands, rumours being born one-a-minute. Who knew but that *Gwenn-ha-Du* might be just

one or two youngsters with a car and access to cordite? Who knew? That was precisely the question.

The four other parties are: (i) *Bleun Brug* (fleur de bruyère), the Catholic Party of the Abbé Perrot, who defends in his monthly review, *Faith and Brittany*, the complete retention of everything Breton, but within the French cadre; (ii) *Breiz Keuredel* (Federalist Brittany), whose leader, Morvan Marchal, is out for the federalism of Europe, with Brittany no more related to France than to other adjacent federalised unities; (iii) *Breiz Digabestz* (the Breton Tradition), the movement of the young intellectuals, including some arrested in connection with the statue demolition; then comes the Red Virgin's 'Big Party' (I am moving from Right to Left); finally, the Communistic *War Zao* (Up!). This latter has H.Q. at Guingamp, is run by an officer's son from Avignon named la Flotte, and may well be the most powerful of the quintette. Yet it is impossible to say what real strength lies anywhere. 'The inhabitants when questioned as to the numbers of this and that faction usually say that they are quite laughable.' Are they? Without doubt an agricultural communism is on the upgrade, as elsewhere. Again, youths borrowing direct from de Valera across the water talk of a Christian-Socialist State. Five broadly-traced forces are far from satisfied with Paris: the Communists, the Incorrupt and Devout, the Misery-stricken, the Mystics and Intellectuals (with base at Rennes University), and Youth, idle, bored Youth, which envisages a different world to one of war almost as heartily as its parents are in revolt at the crippling taxes one-third of which go in armaments.

The resemblings of England and Ireland and France and Brittany are not easily to be denied. They are there, historically, strategically, culturally, economically, religiously, even down to the secret brotherhood, *Gwenn-ha-Du*. There does not exist the separation by water, yet counterbalancing, Paris has no Breton Ulster upon which to stake. Some French are even beginning to wonder what might happen

were France to be involved in another war, with a discontented Home Rule Brittany in her rear. So like 1916! Did such external conflict turn unfavourably, then would your red virgins and *War Zao* rise. So much leaves little doubt.



DUMP

9 One has to have an anchorage somewhere, if only for dumping purposes. Cast off and tear up all the time but stuff will accumulate, while there are such matters as seasonal on-takings or leavings of kit to be considered. A dump has to be made somewhere and choice of site is no longer the light matter it once was. As a parking ground this Continent has of late been growing increasingly unsatisfactory as country after country, for one reason or another — financial, revolution, restrictions, poverty of living, above themselves — passes on to one's list marked 'only to visit for work'. It is a confined Europe that still remains open, for the amenities, to that dematerialising figure that once was everywhere, the possessor of a British passport. In regard to the person whose earning is set abroad, probably the principal unsettling agency — more so than the exchange — is the permanent feel of insecurity in the air, the firm knowledge that something is going to happen. Well: Paris is at least near the coast: did a Bartholomew des Britanniques suddenly threaten consequent on a toboggan of the pound. So to Paris I periodically report, for dumping, etc. Such visits also enable the vagrant to keep abreast of events, to learn how the stunning world has been behaving while he has

been footling afieid. And there is the benefit of propinquity to London; plus certain rooted local associations. The Paris of to-day, nerve-racking and disfigured, ill-disposed and dearest of capitals ('the Pay City'), would hardly otherwise beckon one who but a dozen years back yielded in fanship to none. Paris sometimes strikes me nowadays as being as tired of herself as others are of her, as having got on her own nerves at last after getting on most other people's. Yet corners she still possesses. Her once-sung elegance of day and night may have sadly lapsed by the side of London's – and she knows it, is even commenting upon it, bitterest of bitter pills – yet there remain still corners. However: how about leaving this delicate matter to the Parisians themselves? Why should I run the risk of being saluted in the news sheets anew as 'notre vieux ami-cnnemi'? I need not. The damning of current Paris lies all ready to hand, down by native hand. Shortly before pushing off to Brittany (still perambulating backwards) on one of my Paris calls I found a debate in full swing of a kind which may be recommended to the B.B.C. for application to London. Paris of Forty-and-Over was having it out with the Under-Thirty-Fives as to which had had the luck to know the more agreeable existence. Paris-Then? Or Paris-Now? The ages denoting all who had known Paris as adults before the War, and those who had not. The matter originated by somebody coming out with the Talleyrand refrain of 'Nous avons connu la douceur de vivre, cinq, dix ans avant la guerre. C'était le bon temps.' To which the Under-Thirty-Fives at once countered with, 'Nonsense! You're just getting old – that's all it is. Tired! The good time you talk about is merely the time when one is young!' And then the fat went into the fire.

'But, no,' argued back those who were of man and womanhood before the War. 'In this special case you are wrong. The changes have been too immense. So many things which composed life have gone. Unity, tranquillity, leisure, harmony, certainty, facileness of living.'

'But we are *living*!'

'So did we! But we could vary things. We could watch the Comte de Lambert fly round the Eiffel Tower and then resume our graceful carriage progress down the Avenue du Bois. We could speed, too. Gabriel won Paris-Madrid at over a hundred kilometres an hour in 1903. Yourselves barely risk more than that now in your limited road racing! And Marconigrams were in full swing with America, and towards the end Pégoud was looping and we even had Charlot. The truth is we had the best of both worlds. We were in the extraordinarily rare position of being able to witness, from an equipage, from a pony-chaise, the birth of the new age, of everything that has matured since. One moment excitement, the next a peaceful and natural quiet about us. We had all your thrills and more than them, for our being pioneers, and little or none of your ugliness and care and rush and pandemonium.'

This impelled a youthful cynic to provide perspective.

'What you say was said before you. Under the Second Empire very mention of Louis-Philippe and of Louis XVIII brought a marvelling smile in the moustaches of old gentlemen. The evenings at the 'Italiens' with Tambourini, the oysters of the 'Rocher de Cancale', the suppers of the Café Anglais, the déjeuners-dansants of Comte Apponyi, and Eugène Sue, and Milord l'Arsouille, who carried a naked woman down the Boulevards on his shoulders . . . one knew how to laugh then. Under the Third Republic one said that Paris had been lovely under the Second Empire. With Hortense Schneider and Cora Pearl and la Païva, and its restaurants, Véfour and the Frères Provençaux. To-day the notion is to go one better. Paris apparently touched her culminating point of gaiety and savoir-vivre with the French Cancan, when Grand Dukes drank champagne out of buckets at Maxim's, when women wore ostrich feathers and cherries, and diamonds and astrakhan, and when men had buttonholes and were ever bending to kiss a hand. There

were no brutes then given to physical culture; everyone lived for the gentler arts! All Paris was talking about *Chantecler* for two months before it was produced. Things of the mind then alone pleased! But gaiety was there, too. As when a duke drove round the Concorde with a demi-mondaine on a scavenger's cart.'

So spake our young cynic and one must give him marks. Nevertheless, it may be that his dismissal of the case will not quite do, it being a triteness to observe that all the changes from Louis XVIII down to Félix Faure, rolled into one, can scarcely equal the drastic somersault that has occurred in the past twenty-five years. Paris-Then lost no time in giving chapter and verse. The Paris of Loubet—ah, that was the one that came back, that was when life was really worth living! 'Le temps des fiacres!' Remarkable how that odoriferous crawler has come to typify the Paris that is so missed by many, gone beyond recall. One could flirt and flâner in the fiacre, and take half an hour to ascend the Champs Elysées while the world watched in similar dallying ease, as if things were to proceed so for ever and a day. And it would cost just two francs an hour. Paris-Then produced prices for 1907, year when I first saw Paris, and with eleven francs in my pocket to last two days (I had decamped from a Lycée at Rouen, the return fare being six francs). Portuguese oysters were then apparently sixty centimes the dozen, a large bock twenty-five centimes, entrance to the Casino de Paris two francs, while this dinner, wine included, at the Café de Paris, was marked fifteen francs:

Hors d'œuvres Russes
Escalopes de Homard Thermidor
Pommes Massenet
Caneton Froid à la Rouennaise
Cœurs de Laitues
Aubergines Sidnay
Glaces, Fromage, Fruits

Chablis, St. Julien, Corton, Mumm

Fifteen francs. Multiply that by the post-war co-efficient of 5=75. Could one get that menu now for 75 francs? Emphatically one could not. The wine alone would cost that. The high cost of food and wine, and their deterioration, are 'for much' in the litany of the Forty-and-Overs. It exercises them far more than it does their juniors, so many of whom, taken up with sport and speed, are coming hardly to mind how, when, and what they eat. A quick lunch at a cafeteria on the Boulevards will do in the room of those ample déjeuner delights of yore when the soul of a people spoke.

Yet reverie among mourners assumed its highest note of wistfulness when famous characters were re-conjured. François Coppée taking his amer picon in the little Café des Vosges—Courteline sipping milk in the Napolitain and drawing out Catulle Mendès—Pierre Loti receiving dressed as a Turk with every ribbon under the rainbow—Prince Troubetzkoi of the tiniest feet mincing up the rue de Castiglione—Louise Abbéma, Sarah's friend, taking her morning Vermouth at the Crucifix where now stands Ciro's—what an age of women it was—Séverine and Colette and de Noailles and Tinayre and Delarue-Madrus and Gérard d'Houville—not to mention Liane de Pougy (who recently tried Deauville, wept, and ran) and la belle Otéro and Emilienne d'Alençon of startling habits and Cléo de Mérode who they said had no ears because of that coiffure she started.

Coquelin, Sarah, Réjane, Rostand, France, Rodin, Monet, Arthur Meyer, Clarétie, Bataille, Guillaume Apollinaire and Marie Laurencin, Willy and Colette and Polaire arm-in-arm, Gyp, Matisse, Moréas and Paul Fort come over from the Closerie to argue at the Calisaya instead, Mounet-Sully, Jean Lorrain, Montesquieu, La Vallière, Lantelme who fell into the Rhine from a houseboat, Mirabeau, Déroulède of la revanche, Brioux, Massenet, St. Saëns, Charpentier, Debussy, Guitry, Forain, Fragson, Footit, Paulus, Carolus-

Duran, Sem, Boni, Richepin, Paul Adam, Worth, and even old man Chauchard of the Louvre who so liked paintings of nymphs and soldiers . . . what a company, and, again, where were their like to-day! And only five surviving!

Instead, behold chiefly a lot of cinema stars or sportifs who'll be dead in a day or a week!

Meeting hurriedly in bars to talk shop.

Confessedly, it would be quite impossible to match such a list as the above from Paris in 1933. The levelling process has gone too far, and the requisite time and surroundings for such figures to flourish are no longer available. To-day people do more. But less well. A less febrile time permitted greater extending of one's personality, and of nothing more than that 'surluxe', a great passion. No time for a great passion now! Rather from flower to flower.

All highly controversial, you note. The Forties-and-Over one found sighing for a chair on the Boulevard where once they sipped their real absinthe in a calm interrupted chiefly by the passage of three-horse Imperial 'buses. The new generation retorted to this that such was unhygienic and much better spend the time biffing at things in a gymnasium. The liberal professions deplored the decadence of such places as the Napolitain where one could go any evening and see Mendès and La Jeunesse in heated argument over an idea. Much more practical, replied 1933, to talk motor-cars in a bar in the Champs Elysée. The pre-war brigade recoiled in horror from the architectural mess the centre of Paris has become—a succession of shrieking cinemas and hideous hoardings punctuated by banks which were once favourite cafés and by quick-lunch counters where once were reasonable and intimate 'vin compris' little restaurants. That the centre of a great city must needs be sacrificed to the driving needs of a capital's daily tussle, was the junior rejoinder. If nerves go under from the boiling din and the headachy exhaust fumes, there is swift enough escape without the razed fortifications!

!

The opera is dead, the theatres are mostly moribund, and with them the season is gradually being submerged, too, continued the lament. 'Why sit in stuffy playhouses?' answered back Paris-Now. 'Why not a healthy Jeff Dickson night at the Palais des Sports? Besides, cinema first nights are coming on.'

'You are all dressed alike - particularly the men - dressed for slothful comfort not elegance - everything tailorised, standardised' (from Paris-Then). 'Of all the absurd unhealthy notions, the dressing of thirty years ago!' (Paris-Now speaking). 'Look at the pictures!'

'What a Louis d'or could purchase!' sighed on the Forties-and-Over. 'It's mainly your fault if it doesn't do so still!' retorted the War inheritors.

'Your Salon is the Motor Salon . . .'

So the see-saw. Even to the goatherds driven from the streets, and the cutting down of the Fair booths, and the cessation of the old street cries, the litany was complete. Apparently even crimes were better then. Syveton, Steinheil, Bonnot!

Paris-Then stressed the respect and obedience which emanated from continuity and certainty and upon the baleful effect of paper money compared with solid, ringing gold which made one think.

'And you were bored stiff half the time if you'll only remember and admit it,' hit back Paris-Now. 'Ennui was your blight.'

'But two cafés surviving in their old form. Maxim's and Weber!'

'Go and try sitting in them now and see how bright and happy you'll be!' came back in cruel truth.

'One has to be a millionaire to dine out or even to look in for one's shellfish and Chablis,' mourned on Paris-Then. 'Paris used to be arranged for an enjoyment of the senses within one's purse. Voisin's is closed, and a dozen more temples. Paillard's is now surrounded by a sort of Chicago.'

You may have more liberty but you don't know how to live and you can be so vulgar.'

This made Paris-Now quicken.

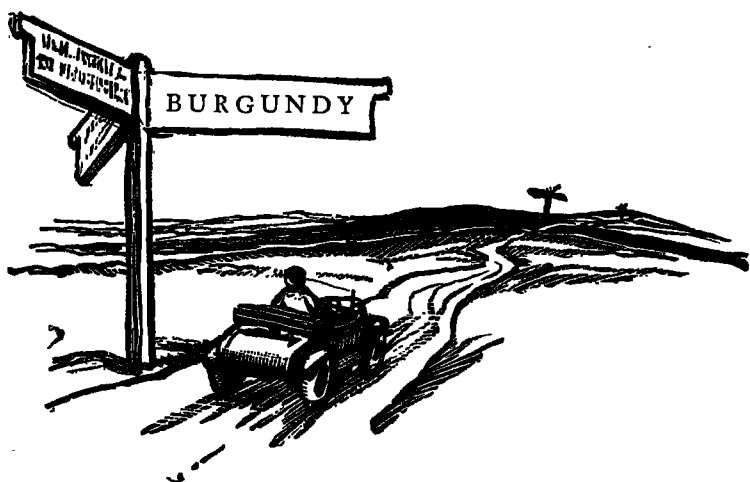
'Look here, unlike you we can't be dilettantes round the place, music and conversation and that kind of thing. No go any longer. Your favourite pastime was closing rich relatives' eyes. You affected to despise money. We don't. Because we've jolly well got to earn it. Battle for it, as it happens. That may vulgarise. Let it!'

It's also 'no go' arguing with those who have lost their Paris, for their stock of munitions appears inexhaustible. They miss everything, from the children playing diablo in the Luxembourg to etiquette sojourns at country places. No more country places now. Such as survive are considered too dull even for a week-end. As for the holidays—just one mad careering round.

'Why bury oneself in one place?' (Paris-Now). 'As likely as not because the family's been there since the Revolution? Sun-bathing! Swimming! Tennis! Golf! Camping! *Movement!* And every minute filled. Doing something!'

'Doing nothing!' (wearily Paris-Then), 'but collecting a pagan physique. Not a moment for the inner development for which we arranged our lives. No use for the ease of the apéritif at the Potinière. Instead: Garçon! un martini! and saxophones and chatter about speed.'

Well, well. One further Paris has gone west, so much is certain. And the present one is a mess. Furthermore, it occurs that twenty years on the Thirty-Five-Year-Olds of the present will be carrying on roughly in this style: 'The time to have lived was after the War! When to sleep was to desert, when four years had to be picked up, when, if one didn't dance one drank, and when one didn't drink, one loved, and when one didn't love, one worked. The business one did! Everywhere and at all times. We knew the golden age of paper money.'



DEPARTURE

IO Spanish Bound! In two directions does this firm still accelerate. Towards Scandinavia. And to Spain. And it isn't only sterling that attracts. With a whole Continent to choose from, one would be glad to divide May to October 'twixt the two. Until lately a third figured also high up, Austria, yet what is the use in pretending, however attractive the natives, that things are the same there now, with all the trouble? And there is also the so sad-making begging by nice people in Vienna and which regretfully impels one to salute: Aufwiedersehen, lieber Wien! to the happier days you so richly deserve.

A comforting hum, a first complete spring morning, and a favourite run lying ahead before lunch. The road takes one, after Sens, down through the heart of that well-bred province, Burgundy. (Do you know Pontigny? do you know Semur?) It takes one through Auxerre, which Walter Pater said was France's æsthetic summit, and I know no other cathedral so difficult to pass, not even Chartres; it takes one through Avallon and through Saulieu, where survives one of the best, at the price, inns in all France. Not

the one people go to, but down a side street. Léon Daudet gave me the address years ago. Léon Daudet, astonishing Africo-Parisian, greatest libeller of the age, of any age, worshipper of the Fleur de Lys yet turned down by His Holiness, master of epicurianism, of polemics, of hatred, of bonhomie, of the essay, the novel, biography, of invective, of *savoir vivre*. 'Le Maître', indeed. And a man to know if you do not deem a joy in one's food to be too perfectly Edwardian, for Daudet is guardian of the last few 'endroits' where not a sizzle has altered. I like to think, too, that he is the only living Frenchman who has ever told the truth, as an expert, about English food and cooking. 'Je suis Anglo-mane,' he once said to me in Brussels, 'So was Clemenceau. They accused him of taking money for it! I do not care what they say of me in Paris. They are all fleas, *fleas*! The English are the aristocrats of the earth. They have race, breeding. They sustain civilisation. Not long ago Belloc was here and we went through their points. They say they are practical! Why, they are the most unpractical, poetical of peoples. Dreamers! And what I love so much, they never ask questions. This autumn I took my son to Scotland, and everywhere we were treated in a manner so altogether charming. Scotland is the loveliest land. Poetry descends from it. And London! Whenever I ask my son "Shall we go to Sweden?" or "Shall we go to Spain?" he always says, "No. London!" And so we go, and we love the little restaurants in the Strand. What nonsense that English food is bad! Here are four dishes which I will pit against any, anywhere: *Sôle frite*. Oxtail soup. Irish stew. Steak and kidney pudding. The sole especially. Nowhere can one get it cooked the same as in some little place in the Strand.'

. . . But this sort of thing, besides being diffuse, is making me quite hungry as I write and it's still an hour to lunch. In fact, if I got back into that which I should not have left, the patient Attagirl, it is all of three hours . . .

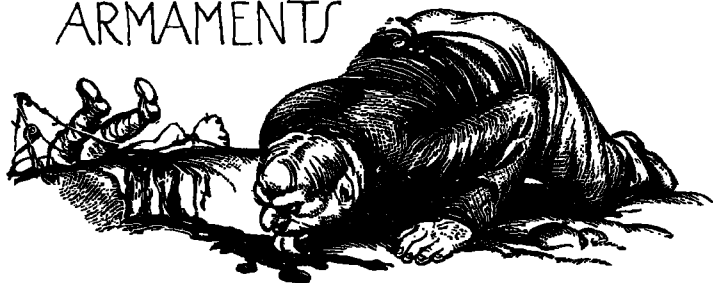
So starts a journey.

The day, the road, are yours. The feeling of awayness, of utter liberty, is already present. To right and left France lies sweetly quiescent. The lunch shall include *Jambon du Morvan*. Shall be at Barcelona the day after to-morrow. Easily. Stop a moment to have an apéritif at Avallon with Jean. Shall have to tighten up that bonnet bolt next stop. Why *will* these French klaxon when there's no need? Sheer love of making a noise, I suppose, plus drawing attention to their latest models. But what a country to motor in! For five days in the week. Bad piece of road. Last time I passed here it was raining like blazes. What a pity people can't leave a country in peace like this. There's a lovely bit. Should one or should one not give people lifts? Feel such a plutocrat swishing on like this. Refuse absolutely though to give hikers (ugh) lifts. Let them hike. That's what they're doing isn't it? In our walking days one only asked for lifts when crippled. What a day! Breathe it in. Touching this next article . . .

So proceeds a journey. To be exact, 92,000 kilometres so far.

How is it possible on this Burgundy road to say that the world is a bad one? (That is, considering it purely objectively.) Or to believe that four or five years from now, and this very countryside may resound to the crashings of air bombs? Turn with me to the left, as I have got to do on my way to Spain, and come into a long and straggling town of chimneys, a place of brand-new garden suburbs on the outskirts, but over the centre of which spreads ever a pall of smoke and where the grind and whirr of heavy machinery are seldom stilled.

ARMAMENTS



II That calm force when things went badly, Marshal Pétain, is devoting the evening of his days to preparing and rehearsing his country against attack by air. He will visit Nancy, he will visit Toulon, Lyon or Lille, and it is lights out and all the business of rescue work amid simulated civil panic, the while heavy bombers drone unseen above and drop rockets over their targets. The still erect defender of Verdun would like 'les civils' to visualise more seriously what may lie not far ahead for them, yet these raid nights persist in remaining a mixture of sport, excitement, and speculation – even something of a lark for the young – when they are not just a bore to people whose social movements are fleetingly interfered with. Even the gradual arrival of inspired shops showing nothing save anti-gas devices hardly alters the absence of realisation, may even bring titters. As if one should ever have to wear those dreadful looking things!

Le Creusot was due to be raided when I drove into it. I wondered what was up, why it was so dark, nearly all the lights out. But I did not have to wonder long because a police whistle pulled me up and I was invited to put out my sidelights at once.

'Où allez vous?'

'A l'hôtel.'

'Allez! Filez!'

The 'filez' was a form of speech since I had to find my way gingerly to the hotel through crowded streets. All Le Creusot, men, women and children, were out to see the fun that night.

Later I went on to the bridge over the railway and saw something that lingers yet. In all that darkness just one object stood forth. It was a white column, the local monument to the war dead. One saw nothing else at all – just that column.

There seemed to be only one light in Le Creusot between eleven at night and one in the morning. A cynic would have smiled. It was from a furnace making armaments for Italy (or so I heard). The streets showed soldier technicians connected with A.A. work, listening-posts, wireless direction-finders, machine-guns. And scouts and ambulances and fire apparatus and (presumably) doctors had right of way. Nancy, Metz, and Rheims were to attack Le Creusot. And Le Creusot waited in the streets as for a Brock's Benefit. I glanced at these men and women. I did not speak to one. Because, if there is one place on earth where you may be intelligibly taken for a spy, here it was. A foreigner in Le Creusot had better say nothing. The police passed from house to house saying, 'Pull down that blind' and 'Put out that light'. Things became rather eerie when the sirens started going. Then one heard the distant hum of motors, and in a few minutes an aeroplane (one learnt next day) had secured a bull's-eye, had 'blown up' the principal factory and managed to get away unscathed despite the anti-aircraft and machine-gun barrage. Around me workers discussed the arithmetic of the occasion and engine horse-power and numbers. How many were there? Sixty in three flights. It did not seem to occur to them that if these bull's-eyes happened in real life, they would mostly be dead, gassed. That

seemed to escape their notice. Perhaps Le Creusot's lying so very much in the centre of France gave confidence. Of course! It would be so well protected. Yet poetic justice should presumably make this township die first, they who are living by the cannon. (It is easy to write like this.)

Sixteen thousand men and women are on the payroll of Schneiders and at the time of Marshal Pétain's coming to the famous Château de la Verrerie, family mansion situated feudally in the centre of the town, there was an unemployed list of ninety. The domain stands opposite the main entrance to factory-land. The present Schneider, always known like his predecessors, as 'le Patron', believes in grafting on as much of Bata as these French individualist workers will stand for. Le Patron would take care of them, of their views no less than of their bodies, if not (as at Zlin) as yet of their morals. Nor have Schneiders yet installed the same degree of co-operative living. There are still stores and cinemas at Le Creusot which do not belong to the firm. None the less, the patronly grasp is pretty complete, especially over the large number of cheaply paid Poles who are lorried in from the surrounding country twice daily. This foreign element belongs to the 13,000 who are not entrusted with the more vital armament work. For this, 3,000 tried and trusted French experts are retained. These form the human kernel of this cradle of Mars and they are particularly singled out in the work of political purification that is ever under way. None of them must veer to the Left any longer or out they go. No compromise here. The risk of sabotage or espionage is already great enough. Yet time was, until just the other day, when some of the most advanced thinking in France emanated from Le Creusot. For years Paul Faure, extremist secretary of the S.F.I.O. (Socialist) Party and champion of disarmament and nationalisation of the arms industry, was returned for Le Creusot. Right under the face of le Patron the workers voted that the huge business be taken away from private ownership. In 1932 this ended. The workers

were told in as many words, 'If you vote for this man you are simply voting away your own work,' and the majority fell for it, and out went Faure. It is not improbable that in Schneiderville—whose principal thoroughfares are called after one or other of the family and which boasts three family monuments—the existence of a political black-list also exerted its influence.

Breaking off for a moment, what may be the truth concerning a prospective growth in unemployment should armament firms close down? Sir Norman Angel writes:

It is not true to say that if we built no battleships there would be more unemployment than ever. Here is a battleship being constructed on the Tyne. Directly and indirectly hundreds of men are employed; their employment makes trade active. Bakers, butchers, shopkeepers of all trades are doing well. What is the use, says the ordinary man, of pretending that if you were not building that ship trade would not be worse? Let us see. Where does the money put in circulation by the building of the ship come from? It comes out of your pockets, out of the pockets of the taxpayer, that is. Even if you are not an income-taxpayer, every pound of tea, every ounce of tobacco that you buy helps to pay for the ship. What would happen to the money if the Government did not take it from you? You would—imperceptibly perhaps—raise your standard of life, either immediately or later, decide to do a few more theatres, or to get a new wireless set, or, more ambitiously, go in for a piano or a small motor-car, or what not; or start buying your house. But if the public were buying more boots, or books, or pianos, or motor-cars, or going to theatres, would not that be making work, giving employment, which in fact is not now being given? If the money spent on making battleships were spent on making the million houses that this country needs, if the iron were used in making a million bath-tubs and cooking-stoves and kettles and frying-pans and grid-irons, on making machinery for clothes that the people need and haven't got, and making the food they ought to eat and don't, would not all these and the unnumbered millions of things growing out of them 'make work' just as much as the battleships?

One of the Geneva Secretariat wrote me:

I am not in the least degree impressed by the argument that reduction of arms and of armies would lead to unemployment. This argument is used merely as an excuse, by armament firms, for not disarming. It is plain that it would be far more profitable economically for the money used for entirely non-productive arms and armies to be devoted to productive sources. The vast majority of guns and battleships die peacefully in their beds, and so far as these are concerned it is a complete and absolute waste. It would be more profitable for the State to continue to pay wages to all the dispossessed individuals, to let them do no work at all, because at least the money spent by these individuals would be buying goods that are used and useful instead of material which is not likely to be used, and if used has no purpose but destruction. I consider it would be a magnificent profit to go on paying wages and salaries to all who would be dispossessed.

'All.' Obviously to salary until Judgment Day, nay, to maintain in affluence, the paltry 16,000 workers of a Le Creusot would be the very summit of sound economics. But does the matter end there? Opponents of the two parties I have quoted may retort along these lines:

Take France first. Every town has its garrison, some large, some small. Certain towns such as Châlons, Bourges, Toulon, Brest, Cherbourg, Nancy, Metz, are nearly all 'soldier or sailor'. Round about aerodromes, arsenals, training centres, barracks, tank and gas schools, and in the type of town instanced above there exists an entire portion of the civil population—café and storekeepers, restaurateurs, equipment shops, and so on—whose bread and butter depend upon the presence of the uniformed clientèle. Picture the local effect of a dispersal of this. As for the argument that all these men, mostly young, would spend the same if in civil clothes back in their home towns and that therefore it would be a case of no change—firstly, would there be the same spending as in light conscript days, and secondly, would these men have civil jobs? It would mean the throwing on the market of several hundred thousand additional young men annually and who are at present, at

least, militarily detained for a year. Nor should you overlook the immense stock of special rations, clothing and equipment, supplied the forces. In the Nord are whole factories whose only job is horizon-blue. That is just a casual example.

In regard to the contention that all monies saved on armaments would pass into circulation to the extinction of any direct unemployment caused, this is highly problematical. Take ourselves. Our total expenditure on armaments is £115,000,000 a year. Sir Norman Angell sees all this going to buy frying-pans and pianos. Would it? Might not there be some very severe charges beforehand, aside from such details as that a goodly portion of the 'saving' would necessarily slip back into the pockets of the income-tax paying section of the population which possibly already possesses most of the perquisites mentioned; aside, also, from the fact that such beneficiaries might elect to stow away the money in banks? But let that pass. Out of that 'saved' £115,000,000 we should first have to compensate and train soldiers and sailors for other work. Next, in regard to the supply of stores, rations and equipment, where adjustment to civilian purposes in an already packed market could not be effected, firms would have to go out of business with attendant increase of the dole.

In the case of equipment, notably aircraft, small arms and steel, the two aircraft industries of wood-working and engineering could be transferred, if market conditions were favourable, to other uses. Otherwise more dole. The hope for small arms, shell and fuse factories would be to elbow-in and make such things as motor-cycle parts. What your ultra pacifists will not understand is that there has already been one immense transfer of war to peace plant twelve or more years ago, and that there is no room whatever for a second. Bullet and big gun plant would hardly be adaptable to anything, though an incursion into the very depressed locomotive trade could be essayed by firms making pieces of lesser calibre. The case of steel, of the special and otherwise useless heavy kind made at Sheffield, is no less problematical. As for shipbuilding, the yards could be adapted to commercial needs if there were call for more keels. Unless an alternative industry were installed in such places as Barrow or Devonport the local population would needs make further inroads on the £115,000,000.

Were I permitted a vote I should regretfully be compelled to suggest that Sir Norman may over-simplify. It is no use kidding oneself in these matters. There may be no more damnable exhortation than: 'Let us make arms because it makes work!' but to argue that desisting from manufacture will actually promote labour may be stretching the long bow, at present at all events. Yet there is another aspect of this armament business upon which the wide world, outside limited if powerful circles, finds itself more or less in agreement and that is that private gain from the traffic in arms should cease. Here we take the road back to Le Creusot –

Presently this smoky basin will celebrate its hundredth birthday, when there are going to be fêtes both locally and at neighbouring Monceau-les-Mines which supplies so much of the fuel. In 1835 the brothers Eugène and Adolphe Schneider migrated from the Saar basin and laid the foundations of the great Creusot firm. There had already existed a small firm locally – Louis XIV started it for his campaigns, and under the Revolution and Napoleon the plant grew – yet it was the nineteenth century which saw the intensive world development of the Schneider fortunes, parallel to the extension of Krupps and Vickers, Skoda, Putilov, and Bethlehem. The two Schneider brothers introduced for the first time capitalism into armaments: that was their contribution. One brother had made himself familiar with Paris banking; the second, with the new steam machinery in a factory at Sedan. But technical and financial abilities did not alone suffice. A third requirement was essential: political strength. Accordingly, Eugène entered the Chamber in 1840, and ever since the firm has been known for its astute lobbying. Some of the leading statesmen of the Republic have been linked with the financial side of the firm. Thus, Clemenceau was said to be on the salary list at one time. Eugène had quite a political success under Napoleon III, rising to be President of the Chamber which, nowadays, is usually one of two stepping stones to the Presidency of the Republic.

Most of Eugène's sons and grandsons likewise entered politics, the idea always having been to be on the spot in Paris, where the armament credits are voted. It is better to be on the spot than to employ intermediaries. Naturally, the Schneiders lean to the Right, but they make a point of remaining 'in' with all Governments. It is said that it would take five typewritten pages to set down the entire ramifications of the firm—five pages of names of this and that enterprise. Electrical plant, naval yards, chemical works, motor-cars, engines, coal mines, and mineral concerns are the chief outlets. The firm controls a dozen banks and several vast insurance companies.

The Succession States turned out a rare stamping ground for Schneiders. Schneider collared the great Skoda plant at Pilsen, and now that manufacturers for all Central Europe. More recently the firm has been paying attention to Japan. Schneiders have the chief say in the Franco-Japanese Bank, and it is alleged that France's friendly support of recent Japanese behaviour may be traced to Schneider influence. Schneider's are the dominating influence in the celebrated Comité des Forges which sent Poincaré into the Ruhr. The head of this heavy industry consortium is François de Wendel who, besides being a deputy and a director of the Bank of France, not long ago acquired a controlling interest in the *Temps* and the *Journal des Débats*. In fact, Schneiderville now very obviously calls the tune for these (and other) great dailies. As Briand once so witheringly put it, 'The pens which write against disarmament are made of the same steel as that from which guns are made.' At the present moment French loans made to a dozen countries—Mexico, Jugoslavia, Greece, Japan, Turkey, Bulgaria, Argentina, Spain, Hungary, Poland, Rumania, to name eleven—are being spent with the French armament firms, mainly Schneider.

We are in no position at all to throw stones. We export considerably more armaments than do the French. But

what, what, is to be the future of these rings of steel about us, so tightly, one day perhaps fatally pressing? In 1921 the League of Nations made six findings:

- (1) That armament firms have been active in fomenting war scares and in persuading their own countries to adopt warlike policies and to increase their armaments.
- (2) That armament firms have attempted to bribe Government officials both at home and abroad.
- (3) That armament firms have disseminated false reports concerning the military and naval programmes of various countries in order to stimulate armament expenditure.
- (4) That armament firms have sought to influence public opinion through the control of newspapers in their own and foreign countries.
- (5) That armament firms have organised international armament rings through which the armaments race has been accentuated by playing off one country against another.
- (6) That armament firms have organised international armament trusts which have increased the price of armaments to Governments.

Nothing whatever – nothing – leads one to suppose that any one of these six findings could be favourably modified a dozen years after. The arms industry constitutes Stymie No. 1.

When I left Le Creusot, a terrific din filled the air. The pride of the works, the 'fameux' 3,000 h.p. motor that is reputed to cause the earth to tremble for ten miles round. Doubtless it will be set going like billyho for the Centenary. Unless between this and then there ensues a frame of mind liable to anger at armament rejoicings of any kind. A slim chance may even lurk that ere then the French Government will succeed in putting over its demand for general nationalisation of an industry which was first roped into the capitalistic system upon French soil. But it is a very slim chance. It hardly seems that such changes can be effected unless preceded by deeper changes in the general body politic.



THE RAMBLA

12 The same thronging, sauntering parade, swelling to a crush at noon and 7 p.m., the same incessant lottery shouting, permanent politico-squatting over vermouth or coffee and cream, with periodical visits to the nearest newspaper kiosk, the same dodging to and fro of little Violetteras pressing flowers upon you, the same line of birdcages, their feathered inmates competing with the shrill announcement of prices, the same descent on one's shoes the instant one sits down ('Limpiar, señor, limpiar!'), the same hawking of giant prawns, the same strolling guitarist or deformed beggar, swaggering Civil Guard and white-helmeted police, and the young men, there they are, very Americano with their padded shoulders, baggy pants, belts, and hands in trouser pockets, but a Latin touch in the coats worn cape-like, sleeves swinging, and the girls, olive, full-lipped, shawls gaily splashing across national sombre hues, flowers in the hair. Tramcars clanking, cars honking without limit of speed.

A notable feature of modern revolutions is the absence of outward change. The one approach to the ocular transformation of the early 1790's must have been Russian fifteen years

ago. One has to look well into this Rambla scene to detect anything different. Yes, there is something – what can it be? Ah, how stupid! Where are the officers? This famed parade used to be thick with them, tripping over their swords through excessive saluting. (One officer to every ten men was the figure.) And that flag, that new flag! A very liverish production for an already liverish people. Horizontal yellow, red, violet. The fearful violet in salute to the first Republic. What else? Even the peseta is still royal in effigy. A change in street names. ‘Calle Galán.’ ‘Plaza of April 14.’ Still, the obvious changes to the eye are of the slightest.

Then one strolls over to a newspaper kiosk. And in a few seconds there comes realisation of a very great change indeed. Wads of suggestive, unpleasant literature. Where formerly was a unique decency. For the equal of this now, one would have to go back to the pre-Hitler Friedrichstrasse. The Boulevards at least make effort towards lightness. Here the erotic sproutings were of the heaviest. ‘What would you do if this girl were of flesh and blood?’ ‘Supposing this lady’s dress was shorter and the breast cut deeper?’ The whole kiosk was draped with eroticism and perversion and Soviet knowledge for women. And at my elbow, precisely, stood a couple of Carmençitas nudging each other. Here was the change. I shall forget the terrific table of new laws the State has already sanctioned; forget, too (as all here have done), the ex-king with a suitcase, dashing round Europe and further afield when he is not pouring over the Spanish newspapers in the heart of Fontainebleau forest or looking deeply back into the gone years; nor shall the effort to supplant the bull ring by Futbol detain me; nor the Government’s siesta-awakening to the strategical rôle henceforward in Spanish reserving through possession of the Atlantic Islands and the Balearics and part ownership of the Straits and the Pyrenees. Never in the feminine records can there have been such sudden and drastic jolting as in the case of the Spanish woman, and here at this kiosk was something of the token. It may prove the

most interesting sociological experiment of as rich a local crop as Lenin himself, with his long-distance vision of setting Europe afire at both illiterate ends, could have hoped for. Of Spanish women it had heretofore been a generalisation that, for them, Africa began at the Pyrenees – meaning that these daughters of long ago Spanish knights and Moorish maidens remained steeped in burthenish or amorous subservience to the male. Chattels. Sometimes fiery chattels. None the less chattels. Until the other day but a small number of Spanish women were other than secondary mortals kept clean out of affairs – save the home – and glad to appear in public all dressed up when the men said they could. The principal fiesta they shone at was the bull ring which long before Mérimée had been all for Carmen, in high comb and mantilla and duly keyed up and transmitting her suppressed excitement down to the arena whose heroes knew well when they had thrilled by the sudden click of a host of fans, indicative of tenseness. Nine-tenths of Spain's womanhood was clean off the map, as it were, in so far as things of the mind were concerned. Nearly 65 per cent. were illiterate. The Spanish woman had been a creature to admire or to make work domestically, to marry, or to let slip away into a religious order. The mothers of Spain knew little save the world of the home and of waiting on their men. Outside distractions they had hardly ever experienced except in the cities and even here they had been as good as taken about by the hand. Their incuriosity regarding the outside world was proverbial. The home, the husband, the children, the parish church, the fiesta, eternal small gossip – such had been life for millions of Spanish women much of whose time would be taken up with fashioning raiment for the mourning of relatives as distant as second cousins twice removed. Finally, their utter trust in, and dependence on their men, was only equalled by their burning devotion to the Church. They were the most sheltered and strictly moral women on the Continent, not excepting the Italian and Irish cases. Some visitors

to Spain might have been led astray by the unconcealed admiration Spaniards were even in pre-Revolution days apt to display when pleased by a passing vision. 'Dios Mio, what wonderful eyes!' In Regent Street that might lead to a police-court case. In Spain it was, and to-day with additions remains, the custom of the country.

In a flash the above archaic life's system has gone. The Spanish woman sees herself at one swoop the heiress of all that is most advanced and free-thinking, the anchorage of her life decreed away by a central government modelling itself unashamedly upon Moscow but also on such others as a Buckmaster. In a hitherto divorceless land, she may sunder from her man on a diversity of grounds: mutual consent, desertion, specific disease, six or more years' imprisonment, separation for five years or over, immoral conduct 'rendering the common life impossible', urging to prostitution, and insanity. Conversely, if she be in the wrong, she may be called upon to support, pay alimony to her former man. And that is only the beginning. All women over 25 can vote; they have been given equal rights to men in regard to inheritances and ownership; they are answerable to the law in every minute particular as is a man; they may have to pay part share towards the upkeep of illegitimate children; may yet have to submit to the State's taking over of the child on Soviet lines. In sum, a whirlwind bestowal of 100 per cent. rights on the most 'backward' women of the Western world. Yet if on paper the Cortes have enfranchised all women over 25, in reality the Republic is hardly banking on any women *over* that age. All hopes are set on the voteless ones of to-day, on Spanish girlhood, whose mothers, even young mothers, are considered too set in their confessional habits for any hope of redemption. Doña Victoria Kent, of prison fame and evocative of Peninsular romance, spoke as follows in opposing enfranchisement in Parliament: 'It may be curious that a woman should rise and tell the Chamber, quite simply, that she is of opinion that the vote should not be given to

Spanish woman at this juncture. The fact is it would be dangerous to do so. It isn't that I doubt their capabilities. It isn't a case of *capability*, but of *opportunity*. At the present time the women's vote is a danger. It would not be the same a little later on. Women only espouse an ideal after they have long cherished it. I believe, therefore, that some years of republican life are necessary for them in order that they may see that the Republic has brought what the Monarchy did not, such as twenty thousand schools, laboratories, popular universities. When these fruits have been garnered, women will be more ardent to defend the Republic.'

Whereupon an all-save-two male Cortes proceeded without demur to give Spanish women the vote. Five millions of them. Proving that when women talk sense they are apt to be ignored. We have above the equivalent of Lady Astor rising at Westminster and –

'I implore this House not to give my sex the vote. For the love of Mike don't do it if you want to preserve the Constitution. They haven't an idea what it's all about. Perhaps later they may have – sure, they will have. But just now they're not to be trusted one bit. They're all still completely daft about the . . . (The remainder of the Hon. Member's remark was drowned in cries of "Order!") Believe me, gentlemen (murmurs), I know what I'm saying. It rips me . . . it rends me . . . it grips my vitals to have to say it. But I must. For the last time – you will rue it if you give my sex the vote. I pray that your parliamentary conscience may be roused in time and that you will avoid committing this fresh and gratuitous bloomer.' (From all sides heads are sympathetically shaken at the Hon. Member for West Plymouth, who is heard to comment, 'Well, I give you up,' as she resumes her scat.)

Up to a point what Doña Victoria feared came true on the first occasion Spanish women went to the polls, a firm pro-religion and therefore anti-Socialist note prevailing. A very great deal depends on whether this note shall continue to prevail in the future when the señoritas of to-day, and later

all the little Carmençitas at present romping in the plazas of the Peninsula, knock upon the door. As far back as when Berenguer went, two of the principal newspapers, *El Sol*, and *La Publicidad*, opened an enquiry as to what might be in the minds of feminine youth. The answer was as good as unanimous: 'We don't want to resemble our mothers any more and we want to earn our living!' And in secret days republican flags were sewn behind shuttered windows. Much water has flowed down the Guadalquivir since then. The younger women have had ample scope to view their astonishing new gift-world and that they are turning from it there is no sign. It should be borne in mind that the Spanish girl of to-day has unique incentive to sit up and take notice in that she alone in all Europe has seen promised to her sex a training towards wage-earning entirely equal to that vouchsafed the male. Even if she would, the señorita's three remarkable mouthpieces in Parliament would not allow her to relapse into the old obscurantist days and ways. Of these leaders, only Doña Victoria is at all known abroad and she may not be the most influential. Doña Victoria, Castillian descendant of a British officer, runs prisons at the head of a personnel of cropped garçones whose original 'illuminated maternity' for their charges, including the 20 minutes connubial cell once a week and intermittent holidays on parole, has had to be somewhat curbed. Victoria is now starting a female penitentiary which shall be reserved for young ladies holding a university, central school, or commercial degree. She is very revolutionary, and even allows beauty queens to be elected in prison, simply asking for trouble, one would imagine. Victoria is also very keen on segregation. All stockbrokers shall be together, and so on. No more contagious promiscuity of all ages, all crimes. In the wider political field we have noted her distrust in those of her own sex who experienced the old order as adults. 'The women's vote will first be used by the extremes of Right and Left. It will not find its true force until the electress has become socially independent and

has acquired her own political viewpoint—complicated affair. Up till now her ambiance has been hopeless.’ A second utterance of Doña Victoria’s: ‘Women’s political groups seem to me archaic. I see no difference between the social and political ends of the sexes,’ brings one up with a less known but possibly more important person, Clara Campoamar, who doesn’t agree. The two have great duels in the Cortes, when the male mob makes the ring. The greatest duel was over the vote when ‘La Campoamar’, with her lawyer’s thrusting, carried the day, as she is now trying hard to do again with her Republican Feminine Union seeking to rope all Spanish women into one party, contrary to Victoria’s way of thinking. Clara also has a plan to unite the women of all nations in a pacifist crusade. And she is not one to be dismissed too lightly, as the Church has come to know to its cost. ‘La Campoamar’ was of the select band that framed the Constitution, and how she did go for the poor curés! They were the one enemy of women, she said, and Spain had had enough of them. Hers was the hand that hit the Jesuits as hard as any other and vigorously joined in thrusting Cardinal Segura from the land. ‘La Campoamar’ also, it was, who led the onslaught for complete female emancipation in regard to civil and political rights, divorce, illegitimacy, property, the whole caboodle. ‘I found in our Constitution an article taken from the German: “Men and women have the same rights in principle.” That said nothing to me so I amended it to this: “There shall be between men and women no matter of privilege due to birth, sex, or social class.”’

The third woman M.P., Margarita Nelken, appeals to the working-class women who carry her on high when she visits her Badajoz constituency which she represents as an extreme Socialist. ‘Margerit’ is blonde and provocative and has a voice, a smile, a way with her which captivates the Cortes, despite no looks and a German father which led to trouble for a time. ‘Margerit’ may yet be *the* woman of the new Spain. A talented authoress, playwright, lecturer, journalist,

she is fearfully advanced and worships at the shrine of the late Clara Zetkin. Vitally woman, she swears by discipline, which has a familiar ring, and she works herself up into a fury at the misery of Andalucía and at prostitution. 'Our Spanish girl is a treasure of abnegation and ignores vice, but if she is betrayed by her novio she is defenceless. It shall end.' 'Margerit' also makes a speciality of going out after the nuns whose unpaid labour in places of security puts the workgirl – paid three pesetas a day – on the pavement with nought to choose from save prostitution or tuberculosis. And as for 'Margerit' on the confessional! The three women leaders are utterly united here. But perhaps 'Margerit' has ventured further than either of the others by taking a tomahawk also for the impregnable Civil Guard, showing up its brutalities. 'Margerit' has her own club which runs to an American bar, bridge, and lectures. 'La Campoamar' has hers, too, the Feminine University Circle. Concha Espina has the National Association. Another club is the Aspiration, while the Catholics retort with the Professional Feminine University already counting 120,000 members – approaching the R.A.C. And the Soviet has its cellular club, the Ateneo. Women's clubs are the order of the day. May one hope they do not emulate the fatuity and Freudian chatter-without-end of their American forerunners.

Full political emancipation derives added force from the economic equality guaranteed. At a time when the tendency far and wide is to shush women back to the three K's in order that work may be found for unemployed men, Spain with her 22,000,000 is so undeveloped that a plan can be envisaged making for the first thorough training of both sexes up from the roots together, as it were. The Carmens of cigarette factory and the fields had long toiled beside men, but the middle and professional classes had ever held their women jealously aloof from wage-earning. Already that is ending. The señoritas are flocking into schools and business offices as, no less symptomatic of profound change, they have

embraced sport and sun-bathing to a degree that would simply have stunned a short while back. In each stratum, intellectual, clerical, craft, or brawn, the gates stand open wide. In passing, the widely different ends for which Latin women at either extremity of the Mediterranean are henceforward being built up, though of climate and past influence identical, is not without its piquancy. The Roman voice is explicit: not an atom of man-challenging, of political levelling is to be looked for by Fascist girlhood whose emancipation lies in other and nature-ordained realms. Fertile housewives and red cross nurses. The Duce realises three things, namely, that the 'modern young woman' is not prolific, pacifist, highly distracting. So what he is seeking to do is to draw a cordon sanitaire, as it were, round Italian girls that these may contract as few as possible of the symptoms of the hour, symptoms hardly harmonising with his State-building projects. Firstly, he wants avalanches of *bambinos*. Secondly, the males among these he intends shall be warrior-bred ('I brought my *piccolo* up to be a soldier'). And thirdly, he doesn't intend that his young men, the potential begetters of the *bambinos*, shall be driven all hot and bothered by our modern Merveilleuses, thereby losing power of concentration upon other matters, as servants of a Greater Italy.

'Men have the brains and character. Perhaps in two or three centuries from now it may be different.'

Meanwhile, the *bella signorina modernissima* finds her style somewhat cramped in Fascist Italy. The almighty one has as good as finished jazz bands. The same with American bars. And dance halls. And most things-after-midnight. It is no laughing matter being young in Italy to-day. Molto serio. The 'featuring' of *Lovely Woman* in the newspapers, the great man has also sat upon. A lynx eye is kept for any upsetting glorification of her on the film. Crimes of passion or adultery are hardly printed. There is an occult book censorship that would delight the Free State. Anything calculated to promote sex appeal outside the conjugal hearth

is branded if not removed. In regard to facial chemistry and indecorous attire the Duce has a powerful ally in Vatican City which is always fidgeting concerning arms and necks and things. A kiss in public can lead to a prosecution. Feminine cigarettes and latchkeys are things to keep quiet about. It would seem that the Duce is seeking to make life so tame, controlled and passionless for unattached Youth of both sexes that this element grabs at marriage to get away from the monotony. Thereby suiting the Duce's bambino book. He would even like to dissolve the Lido, forcing ground for freaks and such an example for the signorine! Poor dears, can't you hear their hot blood sizzling, see their slim forms trembling and their gazelle eyes flashing as pimply Fascist youths follow them with pieces of charcoal and stroke on silk stockings where skirts shall come down to (three inches below the knee); have you no heart-beat in sympathy with the tyrannised ones as they meet surreptitiously to discuss ways and means of evading the sex appeal ordinances by this little subtlety, by that little exposure?

One supposes Mussolini to have looked all round, in his realist's way. One supposes him to have glanced across at the United States and to have decided instantly: 'An entirely abnormal efflorescence of prosperity. No one but Uncle Sam could afford her. Any other country permitting values to be so upset or itself to be so emotionalised or carried away by sex appeal would promptly disintegrate. The Yankee girl's independence and spirit are fine but not for Italy. As for her intrusion in public affairs, she has been a complete frost despite all the newspaper playing up.' One supposes that, turning to France, the Maestro has decided: 'Good mistress-wives, maybe, but no longer bearing children. And they bank too heavily on finery and cosmetics, on for ever occupying men's minds.' One supposes the searchlight to have fallen upon Scandinavia with something of this effect: 'All very jolly! By a fortuitous combination of small numbers, economics, and rude climatic character formation, the sexes

as nearly blended politically, economically, physically, morally, as well could be! But the phenomenon is scarcely reproducible elsewhere, at choice. Moreover, these chilled democrats look to no dazzling future, are content to mark time.' One supposes that, turning to England, Mussolini has sighed a little because he admires things English and therefore should like certain aspects of the recent English girl. But, once again, it is not a matter of copying her. She may suit an arrived land. Italy has yet to arrive – or re-arrive. One supposes that, swerving to Germany, he has said: 'Bravo, that's more like it!' at sight of the young female form being cultivated in a hundred thousand gymnasiums and stadiums so that the Fritzies of the future may be bonnie fechtters. Conversely one supposes that, switching to Spain's young ladies, he has not agreed with the Señorita shaking (a) the duenna (b) the mantilla (c) a cocktail (d) a leg. And, thank heaven, that has brought me back to Spain again after yet another random cruise. We were drawing attention to the widely different moulding of Latin womanhood at either end of the Mediterranean and how Republican Spain does not agree with the Roman compression to fertile housewives and red cross nurses.

'Oh, come, come,' echoes across from Barcelona and Madrid. 'A lot of use that's been! You watch us – we're going to give the dears a flying start in an all-comers' affair!'

Which is much the Spanish way. They will take the big plunge first, and then trim according to how events pan out; they refuse the step-by-step advance to the goal, controlled by such events.

'Women can run homes. Men can't. Women can have babies. Men can't. Women can be hübsch. Men can't. Women can idle naturally. Men can't. Let women do all four!' Thus spake a Hitler gentleman to me once in a Berlin bierhalle. Spanish men can idle naturally, very much so; and some of them can be quite hübsch enough. In such ways

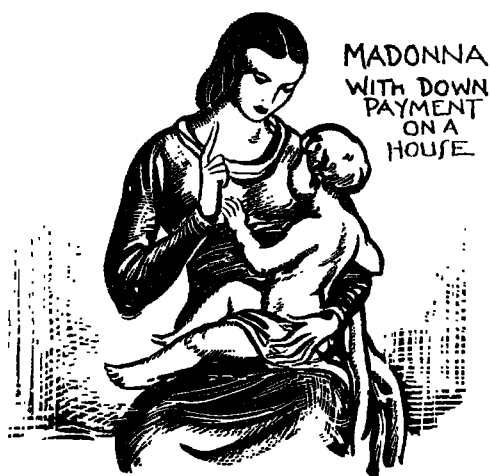
can the woman-in-work problem be here and there alleviated. . . .

There's work for one,
But not for two.

That may be the refrain in many lands ('woman's occupation is the recreation of the tired warrior' – Goering).

Men welcomed women, cheaply, into the labour market when things were roaring. Now that the machines are stilled they say, 'Out, please! We were here first. We can't have you here now. There's only room for one.'

The problem ranges widely up into the liberal professions via administrative and business offices, commerce, all the manifold fields which have been invaded by women since these won entry through the War. Are not women in serious measure responsible for the almost universal unemployment tragedy – not so much to blame, rather as the ones who happen to have made things far worse by claiming co-right with men to earn their way? They were freakily drawn in, mobilised, through dearth of men and production dementia. Shouldn't they gracefully withdraw now that there are too many men and over-production? Is the labour market women's proper sphere, anyway, as it is that of men? Particularly, should women be allowed to compete unfairly with the latter, both taking and requiring less? Might not their efforts be wisely canalised, moderated, to advantage? In those two formative lands, Italy and Germany, the doctrine being followed permits of no ambiguity. Every job that was always recognised till lately as a man's job shall go firstly to a man; what may be left over, plus genuine women's work, shall go to women. And that shall be that. But Spain? Spain the unexpected? It seems quite possible that by a convergence of circumstances a pre-view of women's potential place in the courageous universe ahead may first be given in the cradle of Europe. Were the cradle intelligently neglected meanwhile, the prospect should even brighten.



THE BABY AVALANCHE

13 There are said to be 20,000,000 unemployed in contemporary Europe. The real absence of work is probably very much greater, so many people being wont to have small jobs, half and quarter jobs, unofficial earning capacity. Reasoning people who do not live in fits and booms appreciate increasingly that no matter how soon functional economy concerned with the supply of human wants comes to be substituted for the present purely acquisitive economy; no matter how much hours be shortened or wages raised; no matter how intelligently we brake the future application to machinery of science, invention and capital, we are likely to have a permanent army of the unemployed or demi-employed at our elbows; hence the nascent study of leisure. How painful may be the process of transition to such an ultimate scene as that in *A Nous la Liberté* when all the workers of a great factory spend their days in the open, in dancing and distraction, and leaving but two of their number to run the works and churn out production, no man can say.

Meanwhile, with nothing as yet solved and all this unemployment strewn so densely and even still increasing,

the population of Europe is augmenting by between 7 and 8 millions a year and annual emigration has fallen to a paltry 300,000 when it used to be 3,000,000. Is this the time to produce more babies? Obviously, the over-production of babies is on a different plane to 'super-abundance' in other fields since, unlike coffee and cattle and corn and cotton and wine and fish and fruit, they are indestructible. They are here for keeps, permanent stock. In the ideal State no doubt there will be a Regulator of Births who shall decree or invite: 'Will the clerical section of the nation this year kindly multiply – thank you.' That is perfectly possible, no idle fancy. Yet, pending all this organised heaven, a more direct concern is the cot of to-day and the immediate to-morrow – shall it be crowded or sparsely filled? It seems fit and proper to dismiss outright the lunatics who argue that we must go on producing in increasing numbers in order to sustain purchasing power in the future; poor things, the machines would revolve slower if we neglected such procreative duty. This, if you like, is the complete subservience. It is bad enough to have to contend with C.3 procreation in circles which know not control in these matters, nor wish to know of it, but when one is asked to produce purchasing-fodder, the inclination is simply to oathe. It is hardly less difficult to maintain patience with the sociologists who bewail that if we show as much as a seasonal falling-off in this birth business, the race will be imperilled a hundred years ahead. Apart from the fact that this is open to considerable question, any attempt on our part to butt in from this distance upon things as they then will be seems an idiotic impertinence.

One understands babies have heretofore been produced for one of two reasons: either because you like them or can't help having them. A third reason has now appeared in the politico-pressure baby. Signor Mussolini and Herr Hitler believe in this infant. While countries that desire nought save to recline peaceably upon their cabbage patches, be these

great or small, are moving towards the voluntarily limited family, believing such will ease matters all round, a form of long-distance baby blackmail is in progress in Fascist Italy and the Third Reich. In a Europe where things were really ordered, the situation must ere this have led to protest before the competent international authority. The over-production of human beings for political purposes is, so far as I am aware, entirely new. Did I ever have the privilege of an interview either with Signor Mussolini or with Herr Hitler, I should confine myself exclusively to asking them and re-asking them why they persist in exhorting and stimulating their respective populations to over-produce in this sphere, in glaring defiance of the economic horizons of their respective countries and, by all visible tokens, with every blessed thing against the kids should these mature. I know in advance that I should not be allowed such interview so it has never been sought. In fact, long since have I abandoned the long-drawn-out nuisance of seeking interviews of the Great. It was Clemenceau who instructed me: 'It isn't worth while. Nine times out of ten they can or will tell you nothing that you don't already know.'

The Duce has now reached a pinnacle where very considerable world admiration is unwaveringly his. Steadily the first murders and beatings and castor oilings, seizures and sequestrations, uprootings and banishments, the Special Tribunal, even the Matteoti crime, are receding from the public consciousness. The end justified the means: such has come to be a wide view. We should, however, be living in a fool's paradise if we imagined that Mussolini has abated a jot of his expansionist designs or that he is any less a menace to-day than ever he was. He has merely gained further caution—and been held up by the depression. His end remains constant and identical and while he is forging, sometimes imperceptibly, towards it he will set on foot or sign any old pact. In this he resembles the Germans of before the War and who were prepared to sign undertakings with us, always provided these did not interfere with their steady

preparation. The Germans would have nothing like a naval holiday, for example. But Mussolini is ready to disarm right down to parity with anybody and everybody? He is. In order that that may give him the equal start he does not to-day possess: the equal start from which to go ahead when the moment should strike. Never forget that he is the non-possessing; others, the ones holding the coveted lands and riches. At a later stage I hope to touch upon the desirability of a partial reshare out of the habitable places of the earth – to write as I am doing here is not to be without understanding of, perhaps even sympathy with Mussolini's case – but at this juncture it is the morality of the Italian's methods, of his baby pressure, the ulterior motive lying behind this, which is on the tapis and, particularly, the unfortunate example he has set to others less attractive.

On the surface the Duce is the fairy godfather. Never was there such thoughtful care of motherhood. Womanhood is surrounded with lavish welfare work and hygiene, while nothing has been spared to improve the health and life of childhood, free holidays, doctors, meals, free most things from adolescence down to the cot. Only in adult life does one quit the clover in Italy. Even so, parents have been greatly released, while mothers-to-be are cared for as nowhere else, on the strength of the bachelors' tax. This is about the only joke that has come out of Fascist Italy. Ah, I forgot; and the trains run punctually.

Setting the example himself with another bouncing boy, the leader has succeeded in increasing the population by over 2,500,000 and a similar figure is aimed at in the second decade in a country poor, crammed, ill-found, sealed up (from migration) and desperately hard put to it, preserved, as things are, only by the presiding genius. The Duce is for ever thinking out new stunts to encourage fecundity in this notoriously fecund land. His latest is to offer free houses to fathers who beget a dozen before they reach the age of thirty. Moving up the scale, it is the practice, when women of the aristocracy

are presented, for the number of their offspring to be tacked on. So: 'Contessa Zbaglione, five children.' Which clearly leaves room for a Bateman drawing of the Marchesa with no children. Yet this bambino business is no laughing matter.

Why does this man do this thing, press on human over-production? All history shows where it leads. Japan is the most virulent example to-day, Japan, where they are breeding like rabbits, though only rice lies around, and where they will be 80,000,000 by 1960. If you ask Mussolini why he is deliberately overcrowding Italy he will answer, 'Babies enrich a nation.' And he will add: 'Numbers bring plenty. It is obvious that death does not provoke riches. These emanate from life.' No mention of the profound modification brought about by machines, not a word. Just: *Breed, you sheep, breed!* (For I want your lambs!)

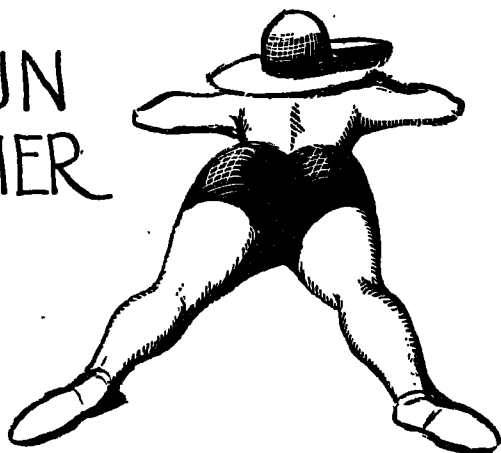
It is impossible to acquit Mussolini of bringing undue baby pressure to bear. Once he said, 'We must expand or explode.' It seems plain that his purpose in pressing on human over-production is to contrive a social situation whereby he will be able one day to turn to others and to say, 'You see, it is impossible for us in Italy to carry on as things are or we shall burst. We simply must have more territory.' It is not my belief that he definitely envisages as gas or cannon fodder the young Italy he is intensively breeding. He would like to avoid that: just to use the big battalions as pressure. That does not acquit him, for the reason that the policy he is pursuing in this matter, the demand he will formulate on the strength of his packed cities, is liable to conduct to war. Nor can he claim the slightest credit from the fact that in 1932 the birth-rate sank by 400,000. It was too abnormally high for nature to maintain it; the mothers of Italy are economically held up in their fecundity. Did better times return, at once the maternity homes would fill up once more, and at the urgent behest of the Palazzo Venezia.

The full-powered imitation Hitler has set afoot has something almost of the butcher's shop about it – prime produce

—as he dangles his breeding subsidies and absolvings and directs the stock. In one respect the case is worse than Italy's. In the latter country there are probably not 2,000,000 unemployed, and the people can live more frugally and simply than any others in Western Europe. Germany has nearly three times as many workless, is highly industrialised, and cannot live frugally. The Nazi contention is that the 6,000,000 population Germany lost through the Peace Treaties must be made up by an excess of births though at the same time Hitler is demanding the return of just all those lands and population so that he would finish up with 12,000,000 additional population did events mature to his fullest satisfaction. The idea that more than a fraction of this number could be absorbed by a return of the former colonies, of all of them, is a chimera. There is small getting away from it. Hitler, like Mussolini, is practising a long-distance expansionist policy based on human over-production. Whether it be to colonise in the one case Russia and Middle Europe and in the other, Africa and the Near East, does not here arise. The point is that the sequel must be one of two things in the long run, as the national numbers swell and frustration steadily sends men to boiling point: either others must be prepared to give liberally or the chances of a bust-up will increase enormously.

The argument that the Soviet is on the same trend, hoping to increase by 33,000,000 in a score years, scarcely stands up in like category. The U.S.S.R. could repeat the dose without fear of bursting, legally possessing, as it does, fields without end over which to spread any millions it might care to fashion, even in laboratory test tubes. The Fascist-Nazi over-production of the species, on the other hand, is to bear fruit at the direct expense of others. Italians and Germans *must* propagate in order to justify the régime's policy of territorial expansion. An excess of population, far from being a social ill to contend with, is nothing else than an end in itself.

SUN BATHER



RIVIERA IN EXTREMIS

14 Does the passing of the Riviera matter one bit? It lies along the zigzag route. Does the sad circumstance merit inclusion here? On reflection, perhaps it does. For the reason that you will never read about it in your newspapers because the Riviera advertises so.

The Riviera is fading out from a multiplicity of causes, nor all its summer grilling shall bring it back to life again, the life which was its *raison d'être*. The Côte d'Azur is on the toboggan because it presupposed a cosmopolitan spending that is no more; because the special gaming rooms upon which it was reared are either passing from vogue, are ruled out through lack of funds, or can be had now in adjacent lands; because the whole coast was grossly overbuilt, non-stop ribbon development sewn with hideous advertisements; because tranquillity has been replaced by the jangle and din of the big city; because the winter weather ramp has been found out; because of high prices and low treatment; because of competition such as cruising and winter sports; but I should say essentially because the whole place has passed clean out of fashion. There is something positively antiquated these times about the very notion of Nice and Monte Carlo.

At the latter congregate the last diehards over their cocktails, possessors of names rarely out of the *Continental Daily Mail*, they being usually the only ones now available. A small knot of ageing men and women who knew this place in its glory, and rising behind them the greatest travesty of the day: a brand-new Sporting Club so immense, so really huge and massive in its whiteness as to cause one to burst out laughing. This rarely visited shell dedicated to riches contributes to the general white elephantiasis that makes the dying Riviera additionally dreary and depressing. Even those back street purrers in the sun, the elderly spinster and retired army officer, have mostly had to go, many to the Balearics, because of the dearness of living under the franc.

‘L’agonie est lente.’

When I passed, all was very quiet in the sun. It always is now: old King Sol having the most exclusive time shining down on the Terrace and the Croisette. It is rather lowering to walk abroad. The window displays are as beautiful as ever, but scarce a buyer in sight. Staffs stand about idly at cafés and restaurants hoping against hope they may catch you. Chauffeurs hail. Shutters are common; ‘à louer’ everywhere. Station ‘buses pass and repass with one or two inside. Hotel functionaries, waiters, the whole human apparatus, have little or nothing to do. And bankruptcies pile steadily up. There has been some talk in the last resort of engaging dummy celebrities, from the gigolos and hotel rats out of jobs and their lady friends, to perambulate one or two of the more stupendous and ultimate architectural additions which require the presence of several hundreds to take the chill off.

Yet if the old Riviera be no more, a non-spending, nudist, far niente newcomer along familiar shores cannot be omitted from this crazy quilt of European abnormality . . .

The narrow strip of sizzling sand (combed and brushed each night) may measure three hundred yards by ten. On to it is packed the last expression of summer holidaying, A.D. 1933.

Away with breezes and with breakers, with games and picnics, boisterousness and rosy cheeks.

Here is languor, torpor hour after hour as a torrid all-day sun operates upon serried lines of prostrate forms.

Men and women are packed together on this golden grill – golden for the sun, the sand, the skins, the gamut of blond, the spreading umbrellas, the jewellery and furbishings.

A blasé sex-neutralism is abroad, almost as in art schools before the nude, the freely Epsteinish nude, here as there.

In bygone days one used to 'get sunburnt' on holiday, as likely as not accidentally or at most to indicate fleetingly upon return that one had 'been away'. 'Becoming', too.

Here at Jewin-the-Pins (as good a pronunciation as most heard locally) one goes out after a definite tint as the whole business of the holiday. The tint this year is a sort of honey yellow. Twelve months ago it was Arab, before that again, mahogany. But those were early days. Pink. Red. Striped. Zebra. Mottled. Peeling. Saignante. Powdered. Oiled. Tan. Copper. Bronze. Café-au-lait. Chocolate. African (ah, that used to be the goal, the height of skin aristocracy: African!) time was when you might have contemplated them all on the golden grill. But hardly now. This new skin game begins to assume dignity of procedure, shock-free method. Girls who go down to the sea in slips – and brassières – now go armed with an assortment of jars and bottles which they arrange beside them on the grill. It is all scientific now, the ensuring of a painless and even hue, the deflection of infra-red, the admittance of ultra-violet, anti-freckle and the pro-pore laying on of hands. Up in the hotel a preliminary anointing has already occurred, yet rubbing with this oil or lotion and buttering with that cream, applying of this skin-loosener and of that tightener, requires to be repeated after each immersion in an infinitely still little bay whose stillness is no doubt contributed to by the ceaseless shedding of oil in the waters.

The obliteration of original skin can be a complicated

affair for both sexes, but it does occupy the mind. The sprawling humanity is of every clime. You may not know it from their talk, for lethargy is such that they seldom do talk—many, too, if it be a 'back' day, hold their faces patiently buried in the sand—but features, attitudes, bodies speak the Teuton, the Czech, the American, the English, the Scandinavian, once big five, now not so big.

Turks, Egyptians, Indians, South Americans are also in evidence, body-proud.

Not a yard of the grill ground but is monopolised. By the water's edge are tables under umbrellas. Deck chairs are jammed as close together as the human steaks scattered beneath them on the sand.

In fifteen available square yards Swedish professors bend children about. Hard by, in another cleared zone, Greek bronzes, the new gigolos, heave medicine balls at one another, suggestive of pep.

'Doesn't that girl tan smoothly! Isn't she marvellous? Gee, I wish I knew her lotion. Dare I? What is she, d'you suppose?'

The daring is done.

'Note well the tint of that little one there! It is just what I am dreaming of for one of my coming creations. It will blend so beautifully. Ask her, yes, here, my card, ask her to visit me at Cannes to-morrow.'

The world-famed dressmaker passes on, lorgnetting and well pleased, this browning racket being what it is, for him and for his fellow couturiers.

Over the stretched-out bodies provençal boys and girls, frowsty things in clothes, pick their way with trays of sugared fruits on sticks, and doughnuts and syrups.

Newspaper vendors circulate with the sheets of half a dozen lands, though mercifully tongue-tied in regard to shouting the majority of their wares. And those who are not too fat-headed buy and listlessly turn the pages, behind ceaseless cigarettes.

And all the while the eye is held by wondrous, hothouse creatures, recumbent or strolling in shorts or glove-like attenuations of exotic hue ('bathing costumes'), or perhaps this breath-taking affair is a pyjama mannequin for she can carry it off whereas, generally speaking, bottoms seem if anything bigger and brighter.

In this corner of the Middle Sea there may be as much cubic space of water per bather as in the Ganges. One wades in every hour or so, swims a few strokes, a dive, a splash perhaps – and then back on to the golden grill, as likely as not yawning. (The number of sun-liver-yawns at Jewin must surpass a dog's home in the dog days.)

That youth over there has lain with his face buried in the sand for one solid hour, ever since you came. Only for a moment, ever and anon, does he show life, to see how the rays are striking, when he changes position accordingly.

'Sunacy,' comments a white man beside you, far too afraid to strip.

'Going native . . . degeneracy,' pursues the distanced one, shaking a puzzled head.

Right on top of the dazzling somnolence are restaurants, stalls, bars, quick lunch counters. At one of the last-named Englishmen are sitting at table with their ladies. It is a champagne sextette in the seven-eights nude, a yard of tissue for the lot. The exchanges sparkle. Should the feminine navel be on view or should it not? Is it *pretty*?

The keenest observers at Jewin are sailors of the French Fleet moored in the bay. For hours they lean over the promenade, observing, from temple to temple.

'What are they?' asks one sailor-lad. 'Cocottes?'

You explain the new health.

'And their husbands, they say nothing?'

So passes a day on the golden grill, ultra-vacant, ultra-ray.

No Bateman could portray the man who slapped another's back at Jewin-the-Pins.

'What a pity that girl strips so badly. Now, in the Casino . . .'

'Do look what's coming, dear!'

'Needn't. Hear knees knocking already.'

I have been thinking out floats for one final Carnival procession at Nice, evocative of the Riviera of a few years back when things attained their dizziest height, of types and supers and sycophants that we shall never see again. Bear with me a short while, it shall not be long.

Char: THE BIG TABLE AT CANNES.

A Duel between the Dollies and the Greeks.

Following rabble of Allotment Agents, Architects, Contractors, Electricians, Plumbers and Italian Bricklayers.

Char: AN AMERICAN FINISHING SCHOOL.

The Pensionnaires giving their yell -

*'Bronx, Bronx, Bronx,
Mix'em, Fix'em, Bronx,
Rubaway, Rubaway, Rubaway,
Hoops, Whoops, Tallulah!'*

Rabble of Maîtres d'Hôtel, Indian Army Colonels, Chasseurs, and Extraordinary Women.

Grand Char: 'WHO'S BLUE?'

Featuring local Royalties, Shahs, and Oldest Families.

The six posh Jazz Bands of the Riviera will march in military formation playing 'Annie Laurie'.

Char: A PUCE PETROL PUMP RAMPANT.

Rabble of Æsthetes, Roadhogs, Motor-Bandits, and Nail-strewers.

Char: GIGOLOS FONDLING CRÈCHE BABIES.

Rabble of Dope-peddlars, Cat Burglars, Alimony Matrons, and Raised Beauties.

Grand Char: 'EDEN ROC'.

Featuring G.B.S. floating in white shorts in a tank.
Rabble of Press Photographers, Cinema Stars and Earth-bound Yachtsmen behind a figure of their patron, Mistral.

Char: MM. PATOU AND POIRET DRAPING THE
SAME MANNEQUIN.

Rabble of Plus Golfers, Pigeon-Shooters, Confidence Men,
and Anti-Fascists.

Char: RIVIERA JOURNALISTS INTONING TO
TYPEWRITERS—

It never rains, it never snows,
We guarantee it *never* blows.

Rabble of Local Mayors and Town Councillors bowing to
left and right at the *étrangers*.

Char: A SORE THROAT FIFTY FEET FROM
GUM TO GUM.

Rabble of Painters, Writers, and Horn-rimmed Intellectuals
followed by their Local Creditors.

Char: EXCLUSIVE BARMEN SHAKING A
HECTOLITRE OF DRY MARTINI.

Rabble of Hangovers and Hard-boiled Virgins.

Grand Char: LA REINE DES REINES.

A 100-ft. figure of Lenglen in yellow bandeau and grin.
Round base, the Centre Court Girls giving their popular
recitation —

Where is Lenglen? Where is she?
Who all our hearts did flutter
We're jolly glad she's far away
We've got our bread and butter!

SOJOURN FOR INTELLECTUALS

15 If you fly from Naples to Tunis you pass over the islands of the banned round Sicily, over the dreaded 'Confino' of the Fascist régime. I could not get on the islands, even Lipari, the show one, but did look down on them from a Savoia-Marchetti monoplane, smaller variation of the Balbo Atlantic model. There they were set in an angry sea: Lipari, Ponza, Ustica, Favignana, Tremiti, Lampedusa. Lipari, above which the aeroplane passes on its way to Palermo, appeared as two volcanic humps rising from the sea ten miles out, suggestive of some monstrous submerged dromedary. For Germany's lack of such islands, the far worse concentration camps were summoned into being. By the dictates of humanity, each country should have islands ready nowadays.

In Palermo I asked a friendly waiter from Frith Street how I could get on to the islands.

'The Islands!'

He said it just like that; as had I proposed an outing to Hell, a Sicilian's Hell, which differs notably from the Nordic concept.

'You will never get near them, and if you go without permission they'll keep you.'

After glancing over his shoulder: 'We dare not speak of the Islands. It is prison at once. They are the Duce's own plan. They are terrible. The confinati who return tell of it. But not many. Italy is a whisper place and when they tell they go back another five year. Or to prison. But there has been escape, si. One, two. And they can tell. A doctor he escape few time ago. Swim, si. Now it is much terrible than before he escape. So now confinati have agree not try escape any more because it bring things much worse, si, signor.'

The following morning, at the neighbouring little port of Milazzo, what was largely to be anticipated, transpired. I arrived in a peacock-green and pale-gold dawn. I parked my kit and strolled towards the little steamer 'Etna'. It was much too early. Perhaps a score had assembled – officials, militia and soldiers returning from leave, a few civilians I judged to be in commerce, the post, and one or two women who, by the way they slunk away, were probably wives visiting their deportee husbands. I held my guide book open at Lipari, which was spoken of as attractive in spots and well worth a day. Exports: sulphur and pumice. Pop.: 13,000. Hot springs. Volcanic surface. Known in mythology as the homes of Æolus, King of the Winds. 'The wind blows with such velocity most of the year that the old houses tremble. Much dust makes progress difficult. On many days the inhabitants cannot venture out of doors, but in summer, although the heat is stifling, the vegetation is rich.' I was asked for my permit.

'Tourist.'

Swift exchange of glances, words.

'Your passport!'

I extend the tattered relic of four continents. The fatal profession is perceived.

'On holiday,' I anticipate.

My passport is handed back to me by a pimply youth (I had almost written Blackhead), who, in one and the same gesture, turns his back.

Still, there are ways and means of penetrating the story of the Islands; the very Sicilian air is impregnated with their tale. And it is a fallacy to imagine that in celebration of the year X the Duce closed them down. What he did was to release a little and to switch headquarters from Lipari to Ponza, close to the naval port of Gaeta.

The deportees hail from educated, intellectual circles. In the eyes of the régime these men are precisely the most dangerous in the State. They refuse to accept Fascism. They were not content to maintain closed lips as forty million other Italians. It is a saying in Italy that many of these deportees merely thought their minds. I shall not detain you with the notion that it is not dissimilar to a high percentage of expressive, articulate England being carted off to the Outer Hebrides, with special reference to such places as St. Kilda. The Duce conceived the Islands after a boy (promptly lynched) shot at him in Bologna in 1926. No more anti-Fascists fleeing over into France: enough of that. Also, the prison cell did not meet the case. There should be a half-way house where these stubborn misguided ones could review the whole matter at their leisure, with the possibility of their some day entering the fold, while for the time being they remained safely out of the way. A kind of purgatory. The severest trials, yet in a curious atmosphere of personal liberty. Deportees may live 'out'—if they can find a room and pay for it on their allowance of five lire a day. They may have their wives and families—if they can afford them. They may earn wages—if they can find work. They may do what they like by daylight—if they can find anything to do. They may have money sent to them by relatives—if they don't mind having it doled out in dribblets by Fascist guards.

The two extremes at this time were Lampedusa and Lipari. The former is a barren, low rock, with one tree. One passes it on the way to Malta. Its inhabitants—the lowest Levantine sailor-folk—number 3,000 and fish off Spain half

the year. At home they get sponges. There are – or used to be – two or three hundred deportees on Lampedusa, with its one wretched village street, and these men have to bear the elbowing of as many of the worst criminals in Italy, Lampedusa being also a penal colony. The deportees – doctors, lawyers, writers, deputies and the like – have their own hutments (there being no question of outside lodgings locally) but have to submit to the constant menaces of the criminal fraternity, which only receives tenpence a day, most of which goes on a heady island wine containing up to 20 per cent. alcohol. Very foul conditions of vice prevail among the convicts who also, when they come by money sent by gangs in Italy which have brought off coups, indulge in long-drawn-out orgies with sordid island women. At Pantellaria and Ustica there are other convict colonies cheek by jowl with the deportees, making life a misery. The convicts are all free. It is impossible to avoid them in so confined a space. Monotony, dirt, lack of intellectual intercourse. espionage, agents provocateurs, wretched living accommodation – of all these things deportees complain, but perhaps most bitterly of this contact with murderers. On a place like Lampedusa there is precisely one thing to do: wait for the mail when the little steamer can brave the high seas that run in this part of the Mediterranean. Deportees have to report twice daily to the police or militia and to be indoors all the year round from sunset to sunrise. 'The Cross of St. Antony' (a form of trussing) may be their lot if they lapse, or some kindred Fascist punishment. The guards vary. Some are human enough, while utterly disdainful. But sometimes when the Black Shirts in their deadly monotony have drunk too much they are wont to stage frame-ups and then there's the deuce to pay. They burst into hutments, alleging that the inmates are planning to seize the island or some such farrago, and proceed to beat up and lash. On other festive occasions Fascist guards will go the rounds and insist that deportees shall sing *Giovinezza* and give the Roman salute.

Hitler has copied studiously here, while plunging much further into systematic torture and murder.

All money arriving is given in dribblets to its consignees so that the latter may never have enough to seduce the locals in regard to planning an escape. The net cost to the State of a deportee is £23 p.a., or £115 for the full term of five years. The only items found for the deportees are lodgings in hutments and medical attendance – the latter so indifferent that a big death roll is invariably the rule, notably from consumption, in view of the biting blasts and the heavy rains which persist on the islands. In order to make both ends meet, one must have money from home. Of work to be found locally there is virtually none. A few pence a day may be earned from the poverty-stricken natives by cobbling, working in the fields, building, tailoring. Some are lucky enough to secure employment in State concerns such as power plants, while on Lipari, where there are cafés, former professors have good jobs as waiters. The unwritten law is that each shall help the other. The deportees form little 'sympathetic' messes of four or five and whenever possible less fortunate ones are invited to join in. It is also a matter of honour that the Fascist hutments shall not be used, where this is humanely avoidable. The first thing a deportee does with his pay is to earmark a portion of it for rent, so that he may live out as an independent human being. Usually the 'out' will consist of some attic or hovel; still, it is not a Government roof. Without doubt, life rose to its relative best on Lipari. Here were many hundreds of the better-noted, also more distinguished deportees, and they were able to make something of the island. Many lived in villas – such as Italy's chief mason, Signor Torrigiani, and General Bencivenga, who was Diaz's chief of staff. Half the year there is good bathing. And there is shade. And cafés and shops and some species of social life. Plays were acted. There was a library. And quite a colony of children, perhaps 200, not a few of whom had been born locally. Besides teaching the

children, who otherwise would have had to enter the Fascist schools, the deportees conducted all kinds of courses and classes, from modern languages to craftsmanship. Nevertheless, there was much overcrowding and a very minimum of work while the guard was severer than anywhere else owing to escapes having been effected. I put it all in the past tense because apparently Ponza has now been substituted for Lipari.

The elaborate system to avoid escape from any of the islands is worth mentioning. Small and fast armed vessels circle throughout the dark hours. Others lie hidden in creeks. Searchlights play continuously round the coast line. The little harbours are a blaze of light. In them, high-speed motor-boats are ever ready to proceed at once to sea, while machine-guns are mounted at vantage points and a full system of wireless inter-communication is maintained, for chasing purposes. The whole business of escape-prevention is organised and standardised down to the smallest detail. No excuses will be accepted. Night after night, all the year round, Fascism is on the alert. And whenever there has been an attempt at escape, the thumbscrew has followed on gaolers and jailed alike. Once a young man sought to make the mainland in a canoe. He was dashed ashore almost inanimate and succoured by peasants. These received five years' imprisonment, and now no peasant anywhere will touch a deportee. The only success was that of Signor Francesco Nitti and two companions in the summer of 1929. A fourth deportee had been liberated early that year, his time being up. Before leaving, he arranged a system of communicating with his three friends. On the chosen night the trio crept from their lodgings and swam out to a sunken ridge upon which they knew they could stand up to their necks. Here they waited until a motor-boat appeared out of the darkness, flashing an agreed signal. Then they zoomed away, pursued and fired upon. But to no purpose—that motor-boat left everybody behind, having a speed of thirty

knots! While wireless talked and warships scoured the sea round Corsica, Nitti and his friends were slipping unperceived round to Tunis.

Perhaps the greatest strain in deportee life is the periodical 'examination of faith'. Men are offered freedom if they will deny their principles and embrace Fascism. The temptation is immense. As was explained to me: 'Here we are with our lives in pieces. As likely as not, separated long since from our wives and families. These may even be in dire want back in Italy owing to our businesses or professional work having gone to rack and ruin. Our morale is at the lowest ebb. Many of us, from the dreadful monotony, are not far short of losing our reason—I have known splendid intellects go almost dithering, childish. And never, save in our miserable lodgings at night, can we *know* that we are alone. Stool-pigeons and agents provocateurs are all the time in our midst. The most unexpected confinati, whom we may have taken to our bosom, turn out to be only spies. Half the fell punishments that are visited upon us are the result of stool-pigeons telling what they have overheard. It is this dreadful, unceasing prying and preying upon us that unnerves the most, after the monotony. Think, then, of our stress of mind, of our yearning for home and dear ones and to get free of the maddening stagnation and the bullying and hardship . . . and one word to our gaolers will serve to put us on the road! I am glad to say that very few succumb and that those who do depart are so ashamed as to be in tears. The others, their arms folded, stare them straight in the eyes. And, when the boat has gone, turn sadly away. They have not faltered. But friends have.'

DELEND A FRANCIA

16 This eastern corner of the Mediterranean is one spot of trouble after the other. Corsica and Sardinia have been described as floating tanks. Tunis and Malta are each places we are likely to hear more about as the Fascist influence spreads. I visited both, one comfortably, the other extremely uncomfortably.

Give me the open cockpits of old, every time. In the Savoia-Marchetti passengers are seated and sealed six in each float and on our side there was an intake of fumes. The result was a stifling torpor from which one was only roused by the monoplane splashing into the lake of Tunis at high speed. And what is the use in that, flying over famous geography in sealed torpor?

The arrival in an Italian machine was symptomatic. Upon this classic territory re-awakened Rome once again casts the *Delenda Carthago* look (substitute '*Francia*'). She refuses to sanction one of her 100,000 nationals planted down locally to be drawn into French citizenship. Half the total Tunisian white population, they represent, and a good deal the most en vue and vocal under the tutelage of 'The 800 Club' of active Blackshirts. If the French Secretary-General is really little short of Prime Minister of the Protectorate, if

a good deal of the French Fleet is usually at Bizerta and General de Chambrun has a division locally, if the Tricolour flies officially and France holds the conduct of the public services, Italians outnumber native-born French by nearly two to one and no one is allowed to forget it: swagger, saturation with Roman culture, *Italia sopra tutto*, the preservation of a State within a State. It is safe to say that the vast bulk of Italians in Tunis are peace-loving, humble peasants only wanting to be left alone and rejoicing to be quit of a stifling political atmosphere across the water. But they are not left alone. Fascismo has manœuvred so that practically all the pivotal persons in the great Italian colony – doctors, priests, employers, schoolmasters, consular and travel officials, lawyers, architects, engineers, journalists, restaurateurs, sport ‘aces’ – belong to the Party, of which they are advance agents on the spot, for ever comptrolling, checking and watching over the multitude of their fellow-countrymen. From the moment he lands, the Italian emigrant is nursed and ‘kept in touch with’. All his local institutions – hospitals, sports clubs, welfare centres, schools, societies, newspapers, entertainments – are deeply impregnated by Fascism. The Italian settler is invited to do and think everything fascisticamente, and if he doesn’t he hears about it. (Perhaps he has relatives at home – good – there’s such a thing as making life a burden for them.) The Italian children in Tunis, who are drilled in Balilla shirts, take oath:

In the name of God, all powerful; in the name of my mother who gave me life by her suffering; in the name of my father who gave me the happiness of being born a citizen of the most beautiful, glorious, and greatest nation on earth; by the memory of 600,000 brothers who died for Italy fighting heroically on land and sea and in the air; by the sorrowing and tears of mothers and widows and orphans; by the mutilations and wounds of surviving soldiers; by pride in the past and present grandeur of my country; by my firm faith and hope in its future power; I, born

an Italian citizen, swear on my honour and conscience that neither by suffering nor flattery, neither by want nor lure of any kind, will I ever deny my country and that of my ancestors, for which I am ready at any moment to give the strength of my arms, the wealth that is the product of my work and intelligence, and, should it be necessary, my blood and my life to the last breath. So be it!

In order to stiffen their case the Fascists have worked out a *calvario doloroso* purporting to set forth French tyranny in relation to Italians in Tunis. That Italians are barred from all civic and public posts, that Frenchmen are paid 33 per cent. higher wages on the railways, etc., that every obstacle is placed in the way of Italian nationals settling the land, that these work as semi-slaves to enrich the protecting Power, that they are harshly treated by the police and coerced into applying for naturalisation, are some of the 'high lights' of this calvary, supposed or real. Another method of advancing the gospel of *Italianité* is to make as evident as possible the remarkable vulnerability of Tunis. Italy's chief naval bases used to be Spezzia and Maddalena. They are now Carloforte (Sardinia) and Trapani (Sicily), each but a few hours' steaming from the coast at Carthage. To the Island of Pantellaria, 45 miles from Cap Bon, the French not long since had to send 'security' troops because there are four Italians settled there to one Frenchman and the former were behaving as if they owned the place (it has now been fortified). The latest type Savoia-Marchetti fly daily to and from Palermo in two hours. The latest type oil-packets ply to and from Naples. Only the very best of everything for Tunisi. Nuvalari is specially sent there to rouse a frenzy by winning the Grand Prix. And much else in like vein. Adjacent Tripoli is full of extra special Black Shirts and Regular Army, whose keen young men drill and manœuvre on the desert line of demarcation, causing the French to construct fortifications in the sand and to refuse to extend the railway southward beyond Gabès. This annoys the Duce a lot. He

wants that connecting link between dud Tripolitania and the going concern that is Tunisia; he wants it for more than one reason; but the French have turned their backs on him, and instead are putting their railway energy into constructing three strategical linking lines with the Algerian system so that should Tunis ever be attacked reinforcements may be swiftly made available. One of the drawbacks of Fascist swagger is that it puts others on their guard. There is indication on the spot, in fact, that the official Roman doctrine that 'a great Power may be victorious in Europe and beaten to dust in Africa' has not fallen upon deaf ears.

Tunis is where Frenchman and Italian really come face to face. The former developed the country, but this was once the granary of Rome. Need it be said that the Fascists are taking every profit from the acute native distress consequent on the world crisis and which has already led to the composition of serious anti-French factions, even Beylical in blessing? There are 2,000,000 natives and the men are all thoroughly worked-up. There has been bloodshed. The country lives by its export of cereals, olives, wine, and phosphates. It is in a critically bad way; if it isn't slump, it's no rain. Prices have increased almost 100 per cent. over pre-war, when Tunis was absurdly cheap, and the Bey's subjects are far from satisfied with the current effect of the protecting Power's presence. They look around and see mines closed, stocks piled up, a veritable hetacomb of cattle, commerce at a standstill, a long list of daily bankruptcies, no corn, no olives, and unbearably worse, France restricting and even prohibiting Tunisian exports that might compete with the home market. A native National Party imbued with Fascist efficiency ideals is steadily maturing. As all along the North African littoral, there is also a strong Communistic tinge.

An abiding impression of Tunis is that Italy is so permeatingly present, in, of, and all about it. For the French, the eventual battle is principally one of births. They must

develop a majority somehow and they are naturalising everyone they can lay hands on in order artificially to make up the leeway. After a long squabble with ourselves they contrived to extract that British subjects born locally shall after 1941 automatically become French and serve as conscripts. All involved are Maltese and so far over a third (5,000) have turned French for business reasons or under pressure. But the 1941 clause is being consistently defeated by prospective mothers taking ship across to Malta on the eve of events and having their babies born on British soil. It is a regular feature of the passage over and there were three interesting cases aboard when I sailed. Crazy, crazy universe! However . . . the Italians never recognised the French Protectorate as fully as did others and Rome claims several special privileges accorded by the then Bey prior to the 1881 submission to France. It is upon these that Mussolini legally takes his stand, the principal being Franco-Italian equality, and in nothing more than the right of citizens of either land to retain their respective nationalities and serve with their own forces. From time to time we are regaled with Franco-Italian rapprochement yarns. 'The clouds are at last lifting.' 'The two Latin sisters intend to walk hand in hand in the newly menaced Europe.' As long as nothing has been done about Tunis, don't believe too much of it. Here on immemorial ground is the acid test of the problem set France by her dynamic neighbour: to give or not to give? The latest French answer has taken the form of introducing a sterner régime throughout Tunisia.

Lunching at the Maison Dorée, which has the monopoly of the Archbishop of Carthage's rosé than which I have never tasted the superior, I chanced upon an old friend from the Quarter and who was now precariously supplementing small remittance money by sketching the daily clientèle. She and a few kindred souls had come to Tunis two years before and the party had stayed out. Dearish? Yes: but less than France.

'And there isn't an American bar in the place. Positive internal rest cure, my dear. And so sou-saving. As a matter of fact there are just the same jolly little épiceries and charcuteries and wineries as in the rue Delambre. And one has a perfectly zareeba feeling of away from it all. Forty hours of sea from Marseilles keeps the mob away even if the slump didn't. And we can buy the *News of the World* and sometimes the air post arrives, so why not? Come and eat Couscous this evening.'

Couscous is a manner of chicken with rice plus African flavourings that linger. I did not think it so wonderful. The great things in Tunis are the giant prawns at 6d. a lb., the luscious tangerines at 2d. like weight, and the cheese and anchovy friandises at 1d. each, the lightest ever. I was put on to breakfasting off them at an 'express' café in the sun of the main boulevard and which has been constituted the local Dôme. If I felt French I could read *La France Tunisienne*. Did I wish to know how the Fascists thought that morning, there was *L'Unione*.

Each day we sallied forth, I as paying companion, but there are pence one definitely does not mind parting with. First, of course, it was the Souks.

'You must smell our smells. They're unique. I suppose you've only smelled the Chott (lake) so far. That's pretty fierce in summer. It's positively Coty just now. But every walk in the Souks is a nasal exploration all the year round. I'm sure we all hold our nostrils higher, don't we? Do you remember Walter . . . Richard Sickert's notion in old Dieppe? One day an English visitor asked him the way somewhere. "Madame. The first smell to the left and the second to the left." Well, in the Souks you actually *can* find your way about by nose alone. Come along and try.'

As with the Couscous, I think you may have the Souks also, of squints, squalor, sores and smells. There had been no exaggeration about the last. Perhaps I smelled it all so thoroughly long ago in the Bagdad Bazaar, perhaps my

sensory arrangements are abnormal, but I cannot stand evil odours, not if their setting be the most decorative in the Orient. How can the brain enjoy when the nose abhors? Yet seemingly it can, when one is an artist, capable of sinking all, for I recollect Richard Aldington writing of these same Souks that he never tired of penetrating the Porte de France (separating the European from the native cities) and spending an afternoon in them. Hive of T.B., smallpox, and even on occasion of plague. Death of a hero! We might well have read of one. On a saunter one morning an auction of bedding was in progress in the one-time slave market. 'Dead man's stuff,' observed my accompanying friend. 'Auction every morning. Worst of it is they never disinfect anything and one never knows what the person may have died of.'

But come. This is hardly painting Tunis as others were busily painting it . . .

Light, colour, contrast, background, and the luminous pale pinks and greens of Tunis Lake quite vanquishing even the Étang de Berre. Moreover, Tunis could boast what Martigues cannot: thousands of flamingoes whose breasts as they fly at sunset are a reflection of the pink waters beneath. Yes, no lack of painting material. One went out to the native village of Ariana—and what types! Bold young Jewesses, dressed in bad Paris faubourg, rubbing elbows with white-blanketed females whose heads remain swathed in black, even as B.C. Or there was Korbous in whose hot salt springs the Bey daily takes his morning bath. Korbous looked very paintable. Carthage and Salâmmbo's home town, Sidi Bou Said, I was rushed through as 'too impossibly touristy'. Carthage is now a walking seminary and nunnery, but Sidi Bou Said, glistening white gem high on a hill cape, and home of the D'Erlangers, I loved—even though it had plague. 'After all,' it was pointed out, 'it's only bubonic. Last year it was pneumonic.' Hard-by lay the posh summer plage of La Marsa where our Consul lives. A late Bey rather

liked us once and gave us in perpetuity the dominant building by the Porte de France, in Tunis, and a topping country place out at La Marsa, but since the Entente has weakened the French have been increasingly asking why should the Britannics continue to enjoy such privileges?

But the place to go for real slackness in summer is the island oasis of Djerba, famed in lotus-eating connection. A day in the train to the South and then an hour or two across in a boat. All Djerba lives on wonderful fish and sits in the sun and makes pottery. I looked in on my way south to Sousse to write about the Foreign Legion. Have no qualms, I have no intention of writing about it here.

My last afternoon in Tunis was reserved for the rue des Persannes. 'To see the Quarter at work.' Yes, there was a familiar beard in silhouette; and brush and palette and easel. And in the vicinity, local ladies of the native town – some, frightful old hags painted to the skies and garbed in dreadful draperies, others, younger and making a bid at western 'grandes négligées'. There are thirty-two alleyways off the Street of the Persian Women. And each more shrieking in paint than the last, as had a lunatic gone down each alley splashing each Maison Tellier as he went, from fresh pot upon pot. The ladies of the town are all wedded. Their husbands move off when temporarily not wanted. No Christian may stray (other than afoot) in the Street of the Persian Women. The inmates, 'freer far than in the harem', are visited daily by holy men.

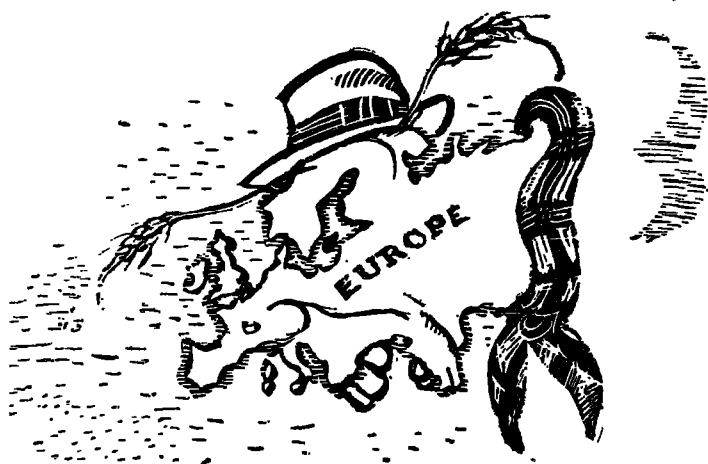
My Quarterites came to see me off to Malta. 'Don't you sometimes feel kind of far away here, windy in case anything happened?' I ultimately asked. 'After all, it isn't France.'

There were reciprocal glances. Then someone said:

'Well, we'd thought of that. I hope you won't think us muts but we decided to put aside our third-class fares back to Paris in case we ever got the staggers suddenly or had to fly the police or got mixed up with sheikhs or something.

About four pounds it works out at and, *tonnerre de dieu*, it's the last thing I'll ever put aside! It isn't fair!

'Of course,' mentioned she of the *Maison Dorée*, 'it would mean travelling back with Foreign Legion and Batt d'Aff but we can be tough too.'



17 At breakfast in the *Knight of Malta*, I inquired of a steward why passengers were so few. There were four others in the first class.

‘Boycotted, sir. Launched by Lady Strickland, sir.’

At my raised eyebrows:

‘Pal before me – broke a rib last voyage – couldn’t even get absolution, sir.’

‘Because he belonged to this ship?’

“‘Strickland man.’ Each time he tried, the priest heard his confession but he wouldn’t give him absolution. Told him instead to go outside and pray to see the right way and then come back if he did.’

‘What about you? You’re a Maltese and a Catholic, too, I suppose?’

‘Oh, yes, sir. But time enough to bother when Easter Duty comes round!’

‘Then you also will be offered the alternative of joining the anti-Strickland Party – of leaving this boat and your job, that is – or of being deprived of the Sacraments?’

‘That’s about it, sir.’

I went on deck and looked towards Valletta, just visible.

And I reflected, 'I wonder will they in England laugh when I write of a Maltese sailor's Easter Duties?'

In the distance, *Eagle* or *Courageous* – I knew not which – anyway, one of those staggering whale-tanks. Overhead, as many as thirty or forty aircraft behaving gloriously in formation, doing everything they desired, now 5,000 up, a minute later, clipping the waves. And always in formation. All through history this Malta had been a cross-roads of destiny. Now Phœnician, now Carthaginian, now Roman; after the dark ages, base of those Knights of St. John who defended the Cross against the Crescent, then momentarily Napoleonic, then English. And to-day the hub of most of that Fleet we haven't as yet chipped. And to-morrow a strategical seaplane station without a rival in the Middle Sea. Anything that happened on yonder 100 square miles meant so much (should it next be Fascist, for example?).

On shore, this trio: Portsmouth atmosphere, old Italian setting, Honolulu weather. Crowding everywhere: the British Navy. You could not get down the streets for it. Twenty thousand tars in port, ever swinging in a hurry in fours and fives, summit of human well-being, foot-loose from this world of woe. What did these men care for, what do these men know of the drama that evolved about them – dark as those great black, hooped hoods which the Maltese women have not yet doffed although their *raison d'être*, protection against Napoleon's men, has so long lapsed? The Mediterranean Fleet, as the Garrison, was indifferent to, uninterested in the religio-political quarrel. It was none of their pidgin. Just as we sat in Cologne while France sought to break off the Rhineland, and were much more interested in whether sport would be interfered with, so here at Valletta the national flair for detachment was again all in evidence. But I must needs step from the bright and sailory Strada Reale and descending stone-stairs-of-streets listen to how 20,000 Maltese had not been able to go to Confession or Commu-

nion for a year, and how these most devout of people felt the spiritual deprivation intensely.

True enough, most of that was now 'over', 'passed'. Only isolated cases remaining, such as the ship. Even milord Strickland was making his duties locally once more. And England had a Minister again at the Vatican who would keep His Holiness informed of the truth, which was, of course, that the Catholic Church had always been as free in Malta as anywhere else on earth. For nearly a century, ever since 1836, British policy had been constant: His Holiness supreme spiritually, Britain supreme politically (or as O'Connell once put it, 'we take our religion from Rome but our politics from ourselves') and the Vatican was now seeing eye to eye with us once more on such premise. Good-bye the nightmare of mortal sin in Malta. . . .

I should like to think that way about things; it would be so much easier. But the Strickland incident I look upon – as merely an incident. Beneath it is the steady throb of Fascism working through the island's host of priests. Malta was under Roman hegemony for over half her history and, if this be quite a different matter from being Italian, 'What once was Roman shall return to Rome' (Fascist motto). Malta constitutes a perpetual Anglo-Saxon policeman on the Roman beat and what are nordic blonds doing in the Mediterranean? Mussolini is awfully nice to us, and so admiring, yet if you visualise Fascism as he does, in fullest flower one day, no others cramp his style more than do ourselves. Here, in Asia Minor, in Africa, even in Australia. That may explain the lulling, deep-laid niceness. The Italian scheme in Malta is so to develop the terra irredenta cult that an atmosphere may materialise favourable to Rome claiming the island as being Italian by race, affinity and culture when some future critical occasion of international readjustment crops up. That is the Fascist scheme pretty generally. Not to bank on expansion of war, which would entail the perilous arming of the proletariat, but, having first swarmed locally, by chip-

ping in when things become highly fluid, as they look like doing in many places, even before the half century is out.

For 116 years the Maltese were apparently content under our rule which they themselves had preferred rather than continue to be a kind of island Flanders. They lived on and by the Fleet, as they do to-day – what would supervene economically to Malta's 230,000 population if the forty or fifty thousand British men, women, and children, which our Fleet and Garrison mean locally, were to vanish, is a question worth asking.

The signing of the Lateran Treaty was the pistol start to the attempted Fascist reclamation of Malta. I am sorry to say that, in my estimate, His Holiness has proved an indifferent Foreign Secretary – for that is what he likes to be, also. The Lateran Treaty forged a tie not so much with Italy as with a political force therein which may not last for ever, and which is constantly capable of landing the Holy See in difficulties as, for example, in the case of the Bulgarian royal wedding. As in concordats with Nazis. As in the case of Malta where 80 per cent. of the priesthood has chosen either to go local Nationalist or to be caught up in the whirl of 'Italisation' which is being so constantly radiated by the Fascists. This clerical mass wants Protestant England out. I even heard the parallel to Ireland drawn, and promptly dealt with it. One of Ireland's great points was that never, never had England been invited there (except possibly mercenaries about Henry II's time).

Fascist pressure shows no sign of abatement. When this year we curbed the Italian tongue in the law courts and in the schools there was strident local outcry in response to Roman wirepulling. Since then the Fascists have insisted that all they want is just the preservation of the Italian tongue in Malta – not the remotest shadow of anything else. Heaven forbid! Don't we allow Boers their Dutch? French-Canadians their French? I wonder people try to get away with such transparent blather. The Fascists have got many

young Maltese into black shirts and the recruits and their mentors comport themselves brazenly enough. Fascism has its camouflaged propaganda centres in the Casas Italiana and Bologna and the Dante house; it subsidises sheets in the vernacular; and incessantly Valletta is flooded with newspapers from Italy filled with insidious lies about British rule. It would be an ironical height if the first British Government to pay serious heed to such things were a Fascist one! On the other hand, it may be that the existing semi-tolerant, semi-disdainful-amused attitude of *laissez faire*, of 'allowing them to do', is the part of wisdom although some may consider that with Balbos beginning, it were time to think again.

Since this was written the Constitution has been suspended.

AFRICA SETS ONE A-DREAMING

18 'The Italian people, with the valve of emigration shut, can no longer find sufficient possibilities of existence on their territory. Everything that could be done in the way of intensifying agriculture has been or is being done. The same applies to industry: Italy possesses, as is known, very small resources in raw material. It is therefore not astounding that our country should turn towards the possibilities of colonial expansion. Once the essential problems of the world crisis have been surmounted, the colonial question must occupy, and will occupy more and more, a place of ever greater pre-occupation to the Italian Government.'

Thus, Signor Grandi, shortly before ambassadorial discretion descended upon him.

The feeling is probably growing that it is no use any longer pretending to be unaware of certain specific aspects relating to the hold-up of European amity; that it were better to have these out in the open; that it's not much good generalising about 'new orders' and professing fraternal sentiments and even dreaming of genuine appeasement and disarming so long as the inevitable forerunners of a slackening antipathy remain unattended to. We all know about security and treaty revision and arbitration and Briand-Kellogg and Four Power

Pacts and the rest of the big vague words, but up till now the set idea has been to fight shy of precise and localised barriers the scaling of which in some form or another must nevertheless precede any wider permanent achievement.

If I return to Italy—actually to Benghazi—and to the demographic problem, I make no apologies, believing that there's no hope of avoiding eventual war unless we consider anew the settling of the habitable places.

As is now familiar, Italy holds that France and Britain didn't play the game after tempting her into the War. She wasn't given Dalmatia and Vallona, as promised, and she was fobbed off with trivial colonial readjustments. It may have been Wilson who stifled Italian aspirations to the 'amaris-sima' or 'most bitter sea' sung by d'Annunzio; the Entente, which had undertaken that, 'in the event of Britain and France increasing their African possessions at Germany's expense, they recognise that Italy could claim certain compensation, notably in rectification in her favour of the frontiers of Erythrea, Somaliland and Libya, and of colonies abutting on to British and French territories', the Entente is held solely to account for not having fulfilled this bait in the spirit. We gave Jubaland. France extended the Libyan frontier to Mount Tummo. And that was about all. Whereas 2,000,000 additional square miles accrued to the British Empire, and about half as much to France, Italy had to rest content with a mere 100,000 square miles of mostly uninhabitable or uncultivable sand. This is what sticks in the Italian gullet. The Adriatic seaboard may be trotted out for hot youth—yet how are its barren mountainsides to relieve urban pressure in Italy? Africa is the place that grips the imagination.

A first care was to find out how the Italians were currently situated in the African continent. More than a score of years after it was seized from Turkey, the great effort is to make No. 1 Colony, Tripolitania, self-supporting. Despite nine years of Homeric effort, it still weighs on the domestic budget

to the tune of £2,500,000 a year, ill to be afforded. Moreover, this figure means that an absolute minimum is being spent on the colony to the lessening of its powers of absorption of Italian colonists. So far 24,000 Italian nationals have settled among a round million natives in Tripolitania and adjacent Cirenaica (Senussi country). The population is desperately sparse – about one to a square mile! Agricultural development, roads and building have been possible along the coast-line, and epic measures have carried the armed forces as far into the forbidding desert as the Koufra oasis, but the undeniable fact remains that it would take 150 years, at the present rhythm, to settle the colony with the million Italians it could absorb. There isn't the money. Under a new scheme it is hoped to install 20,000 families, or 100,000 persons, in the oncoming years. The cost even of that, and with the Government making over land that has been commandeered in its entirety, will be £12,000,000. The blighting south wind, the interminable sand, the deadly heat, the lack of funds, combine to render this pick of Italian possessions what we others would simply call a wash-out. Yet the Italians can't have it so, it being almost all they've got that matters. They must toil on and on in the hope of a better day. Where else have they any hope of achievement? In adjacent Cirenaica? It is not so pretty a tale in Cirenaica. With the exception of some 50,000 sedentary ones along the coast, the inhabitants are (or were) shut in in concentration camps. This was Marshal Badoglio's way of impressing Fascism locally among recalcitrant tribes that asked only to be left alone with their pitiable cattle and crops (cows are little bigger than pigs).

'Everywhere they make a solitude, and they call it peace.'

That is what has happened in this part of the world abutting on Egypt. The camps, five in number, are strewn about the Benghazi country. The two biggest hold whole tribes of 20,000 and 13,000, and these have with them 42,000 head of

sheep, 4,000 goats, 3,000 oxen, and 2,000 camels. Each camp swarms alike with humans and livestock. They are modelled on the old Roman castrum. Quadrilateral, and enclosed by barbed wire, their perimeters vary from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 miles. They are intersected at right angles by two roads, giving four gates and dividing each camp into four quarters, in which live man and beast, also divided into four. Askaris mount guard when the natives bring out their beasts to pasture. The interned ones are also marched out to labour on public works at 2s. a day. Apparently there is hope that the young interned ones may one day emerge as dutiful askaris. There has been fearful mortality, both among men and beasts. Fifty per cent. seem to have disappeared. The Italians said they would open the gates gradually as roads are perfected and depôts of arms destroyed and that then the nomadic ones would be directed here and there in the hinterland, the Djebel fertile zone being reserved for Italian colonisation. Hardly a very encouraging picture with which to confront other nationals being invited to extend Italian dominion in Africa. The Fascists aver that 'twas a case of having first to be cruel in order to be kind in the way of teaching primitive ones something approaching hygiene and how to tackle dire local nature.

Rounding out the tale, there are 1,800 Italians in a population of 1,000,000 in Somaliland, whose climate is one of the worst in the world, and even less in Erythrea, to the north, fourth and final Italian possession in Africa where Italians have for some time past decided that they are up against a stone wall. And the galling part for them is that a good deal of the territory they most desire for development and colonisation is (they say) now either a closed preserve or being neglected. The Italians say that France is simply gorged with African territory, some of which, what with crisis and tiredness and sheer lack of interest, is entirely superfluous, even an incubus, yet could be made to fulfil an Italian dream. For Italy has a dream, a kind of Cecil Rhodes

dream of the dark continent, a dream which, if still unspoken, is at the back of every Blackshirt's mind. If you take the map you will easily see what that dream is. It is to link the Mediterranean to the Southern Atlantic by an all-black Fascist belt of territory departing from Libya (or Tripolitania), and reaching Lake Chad, and then going on down to the sea, at Douala, taking over the ex-German (now French mandated) Cameroons on the way. Tripoli-Douala. A port facing South America and reducing the voyage thither greatly; a port on the broad, free ocean, and lifting the exasperating feeling of suffocation which imprisonment in *Mare Nostrum* engenders.

Leaving benighted Cirenaica behind, let us see what lies along this dream-path to Douala. Firstly comes Koufra, which is the kicking-off point for the rest of the journey of perhaps 2,000 miles in all. Sometime back General Balbo effectively pushed off from Koufra accompanied by an air squadron, and in two hours he had reached the southern-most confines of Libya, and was flying above the French forts of the Tibesti country. He reached the 20th parallel or fort Bardai. And he returned to report that this whole region, which the French refuse even to think of ceding, was abandoned. Which was what he went for. The Italians claim Tibesti, alleging that this was the frontier they expected after the War. The French reply that who holds Tibesti will inevitably arrive at Lake Chad, cross-roads of Africa in this region. The waters of Chad are, of course, a godsend in the endless desert, and it is claimed that one day the territory round about will be developed into a high state of fertility. The French have organised the defence of the Chad territory into three sectors, Tibesti, Borkou, and Ennedi, and the trio now come under Equatorial Africa. The French deny that the neighbourhood is abandoned and show infantry posts in nine places. Wireless posts are being added, and police rounds made. The inhabitants number 31,000 (the country covers 60,000 sq. miles). The Italians counter by saying that

the French have put up their tiny military posts in the Chad-Tibesti territory merely in order to be able to deny the charge that they have more or less given up thought of its development. Concerning the vital Tibesti itself, a former volcanic group rising to 12,000 ft. and measuring 500 by 300 miles – nearly as big as France – it is favoured by some rain, and is settled by 8,000 Toubous. Possession of the Tibesti bastion yields the only point d'appui, in hundreds of miles, from which military movement can be directed. The master of it could, in effect, always descend to fertile Chad whence the dream-path onwards is straightforward. Italy would lay claim to the Cameroons mandate, though what their friends the Germans might have to say is another matter. However, the point here is that the mandated territory, the bulk of it in French hands, a narrow strip in ours, abuts on to precious Lake Chad, and extends the whole way down to the broad Atlantic and Douala. The Fascist belt, for intensive air and rail and partial autostrade development, is complete – Mediterranean to Atlantic. And not a few of the Tunis Italians would be transplanted, already Africanised, to settle the more vital centres along the way (that is said to be one reason the Duce is maintaining their nationality). And how the Fascists would develop, would throw themselves into the work, with all the keenness of avid newcomers to a glamorous task!

In Paris, I called upon a Frenchman instructed in these matters. He was very definite: 'The appetite comes in eating. If you start giving, they'll want more. Besides, the real plan, what Italy wants to do, is to cut Africa in two. And just imagine the trouble there would be in Africa with all the Fascist push and arrogance! Right in the middle of us French and British! To permit the Italians to plant themselves down with their higher birth-rate – it is impossible! Our friends could not be trusted! And why should we give? What were the Italians doing forty and fifty years ago when Jules Ferry was founding our colonies? What were the Italians doing in

June, 1914, when we hoisted the tricolour on Fort Bardai in the Tibesti? First come, first served! Tibesti bars the dream Tripoli-Douala? All the better!

That is one way of looking at it. A second and perhaps more pressing negative derives from the prospect of further over-production in Africa did the Fascists spread. All Africa contains 30,000,000 inhabitants less than Russia. Whites will never be able to settle in vast areas of the country – the women would die even if the men stuck it. If production were absorbed by the natives it might be a steadier story, but the vast bulk of it is not, and much of it is already competing with Europe. Thus, we move on to a more general plane, from Fascism. Lots of people are looking across at Africa these days. It is very easy to go in off the deep end. What a country – probably a hundred times the size of England and with only half a dozen habitants or so to the square mile. (Europe has nearer sixty.) Inexhaustible raw materials, minerals, edibles, if only taken properly in hand. Under 4,000,000 white emigrants there, and three-quarters of them in French North Africa and the Cape. In the whole rest of the immensity a scattering of some 300,000 Europeans! Surely Africa can be used to relieve the intolerable European strain? At Geneva, the French Colonial Minister, M. Sarreut, sent up a ballon d'essai in the shape of a consortium project associating countries without colonies in a general plan for African development. M. Caillaux has for some time made himself the champion of a 'mise en valeur du vaste continent noir que la nature a placé dans notre dépendance'. Sir Edward Grigg is certain that further white settling of Africa is coming. Yet how necessary it is to avoid going in off that deep end. What may be the substance of it all? Is Africa really calling or is it just siren stuff calculated to leave us, in the upshot, on the rocks – those perpetual coastal reefs which have made this the least approachable of continents? Here we are, we Europeans, already glutted with everything – whatever do we want to go opening up Africa

for, more than it is already? Promoting additional saturation? Even as things are, it is beginning to knock us. Consider. Native wants are few — there are about 140,000,000 natives and a good many of these are already in the temperate or white orbit. What could the others profit us, sunk as they are in lethargy and sickness, wedded to their mud huts and witch doctors, their cereals, milk, bananas, corn, palm wine, amid jungle, swamp, and flood? They don't want our 'perks'! They simply haven't got the grey matter, nor the desire to turn from laze and lechery. Better leave them alone, if only for the nice precedent that exists to further white 'penetration' in the grievous exploitation and moral harm an implanted white civilisation brought to Africa in the nineteenth century. The natives were chanting on their plots; we overrode their customs, treated their chiefs as slaves, called their religion superstition, taught them to drink alcohol, pushed them into the mines, confiscated wholesale. In a sentence, Europe separated Africa's tribes from their stored-up, natural, and free past, giving them mostly quinine in return. In 1877, Leopold II summoned a congress in Brussels whose purpose was to launch 'a scientific and humanitarian crusade' in Africa. Roger Casement was an expert on the sequel.

It is very easy to be negative in the above fashion. Nevertheless, the driving moment presses us to explore every possibility. And it so happens that a new idea is afoot concerning Africa. French in origin, I give it here for critics to pick to pieces as they will:

Any idea of sudden emigration is out of the question. Even in the habitable high country Africa is not ready to receive it. Similarly, the preparation of Africa for European expansion does not consist of blindly throwing rails, motors, machines, the whole so-familiar gamut of Progress, across the Mediterranean. If anything worth while is to eventuate, Europe's haphazard methods in regard to her own development will require to be studiously avoided. We are in the

Age of Planning. Africa remains still widely virginal. The part of wisdom is to respect the favouring fact. Further white colonisation on any worth-while scale can only come about by the methodical introduction of a carefully thought-out grand plan based on co-operation between the seven countries on the scene or likely shortly to be there: Britain, France, Belgium, Portugal, Italy, Spain, Germany. Heretofore co-ordination of effort has been signally lacking, each tending to tug his own way. Prestige has deflected things. The new conception of Africa differs from the old in regard to the rôle to be enacted by the native. That the European future may well want these dusky sons and daughters rather more as purchasing power than as so much cheaply-paid labour toiling for the white man and his dividends is the viewpoint of that great African, Lyautey, whose dream is of the natives standing by themselves, having duly benefited by a judicious white re-penetration under four heads: political, hygienic, missionary, scientific. 'One can envisage a permanent Eurafrican Conference sitting in the opening years,' enthuses M. Guernier, author of *L'Afrique, Champ d'Expansion de l'Europe*, 'and determining the great trans-african line and its branches, the creation of navigable canals and waterways in the equatorial zone of the Congo, Niger, and Zambesi, of a far-flung system of road transport, of telegraph, telephone, and aerial lines, of radio-electric centres, and of water power, including irrigation barrages, also of hydraulic power for agriculture and industry, finally the construction of harbours, hospitals, schools, scientific institutes, and homes for natives.' Whereas capital followed émigration to the United States, the process must be reversed with Africa, and the moment for the capital to get busy is approaching. In forging the immense material necessary, European industrial unemployment would be lessened. The first emigration would comprise 'shock troops', i.e. engineers, constructors, and builders of all kinds, and sanitary forces. Only when this advance army had bestowed

a greatly improved standard of living on the natives would the real migration from Europe commence, having as object the turning of the newly-equipped Africa to account. Africa would have had the very last word, electrification looming largely.

Not everyone will share so roseate a view. One may find it hard not to point to the terrible twins, climate and disease, and to the tremendous obstacles constituted by deserts, swamps, forests, mountains, not to mention three months' incessant rain. 'What you amateurs appear to overlook,' said a white 'African', duly approached with awe, 'is that so much of the country is definitely not habitable by white people unless they kept continuously shooting off to temperate climates to recuperate.' Concerning this aspect, the Italian review *Oltramare* thinks that, 'Excluding temperate Africa (Tunis, Algeria, Morocco, Egypt, the Cape), already over-populated, and also tropical Africa whose climatic conditions render European habitation impossible, only High Africa, the extensive regions from 3,000 ft. to 6,000 ft. above sea level, can be expected to diminish our problems. Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika, Katanga, Mozambique, Rhodesia, Angola, could be made to absorb European emigration such as formerly settled South Africa and Australia. These fertile territories offer excellent conditions for a big white colonisation. Abyssinia only less so.' French experts are even greater fans, holding that North Africa and the Cape could assimilate 2,000,000 and 1,000,000 additional European emigrants in the next fifty years, and that even the forbidding lowlands could be settled by a round 1,000,000 whites instead of 60,000 as at present, after science and medicine had won through. As for High Africa, an ultimate colonisation of but twelve to the square kilometre would mean an outlet for 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 Europeans. A good deal of all this is probably far too optimistic. Nevertheless, the crux of the matter is that there is an unmistakable accession of interest in Africa

in face of the emigration dilemma and the effect of machinism. Even my above-quoted white African friend was not, after reflection, an entire damper. 'What you want,' he sat down and wrote subsequently, 'is a wonder-maker to change the climate. Still, I suppose after wireless anything could happen. I suppose there's no reason why science couldn't get away with another miracle in Africa. If you foretold twenty-five years ago that one white man would die in Sierra Leone in twelve months they'd have told you to take more soda with it. Still, that's what happened.'



19 The errand of this book is one man's Europe in approximately one year, an abnormal, waiting, infinitely disquieting Europe that may blow up or fashion transformation sagely but certainly is not going to continue much longer in its present condition. Into the winding tale Geneva might be incorporated at any one of half a dozen points in as much as since 1932, when sessions first began to telescope, the League must have beckoned me at least that number of times from one direction or another—Zürich, Dijon, Lyon, Grenoble. Apart from its continuous attempted world-settling, Geneva the well-placed, can be something of a magnet for the wanderer in words. In the corridors of the shabby, very ex-palace hotel that houses man's greatest effort thus far to justify his calling himself civilised, in the Globe restaurant where one eats well in a city where one eats uniformly badly, and dearly, in the Bavaria where Stresemann used to bury his very plain mug in a second one distinctly better-looking, with its gay Munich arms, it is possible much of the time to fetch up with authorities and informants from every land, be they delegates, scriveners, experts, plain fans; nor need international politics necessarily be the subject matter of a chat. Your man will as likely

as not provide information concerning some aspect, happening, tendency, 'story', in his own country, the telling of which if it does not obviate your having to go there, certainly will provide you with the proper tuyaux when you do. Secondly, and a boon to worshippers at the altar of fact, the League possesses through Rockefeller generosity the only complete and up-to-the-day reference library on current history and affairs.

I know of no better start than a combination of the above two. But this is going into the mechanics of things, always boring. I shall desist, merely adding that the business of hitting upon things curiouiser and curiouiser to write about is not growing easier. The public prints are become too addicted to nationalistics and to all-blanketing economics. I'll swear three-quarters of continental papers are now permanently taken up with crisis in its many variations or with sport. And so one will seize upon every idea that will lead away from the infernal, eternal story of our ills . . . and yet have to admit sometimes that the only real way to escape from the all-encompassing mess, from wars and threats of them, crises and depression and fist-shaking, is to go upon a cruise, cut out the news bulletin and even perhaps such shore visits as may rekindle the woe picture!

But to get back on to the road. This, on the present occasion, enters Geneva from the direction Zürich-Liechtenstein. And, in Geneva, the stage seems all set for writing the one remaining thing that cannot have been written about the League – its obituary. Why not snap in first with this? Move into the past tense? Surely there's justification? Hasn't everything definitely flopped this time? Whenever was there such a halt, such nothingness as this? You who have followed the stripling of fourteen from the cradle – is not it so? Hasn't the Secretariat even lost heart at long last?

Yes, at all three League phases in its short history I have gone out of my way to be present. The first phase, 1919–23, when all was victors' feu de joie and the launching of much

vague idealism, plus its chiefly American reaction of crab and wreck, crab and wreck (how our good friends must have stayed up o' nights thinking out new ways of 'knocking'); first phase when, socially, the League was a gay rendezvous and strong men en smoking dived into icy Léman from swift motor-boats for the eye of fair lady. If anything tangible ever terminated that war hangover phase, it may well have been Mussolini's removal of fifteen orphan-charges of the League when he bombarded Corfu. I remember going to Lord Robert Cecil in the Metropole and suggesting a memorial service in Geneva itself – I was dead serious, ten years younger, and promised a crushing attendance. (A slow Cecilian smile lit up the monk-like face, and it was, 'quite impossible – out of the question'.) At any rate, that shooting seemed to shake the League into one piece and there followed, until 1929, the years of advance in spite of anything and everything that the Coolidge nitwit could do or think of. Perfectly true that in this period Stresemann was, in his own word, 'finessing', yet who didn't know it who mattered? What rubbish one reads – as of sudden discovery two or three years after his passing! A better all-round feeling was being created quand même and that happy interval of League consolidation was ended, at bottom, by the advent of the great dislocation we are still up to our necks in. Search the field – directly or indirectly that is what has led in the main to the present lowly status of Geneva. Criminal Wall Street and daft over-production, answerable-to-nobody capitalism and grabbing economic *laissez faire*, gold-pigging and brainless hitching to machinery. Nationalism, Hitlerism, reasserted armaments, already in the waiting-room, entered from dire resultant times which were of our own provoking. It may be advanced that the artificial boom times contributed to the League's steady ascension. If they did, the boom times far outstripped such services rendered when, later, they aided the League to descend. Before the facts, however, this argument hardly

holds much water since as far back as 1927, in full boom, Geneva tried to call a halt with a unanimous economic agreement which would be a godsend now; but that went the way of 'interesting theory' when it got to governments. Besides – good heavens – the scheme would have interfered with boom times! Just think of that!

There come back two pictures at either extremity of my League connection: in the first untutored months and thirteen years later.

In May of 1920 I climbed the hill of the Capitol, in Rome, to witness the third meeting of the Council of the League of Nations. There have since been seventy others. Mr. Balfour represented Britain that early day when the war mentality still saturated all. Where the League wasn't openly pooh-poohed, it was considered a likely obstruction to application of the victors' Treaty and on that account to be as far as possible ignored. The Ambassadors' Council, succeeding the Supreme War one, was everything in that day. The League wouldn't last, was a wash-out. So said Americans, who had cut adrift after fathering the infant, and so agreed many Allies. Mussolini was editing a paper and agreed too. As for the rest, Germany, the remnants of Austria-Hungary, the beaten focs in general, they were entirely inarticulate and non-present on the map. Russia, also, was absent. The pronounced absenteeism made of this all-puissant tribunal inscribed 'Fiat Justitia' should the heavens fall, something for easy scoffing. The majority of the correspondents had come to Rome to write about the canonisation of Joan of Arc. I think the League was going to concentrate on the Aaland Islands. Perhaps Nansen was going to have a say, too, about refugees and prisoners of war. Even at that moment a war was either under way or about to begin between Poles and Bolsheviks. Yet the League could do nothing about it. One laughed on Capitol Hill, was more interested in Remus and Romulus. So this was the mighty League in action! Perhaps if one heard, 'it's the only thing we've got out of the

War – give it a chance, anyway,’ that was as much as one heard.

The annual Assemblies succeed one another, September on September. . . .

Should I be fated in future years to look back upon the past fifteen, there will always emerge as one of the maddest moments that mowing down of burghers of Geneva in the heart of Disarmament Metropolis while the Conference was in session. Quite daft! Now they were starting scrapping in Geneva itself!

Dead and dying in the streets. *Tenez la rue!* Screeching, fist-shaking viragoes, leading on their men. *Tenez la rue!* Troops rushed to guard the League of Nations; battalions of young Valais Catholics lorried down from the hills because of mutiny in the Genevois element; fresh, stern young peasants, the Valais, upon whom the bourgeois State could rely. Yet not too certainly this time. The young Valais Catholics should take oath anew after a Mass in the Palais des Expositions, outside which the fusils-mitrailleuses had sprayed. Let their battalion colours be stacked above the altar. And as the Host is elevated the young Valais Catholics, come to the city of Calvin, are astonishing called to the ‘present’! The while, without, Geneva went dumbly about its day.

The while, also, the cartoonists vied with the cynics of Europe in yelping with zest, and leader-writers commenced ‘Il ne manquait que cela.’ After months of dismal chit-chat, the *rat-tat-tat* breaking out almost below the windows of Europe’s would-be disarmers! The while, also, Cromwell Road exchanged –

‘The very *last* place, my dear, where one would expect these dreadful Bolsheviks!’

‘Quite, dear. And I thought the Swiss were like brothers. So lucky, too, and well-off!’

Switzerland relies on three essentials: her exports, her tourism, and her foreign loans. In that order. Her exports

are chiefly machinery, watchmaking, silk embroidery, chocolate. Her tourism set the tempo for the world. The extent of her loaning abroad may be gauged from the fact that over 100,000,000 gold francs were lost through Kreuger alone. I leave you to guess what has happened. The Geneva clock, in particular, has stopped. The Genevois have their troubles besides their goitres; nevertheless, and even if it went against nature, they should try to be nicer than they are. They haven't been nice at all to the League or to anybody connected with it. They profess that it keeps tourists away. They say they wouldn't miss it if it went. Nay, that the going would improve the situation.

How many others profess likewise in the vaster field! It isn't difficult to anticipate some of the high lights in the obituary notices did these, in the fact, eventuate one day:

'The experiment of the League cost the world about £14,000,000.' (Price of two of the latest battle-cruisers, but no matter.)

'The League was criticised for stimulating nationalism, especially among small peoples keen to strut in the spotlight.'

'It seemed to maintain a static political situation that appeared to be against the natural play of post-war forces.'

'It lent itself to much abuse by parties operating for such divergent ends as a Tardieu and a Litvinoff.'

'Its functioning was too dilatory and it became the prey of experts.'

'It acted as a burning glass of trouble, and a magnet for complaints that otherwise would not have had the same publicity, possibly for the better comfort of the world.'

'A vast paper factory of illusions.'

'It became a nest of zealots or 'pacifists' divorced from reality, also of agents of armament firms.'

'It led to far too much talk and journalizing all round, particularly bought journalizing.'

'It failed to disarm and it failed to stop Japan engaging on a campaign of conquest.'

'An institution summoned into being before its time.'

Here lies
THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS
Killed by
THE UNITED STATES
and by
MAN'S INADEQUACY.

Whether or no anybody ever does write an epitaph on these lines, it should stand up beside the procession of 'its' that have gone before. Moreover, 'it' didn't do (or omit to do) the above selection. We did or didn't do them. This is perhaps becoming a triteness but it's so true. Let's crab ourselves, not the League. We're so civilised, the lot of us, that we evidently prefer to dig our graves to digging foundations.

There's been no giving by the top dogs—none. We evidently prefer to go under in a bunch rather than give the darnedest thing. We haven't even begun to think of giving yet, though there they are, the deprived and hankering ones, knock, knock, knocking at the door.

Savoir donner. We haven't known how.

However, this is a bug of mine, and I've just thought of another 'it' to tack on the above list, one that really shouldn't be left out:

'Its Secretariat, drawn curiously enough from nearly forty different nations, proved throughout a sincere, capable and inter-nation-minded body of high integrity.'

Service on that Secretariat still is described officially as 'a state of mind'. Seven hundred have consistently succeeded in developing and maintaining this by Lake Geneva, having contracted 'to serve internationally in all loyalty, discretion and conscience' after having first qualified as possessors of 'a capacity for putting yourself in the other man's shoes'. The

700 are paid and well paid for bringing off this double; moreover, they are chiefly drawn from well-trained civil services. Yet does it not promote reflection, the picture of this domestic mosaic of infinite origin carrying on year in and year out in smooth-working harmony, the only quarrelling, such as there is, usually confined to people of the same nationality? Just think of the temperamental and other clashes in this house of tongues where the majority are on the right side of thirty, that is, in no way slipped into the tolerance of years. If any merited the device 'patriotism is not enough' surely it belongs here, and surely also this instance of willed, organised (and duly interested) concord is in the way of being a pointer that living internationally is not out of the question? The last people to blame should the League peter out in oncoming years will be the Secretariat. That a fatal disintegration may set in should progressive neglect of Geneva in salient affairs become the rule, is obvious. The chances are real. Too many hands are against Geneva, either openly shot out in Fascist-Nazi style or pussyfoot – pussyarm – stuff. And it is so easy and tempting to confuse the League with the admitted frosts that international conferences have of late years been. Not that it was so always. Glancing back along the peaks of forty greater or lesser conferences, several were perfectly good successes and one or two others only missed making resounding history by the intransigence of narrow minds. In this category I would especially put those two pow-wows of 1922, Cannes and Genoa, when Lloyd George looked like being able to pull off lasting benefits to Europe had he not inexplicably gone at the knees before a limited, outmoded lawyer from Lorraine whose stock-in-trade was a dry, an arid 'non'. But there's no good looking back now. In later years, notably from First Hague onwards, conferences went from bad to worse, ill-tempered, patched-up affairs teeming with unreality. Conferences are different now. They seemingly require a wealth of preparation that 'tis not in the art of mortal

to mobilise. They unite too many cases and causes in endless babble. They line up sides too blatantly, emotionalise the atmosphere before the curtain has even gone up. I laughed gently when I read that a certain H. B. Swope was in the wings of the World Economic fiasco. He used to be my boss, cabler of directives beneath the broad Atlantic that must have made the very fishes sense drama. I remembered some of those directives, given when I was at conferences.

Some countries are absolutely hopeless in conference—might as well try and confer with one's boot. The thing has been proved time and again so why persist? The essence of conference is presumably compromise that attains unanimity but certain nations have one way and one only of envisaging matters. They produce a plan so logical and clear, and everybody who doesn't agree is not only wrong but hostile, and so it is 'vers la rupture' almost before the delegates' pants have got warm. Such countries fear and loathe and do everything they can to avoid conferences, knowing only too well that for them it is a matter of . . . savoir donner. Yes, by all means let us give conferences a rest. Mussolini's substitute is his Pact by which the subtle, persistent Italian hopes his country and Germany may draw level with Britain and France. We may or may not climb on that bandwaggon instead. At the same time the matter of the preservation of the League may soon assume a primacy in international discussion. It may be that, recognising the work of 1919 as provenly insufficient, some will propose not only to strengthen the edifice but to equip it with new functional authority. It does seem indicated, if the League is to hold on, that it shall be invested with an economic status no less important than the present political one and working side by side with this. The International Labour Office, *relatively* costly and unable to make serious inroads on unemployment, however adequate its statistics and enquiries, seems all cut out for transformation root and branch into the vitally

wanted Economic Bureau, presided over by a Council as in the neighbouring political field. This Bureau would be no geological museum babel in permanency but the nucleus for regional arrangements between the nations linking increasingly together in calm sanity. With regard to other strengthening of Geneva, yea or nay there looks to be but one eventual way out, moral suasion not being enough in this transition of semi-anarchy. In the wake of international control of armaments, the cautious introduction of a policing arm, beginning modestly with the air, and really more to get the idea in motion than anything else. Of course it is as easy as may be to pick gaping holes, to poohpooh and skate ahead into realms that have not been suggested. Your international force would require a round million effectives to be sure of Russia alone! And some countries, notably Britain, would actually have to augment effectives if their numerical quota, worked out in relation to League position and endowment, were followed! And supposing the C.-in-C. suddenly turned into a Bonaparte and used the force as he liked? And as the Supreme Staff would always have to be planning strategically, you would be asking high officers to draw up plans against their own countries! And where would the force be concentrated? And how would it be recruited? And paid for? And the medley of tongues! Its officers talking three dozen languages! And do you imagine the French element would march against France if ordered to? What fun annual manœuvres would be! Why, the whole thing is an idiotic chimera! From beginning to end!

Confessedly, if you put it that way, it does seem so. Yet the Crusades saw an international force spring to life; so did the Boxer trouble (though it was anything but smooth going); while as for Frenchman v. Frenchman, Pole cheerfully killed Pole in 1914-18, and many a Doughboy was 99 per cent. German. Also, it is worth remembering that Marlborough had as many as six different nationalities under him and that both France and Britain a few centuries back

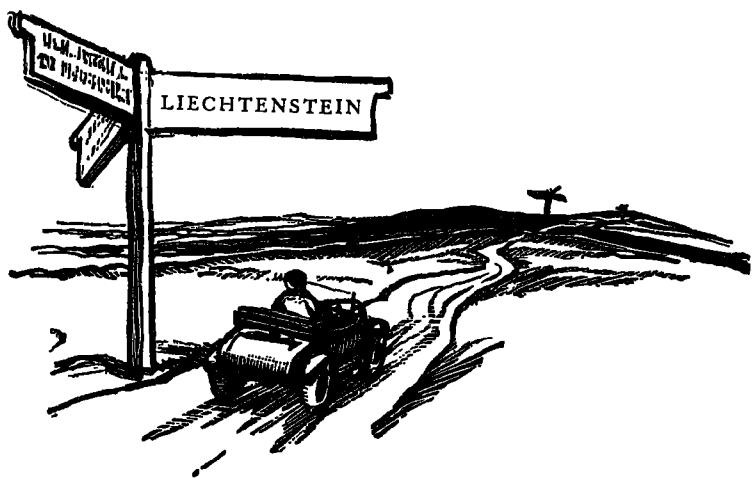
were respectively made up of warring factions long since welded together.

It need hardly be said that this police idea is not new. Three times, on each occasion through a Frenchman, it has come up. Sully's 'Grand Design', which he himself attributed to his murdered master, Henri Quartre ('the only king the French remember'), approaches more closely to what is in the air to-day than anything that has gone between. A combined army and navy was to be established to enforce the rulings of a Federated Europe and international quotas of horse and foot and ships were actually worked out. The Abbé Saint Pierre launched his plan when all Europe lay gasping after the Peace of Utrecht. It was screwed up watertight, leaving no loopholes for aggressor or recalcitrant States, but it had the flaw of reposing — and the fact is worth noting — on the status quo in Europe being accepted as lasting. It also paid no attention to the doctrine of non-intervention and none to the small States. Jean-Jacques, for his part, had no illusions. If Sully and Saint Pierre professed faith in the moral regeneration of mankind, the exile of Geneva held that human nature was weak-to-rotten and likely to remain so and that the only deterrent on men killing one another would be self-interest. Which belongs to the same family as the existing plan to take the profit out of war. It may be said that a fourth French attempt was made fourteen years ago when Léon Bourgeois's effort to place force behind the League occupied most of February, 1919, at the Peace Conference. It failed chiefly because the Americans and ourselves recoiled from the bogey of a super-State. Yet the French did not drop the notion. Herriot carried forward the scheme in the famous Geneva Protocol destined to be sat upon by Sir Austen.

Is it necessary to say that the problem in Sully's time was the merest child's play compared with what it is to-day; that Europe was the world then and that now the international policeman's beat must extend from the Behring Strait to Auckland, via Paris and via China? Criss-cross over the

globe? And that stabling and barracks and harbours were all that Sully would have had to look to, whereas we must think of centralising chemicals and aircraft and tanks and plant and the very brains of invention lest someone steal a march? Is it necessary to mention that the French, by their very insistence, are more than suspect of desiring to put across a force that would maintain the status quo, as in Saint Pierre's day, and that anything savouring of such rigidity is not possible of acceptance? My point here is that the whole thing ought to be taken up with a keen, examining will. This happens to be written on the nineteenth anniversary of Colonel Ludendorff's bluffing his way into Liège at the head of a handful of stalwarts. What if he had been met at the Town Hall not by a group of terrified Belgian civilians dangling keys but by representatives of the world flown thither from Geneva and inviting him to . . . take a spot of lunch first? It is no use saying the Germans would have gone on hacking forward. They might have done so then. Liège was the seventh day of war. But would they now? On the *first* day?

Well, whatever the outcome, Geneva has in the past thirteen years written itself into the lives of hundreds I know, either intimately, by nod, or tinkle of a glass. Should dispersal one day supervene, that shabby old hotel and its appendages will only loom the larger as the years go by; most astonishing mart of ideas, instructive centre, rallying point, club, seat of suppressed drama, on the records. All roads have led to Geneva, in winter, in summer, in spring, in autumn, and the void would take a great deal of realising, as occurs in sterner personal case. No more Geneva! Where should people meet, then, to talk things over in friendly ambience? The answer appears to be all too clear. People of action not talk, people who know their own minds (and damn other people's), people like Goering, are better suited to the present conduct of European affairs.



20 One can enter Liechtenstein without formality of any kind. You just switch off the main Swiss road leading down to Lake Constance. It so happened that I was piloted by the *Graf Zeppelin*, out on a birthday cruise. It flew down the valley and right over Vaduz, the village capital whither I was bound, a silver envelope gleaming in the sunlight. And that vessel looked so safe, so under control, that it was hard to believe what can happen to them – as when seven failed to return from the last raid on London in November, 1917. One of their number was last seen flying head down away over the Mediterranean.

When I pulled up at the Vaduzer Hof for lunch I at once felt that the locals were considering who this visitor might be. Was he a millionaire about to found a new company here in Liechtenstein? Or was he just a common or garden transient tourist? The only others in the hotel were four Viennese music-hall artists who were going to perform that evening. The lady of the party, I noticed from a boisterous poster on the wall, possessed the name of Gusti Gruber. One observed at once the benefits of no local taxation, the bill for a perfectly good lunch and local wine being at least a third

less than across the Rhine in Switzerland. A native who had drifted in presently enquired if I were Engländer and intended staying, and then very kindly gave me a rapid close-up.

'We are,' he began, 'a small and fortunate people. We have no industrial life to worry us. There is just that wool factory which you see over there and where 600 are employed. The rest of us live by agriculture, growing wine and fruit, and making milk products and rearing cattle. This year's vintage is the best in two decades—80,000 litres of rosé—did you like it? We have no army to maintain, and our Sovereign pays us a civil list instead of receiving one as in other countries. We have now arranged that he pay us half a million Swiss gold francs a year. Our present ruler, Francis the First, was formerly Austrian envoy in Russia. We do not see a great deal of him since he came to the succession thirteen years ago. He prefers to be in Vienna. His castle, up there on the hill, is not very modern. In fact, when he's here he lives in a chalet in the wood behind.'

Liechtenstein, I further learned, counted less than 10,000 souls, covered 120 square miles, and really consisted of five villages for each of which one gendarme sufficed: the forces of the midget State. Jammed in between the Swiss canton of St. Gall and the Austrian Vorarlberg, the Principality stood in a class by itself among the European pygmies: it was completely sovereign, owing accountancy to none, and had been thus, and thriving, ever since 1719. I could see that it occupied a glorious Tyrolean setting of mountain and forest and torrent and that Vaduz itself, a village of 1,500 inhabitants, had been a formidable fortress dominating the Rhine. At one time (my informant continued) when the Liechtensteiners were running into decay during the industrial revolution of last century, the Austrians took the State in hand and presented Vaduz with the fittings of a modern capital. This was largely due to the then reigning Prince, Johann II, who loved his Vienna and who, incidentally,

is in the first four for long reigns, having ruled from 1858 to 1919. Yet even Johann could not urge his subjects into the World War on the side of their benefactor, Austria. The good Liechtensteiners clung to their precious neutrality in the face of all pressure. Thoroughly Germanic in race and sympathies, none the less they would not 'come in'. They had discarded their weapons after the 1866 affair between Prussia and Austria and they recalled rather an alarming experience in connection with the peace-making which followed that clash. They had been overlooked—just that—and four years later, in 1870, discovered they were still technically at war with Prussia.

No more war, anyway. So decided the Liechtensteiners.

They decided something else during the maelstrom of the first post-war year, 1919, Austria had been beaten. Away with the Austrian influence! The thing to do was to veer over to Switzerland, swollen on her prolonged neutrality. Old Prince Johann was told about this and, when he demurred, was further informed that henceforward, far from the State's continuing to pay him a civil list, he would be required to make over the payment above mentioned annually to the national coffers. Even at that, he could consider himself lucky not to be deposed in favour of a Republic. Johann duly conformed, and to-day his successor, Francis I, carries on. Should he protest he could be taken to task by the national Parliament, consisting of fifteen Deputies, half from the Ober and half from the Unterland; and should the Prince still show obstinacy, 600 burghers could assemble and dismiss its leaders, the Lantag and the dynasty itself. Finally, I learned that in 1928 the Vaduz Government threw off overnight the Austrian financial system which had been maintained long after that unhappy land had been forsaken. 'The Principality broke away from the Austrian code to suit the exigencies of actual economic life.' And that was all I learned from this quarter. Just when the story was getting interesting, it froze at source. Instead: what might the Herr be doing

here? The Herr was enquiring into how Liechtenstein had made itself into a heavenly haven, a port in a storm for capital, but he didn't say so. He fenced. He showed no sign of knowing that this blessed little land had already become the capital of capital in flight.

It is a story of the hectic financial times. Up to a few years ago there was small need for a covert where one could run to earth from divers Secretaries of the Treasury, Finance Ministers and Chancellors of the Exchequer. But taxation has since stiffened and soared, and Liechtenstein has stepped into the breach, and with golden results. The adapting to the exigencies of actual economic life in 1928 took the form of bestowing upon foreign capital domiciled in Liechtenstein the selfsame privileges as those enjoyed by national capital, which is as good as completely free of all taxation. Anyone from anywhere can found any kind of a company in Liechtenstein on payment of a bagatelle and thereafter carry on operations reaching all over the world; and not only through the original company but through subsidiaries. Everything has been thought out to make Vaduz a boon and a blessing, and if figures tell anything they announce enthusiastic international response. The number of foreign companies registered in the Principality since the new order arrived has risen as follows: In 1928, 333 companies; in 1929, 529; in 1930, 747; in 1931, 1,000. Among the distinguished 1932 arrivals were Standard Oil, Royal Dutch, I. G. Farben and British Imperial Chemicals. Even the great do not disdain Liechtenstein's favours. The big four created locally an organism for the exploitation of a synthetic petrol patent.

If the visitor to Vaduz poses mysteriously as a prospective client he will be offered a vade mecum, an A.B.C. to capital evasion, for a few francs. But he must convey business in his person, else the gates are closed. Publicity is not courted by Liechtenstein; rather is there a hush air about the whole place. 'The era of upheavals in the political, social and financial domains,' runs one pamphlet almost joyously, 'does not

seem yet over. At every turn perturbations arrive to interfere with prosperity. The interdependence of the world in economic matters causes difficulties even within those countries possessing the solidest foundations. It is not surprising, therefore, that financial circles betray increasing interest in those States which offer a reasonable scale of taxation, coupled with well-defined fiscal guarantees and privileges. This is the case with Liechtenstein which can offer, in addition, a 90 per cent. agricultural community devoid of such labour complications as beset other lands, compromising their fiscal mechanism.' And then is triumphantly set forth in the A.B.C. the lure of Liechtenstein, open sesame to tax-dodgers-on-the-grand-scale. A companion brochure establishes the horrors of conditions in other lands and the dizzy imposts which international financiers and others are required to pay.

The especial local attraction is the bountiful régime governing holding companies and enterprises for the placing of such capital as can be affiliated with them. Liechtenstein has enlarged considerably the scope of such companies. The little State boasts a total absence of income tax and a tax on capital varying from one to one-tenth per thousand. Even this infinitesimal sum need not be paid if enterprises from abroad consent to a global annual payment. The minimum figure for this has been fixed at 200 Swiss francs a year for a duration of not more than thirty years. Practically everybody votes for this solution and the revenue accruing goes directly to swell the State coffers and to encompass the well-being of every Liechtensteiner. Sometimes payment can be quite high as in the case of Ivar Kreuger, who launched his 'Continental Investment Company' from a Vaduz villa. Kreuger is reputed to have consented to a payment of 60,000 Swiss francs a year for three years, and thereafter half that amount for twenty-seven years.

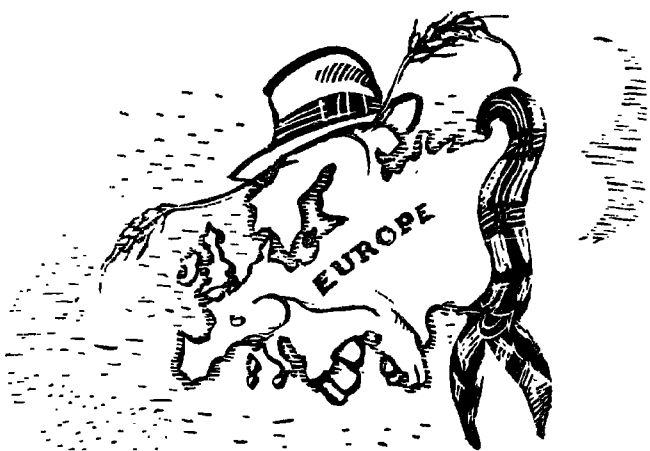
Varied and important are the Liechtenstein attractions in their detail. Foreign companies need not show their books to anyone. Corporations domiciled in the Principality need not

publish any statement of affairs. Anonymous companies may be formed by a single individual, with no other shareholders. Shares can be in any currency, and the registration may be made in any language. There are no restrictions concerning the nationality of members of a board. The constitution of a company locally is a once-only affair and need never be repeated. No act of publication is necessary, and there are no fees or duties to be paid. Subsidiary companies may be formed in all parts of the world under similar conditions. And there are still other enticements carefully attuned to the intricacies of world finance.

A great deal of the business done apparently occurs over the long-distance telephone. This is very up-to-date. In the tiny post-office one reads, 'Speak to Germany by telephone. Speak with any European land. We can get you your connection in anything from 10 to 30 minutes. The line is perfect for talking.'

Dr. Hopp, the lawyer-Premier, a small, nervous little man with dark, penetrating eyes and constantly pacing up and down, is all enthusiasm over the national budget. He draws but one line, namely, that foreign companies must not address themselves to natives of the Principality. There must be no appeal made to local purses and pockets. In this there is the same kind of reasoning that obtains in Monte Carlo, whose inhabitants are not permitted in the gaming rooms. In point of fact, Liechtenstein has gone more 'Monte Carlo' since my passage, the Principality having begun to think of modish sweepstakes. Maybe foreign capital is no longer homing as formerly. Maybe Liechtenstein is actually experiencing trouble even as its co-dwarfs Andorra, San Marino and Monaco. I did note rather a surprising appeal recently to 'buy Liechtenstein'. The bulk of capital evasion had to do with Germany and without a doubt stern Nazi measures at the frontier – not to mention over and across it, as in the Rotter murders – have curbed things. On my visit, the motor-cars chiefly bore Berlin number plates – I A, II A, III A.

Germans arrived from the frontier sometimes actually bringing vast masses of notes with them, all of which were duly taken care of by the local lawyer fraternity. It was amusing to read lawyer's name after lawyer's name along the main street. They had their café, the Real, into which I ventured for coffee. German was the language spoken. I caught sight of one Englishman reading the *Daily Mail* and who, the moment he saw he was being observed, vanished round the corner. There is a great deal of lying doggo in Vaduz. Foreigners do not desire to be seen there more than is necessary.



DWARFS IN TROUBLE

21 It has been the custom, when the surviving pygmy States of Europe have come under notice, to write as if these were (a) independent entities, (b) oases of content. My latter-day path has chanced through them all – Liechtenstein, San Marino, Monaco, Andorra, Vatican City, and (at a pinch) Birkenfeld. I also fell for things, the sequel in one instance, I recall, being ‘Where Tininess is Bliss’. Sad, but a good deal of this pleasant way of thinking must now be revised. One by one these midgets have been drawn into the vortex. And only two of them are independent, Liechtenstein and Vatican City. There having been rumblings of opinion in regard to the former on the ground that it has developed into an undesirable refuge, I should not be surprised to see it one day incorporated in Switzerland or Austria. That would leave Vatican City as the last, as it has been the latest genuine pygmy. And Vatican City is different.

How different, I am tempted to leave to æsthetes and architects. There is no doubt that the present Pontiff is leaving a personal stamp of change that will cause him to be talked about in future years. When I watched the last sfumata

which meant his election nearly a dozen years ago, even when in 1924 I and one other were received and lectured upon journalism, the Vatican buildings were as Pio Nono had left them. Scarce a flick of modern comfort or hygiene. Cardinals contracted their deaths in notorious corridors. There existed a bathroom or two but not more. Now the 'Prisoner' of that near day motors out to a cool hill villa and he may see yet, for one last time, his native Milan. He has also contrived to make the Vatican agglomeration look very odd indeed, viewed from without. Inside, his innovations have been all for the considerably better but externally the place has become rather a mess. It was a difficult problem. There was no space in which to expand in keeping with the organisation of a self-contained State such as it was arranged the Holy See should be, with executive offices, a bank, mint, post office, railway station, *é patati*. The case was not dissimilar to Manhattan's where there's no more horizontal space only vertical. So the poor old Vatican heap had to go through it. Alarming white fragments have been patched and grafted on, including one for physical jerks. An almighty metal wireless mast crowns all.

In this tiny sovereign territory are packed some 1,500 souls more densely than anywhere out of China. A Karl Marx Hof at Vienna (one of the Socialist 'cités') is inhabited by three times the number. What is going to be the future of this 2,000-year-old Faith thus housed afresh for constant temporal incursion? Might it have been better to have stuck to the exclusively spiritual, the world evolving as it is doing? Is all organised religion as heretofore dispensed destined to a slow disintegration, it no longer being found to correspond? Rome last, without a doubt. For its beauty and immemorial tradition and its founder. Yet inevitably, too, some day? Ceremonial worship has been so abused. Rather, shall not the spiritual come increasingly to be regarded as a very private matter, most personal, not in any way requiring pious public herding and worlds away from Aladdin-like

priestly display? On May 20, 1920, I watched the late Pope being borne round in his *sedia gestatoria* between 8 a.m. and 1 p.m. God knows the weight of the jewels and gold that pressed him down.

In peace-time one or two of the pygmies are great nuisances as nests of smugglers, notably Andorra. We know the other type of nuisance a Liechtenstein can be, to say nothing of that sun spot, Monte Carlo. All emerge as rallying points for espionage when trouble breaks out and that is the second reason (the first being strategical) why the French have since 1918 secured such a firm grip on Monaco. There are less than 4,000 native-born Monégasques and just hereabouts they are more discontented than ever they have been. After being raised (their grandfathers) from the tatters of a sleepy fishing village, and coddled and humoured as none others for all of sixty years, the inhabitants have now been thrown back into a condition of stagnation painfully suggestive of the 1860's, only with the difference that in the interim the erstwhile fisherfolk have all become calculating 'commerçants'. The reigning Prince and the Rooms being the obvious and nearest things to blame, this is duly done. The former is a thorough-going French chauvinist general officer and children with flags have to be mobilised to greet him on his rare visits, otherwise the pavements would be empty. He periodically promises a parliamentary constitution but somehow this never materialises and, if the truth were known, perhaps it's as well since Monégasque corruption, if given its head, would make a Levantine blush. But the point here is that the Principality of Monaco, overcrowded to a 30,000 population, has ceased to be either happy or independent and that its clamouring for Home Rule – otherwise, let's get at those gaming profits – will lead to nothing. The natives want to break free of France but they won't be allowed to. They are chained, formerly for richer, now for poorer. They were secretly chained at the height of the War and knew nothing about it until the fact was duly incorporated in the Versailles

Treaty. A big local Fascist colony constantly eggs them on to rebel against French control of finance, diplomacy, customs, justice (French gendarmes may even come and go). Apart from the *Havas* agency owning the chief sites of Monte Carlo and the directorate of the Rooms being composed of the close relatives of Paris politicians, the forts on Mt. Agel above permanently speak what France has decided, namely, that this promontory shall for reasons of defence remain French. In the case of a Mediterranean war, it *might* get blown into the sea. More likely, we shall attend at steady declension leading to relative demise. I don't know if anyone shares my hunch that our juniors, even if they were able, won't want to gamble to the same extent that their forbears did, in stuffy casinos. Other forms of flirting with the goddess—yes.

Birkenfeld lies not far off the line: the Saar-Stuttgart which I found myself following one wintry day. Long before Hitler finally roped it in, the little territory had yielded up such independence as it had enjoyed, to become rather less than one of those freak enclaves, Llvia (Spanish Pyrennean commune surrounded by France) and Baar-le-Duc (Belgian townlet encircled by Holland). How important these queer little places in certain circumstances become is well illustrated in Birkenfeld's case. The Duchy is mostly woodcutters and its Government offices arc, or were, in wooden hutments up at Idar. Here were to be found functioning one memorable morning both the Prime Minister and his Secretary for Foreign Affairs. You might say all the modern history of Birkenfeld came to be compressed into that morning of July 14, 1919. The front pages of two hemispheres rang then with the coup d'état of Birkenfeld and such contemporary supermen as Mr. Lloyd George and President Wilson were awfully annoyed. The Duchy depended from the Palatinate which the French were then trying to break off from the Reich. But they wanted the operation to look as voluntary as possible in order to fit in

with the song of the hour, self-determination. The Palatinate wasn't accommodating, so the notion occurred to a certain Major Bastiana, representing Marshal Foch up at Idar, to organise a voluntary breaking free of Birkenfeld from the German Reich, the idea being that from small beginnings the rot might very likely spread. Bastille Day was chosen for the official proclamation of the Birkenfeld Republic under French protection. But before the sun had set on the Tri-colour, two of the Big Four, above-mentioned, were despatching angry, spluttering telegrams to the 'Tiger', blaming him, hinting he was in the plot, and demanding the immediate rescinding of the proclamation. For a brief moment Birkenfeld lived in the world's news. Then it went on woodcutting. And now it is Nazi.

San Marino I arranged to visit on April 1 when the bi-annual brace of Regents are elected. Forty Regents every decade. In this manner pretty nearly every male of consequence is certain to be a Regent at one time or another in his life, certain to be solemnly enthroned and to attend a Te Deum. It is a grand outlook. But you must not go up to San Marino for the festa (unless in your own car and Attagirl I had left not so well at Bologna) should it be that you dislike garlic and horse-play, for you get your fill of both in the public conveyance. Such spirits! For a whole hour it went on as the ancient 'bus halted and jolted its way up from Rimini. One's companions were ill-clad agricultural labourers, but how they enjoyed life, swigging down wine, bashing one another like schoolboys. On arrival, there is just one place for the visitor to go – the Inn of the Titan, on the main square, and whose bedrooms are more like ornamental salons. No running water here, but such intent to please, particularly in matters culinary, on the part of the family. But 'tis best to leave one's food to the taverner in mountain republics. The result would be much the same anyway.

San Marino is situate at 4,000 ft. in the Appennines, ten miles from the Adriatic town of Rimini. The Republic, claim-

ing to be the oldest in the world, measures eight miles by five and counts 12,000 inhabitants. The whole centre portion is composed of the triple-domed Mt. Titano on one of whose summits is the capital, also called San Marino, and which dominates the region right down to the calm, blue sea. In A.D. 700 a Dalmatian priest named Marinus found it convenient to dig in with a few friends on Mt. Titano. A century later the mountainside was already a republic, but not until 1400 did San Marino assume its present proportions, and it has remained the same ever since. The Republic has been able to keep out of all the wars, down to the great one itself, and to-day as ever its one passion is for *la Liberta* which you find on everything – coins, stamps, statues, walls, prospectuses, post cards. If San Marino has a second passion, 'tis for great Latins. Napoleon, Garibaldi, and now Il Duce. Yes, Mussolini is very popular. Especially since he gave those four cannons. The Sanmarinesi have even overlooked the fact that latterly they have become a Protectorate. But it would be such a shame to remind them of that. *Evviva la liberta!*

It is not possible to circulate easily to the other five villages of the Republic – the capital is much the largest, with over 2,000 inhabitants – but a visit that has to be made, unless you wish to hurt people's feelings, is up to the fortress of *la Rocca*, the pride of the country. Getting on for 600 years old, it is still the prison and arsenal of San Marino, although there hasn't been a prisoner since 1906, its sole occupant being an eagle, which likes the place; while the armament side consists of a heap of museum *débris*. The Duce's pieces had already been trundled below in preparation for the morrow's salute.

At 10 a.m. the festa started of enthroning the two new Regents. The weather is apparently always beautiful save in mid-winter. From my balcony overlooking the *Piazzetta del Titano* I watched the great of the land assembling. Black was the keynote until the military materialised. The women

wore it, the men had inevitable umbrellas 'neath a cloudless sky, the children presently paraded in black shirts. For an hour a band seemed to be collecting people in back streets and leading them on to the square—always to the anthem of the country, its only tune, chiefly a bassoon affair. Then, when everybody had assembled round the goddess of liberty facing the Palazzo Governativo, out came the noble guard—dressed by Clarkson—and clicked heels to the raucous calls of a general. The noble guard had everything hanging from them, medals, gold cord, swords, moustaches. They were a vivid splash of scarlet and orange in all that black. While they stood at the salute to an umpteenth national anthem, the new Regents were receiving plenary powers within the decrepit palazzo on the balcony of which presently appeared two heralds who played the national anthem on trombones and said, 'Watch-out—they are about to appear.' Which duly occurred, the new rulers issuing from the main doorway followed by all the officers of State, bowing left and right to a storm of evvivas! and to the national anthem which this time brought the noble guard to a quivering salute. The new Regents were garbed not unlike what George Graves would do with a French President of Baron Popoff lineage. Yet dignity held them as they proceeded to the cathedral to meet the bishop. The real ceremony, however, was to succeed this sacerdotal interlude: the actual enthronement in the palazzo. I did not see it but the two outgoing and the two incoming rulers line up before a couple of golden thrones and after the Minister of Foreign Affairs has read the change-over, the outgoing rulers give their insignia and orders to the newcomers, bow deeply and withdraw. And then the two new Regents slowly approach the thrones, taking great care to sit down the same second—most important. At that point we had the national anthem again while the Duce's cannon belched forth thunder that echoed up Mount Titano.

Subsequently, there seemed to be one very popular general

store on the Piazzetta. I watched literally everyone who was anyone going in there at one time or another. The Foreign Minister went in several times. On my way to the 'bus I went in also. One of the new Regents was there having a glass. And the girl behind the counter really was pretty. Only – a grim and obvious male parent sat watch over her, umbrella handy.

San Marino has since had a spot of bother. Some young Sicilians were said to be preparing to sack and pillage the place. Italian aid was requested and manifestos were placarded urging the Sanmarinesi to keep calm. But I have my doubts about this whole scare. It was such good tourist publicity.

Lastly, Andorra. Up till now Andorra has had virtually no legislation at all. There is a head tax of 25 centimes. Annual tribute amounting to £8 (at par) is paid to France, and nothing to the other protecting power, Spain. Andorra, for simplicity of government, had them all beaten. It hasn't had an army since the medieval Counts of Foix. Doctors and chemists are provided by the State. Justice is administered on the doorstep, as it were, by important men called 'gros caps' who are elected at the rate of twenty-four a year and who must be 'intelligent and vice free'. If someone owes somebody something his assets are gone into, and if he can't pay, one waits until he can. That is very nearly the only transgression, although in our own eyes the whole collection of Andorrans are bad men, smugglers. Yet that is their time-honoured, inherited calling, when they are not growing tobacco. For long, until the peseta cracked (especially during 1914-18), they reaped a fat harvest from pushing horses, mules, and sheep over the Pyrenees into France. They do so still, but times are leaner now. And the circumstance has led to challenge of the guardianship of the two Co-Princes, the French President and the Spanish Bishop of Seo d'Urgel. The good Andorrans wish to sell sweepstakes and gambling concessions, also to make money as do so many others by

elaborate and frequent stamp issues, and the Co-Princes say no. (Such would compete with French and Spanish casinos and lotteries while the two protectors themselves add to their budgets by quite unnecessary Andorran stamp issues.) There has been an 'occupation' by 50 French police but the Andorrans still want self-determination and meanwhile the Spanish Bishop's annual tribute of 6 hams, 12 chickens, and 24 cheeses, has been cut off.

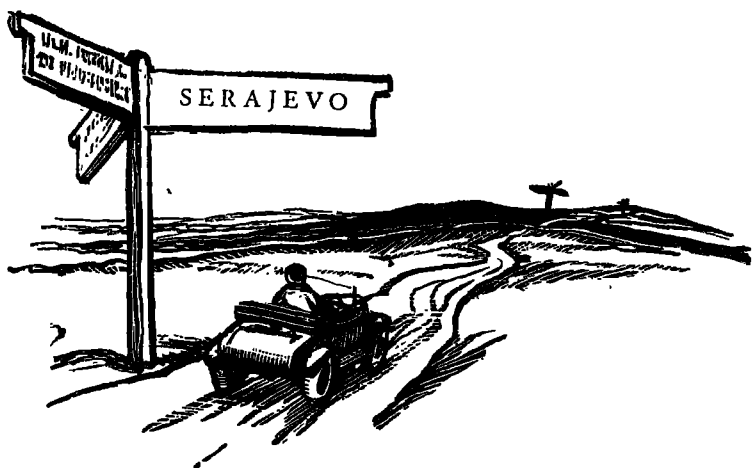
I was once in Andorra la Vieja, the capital, when the legislature was meeting. They are locked in a dormitory in the Casa de la Vais for twenty-four hours while they decide legislation for the next twelve months. To help them they are given a whole ox which they proceed to roast at an enormous open fireplace. Then they celebrate, and the sequel is the election of two Syndics for the ensuing year. But now all is restiveness and seriousness in Andorra; days of content are gone. The Andorrans are frail owing to consanguinity – families can trace themselves back many hundred years – but they have the natural courtesy of the mountains. I am afraid their number is up now, though, in so far as simplicity is concerned. From two sides, from the only two sides they know, Progress is pressing upon them: up from the Revolution of Barcelona and down from the mountains of French Technical Development. A road is now complete right through Andorra, and the French have erected all the horrid apparatus for collecting water power. Under Tardieu (very much so) a good deal of French money went into Andorra and the shareholders, desirous of cashing in regularly, deem that the once-happy little territory should be imperceptibly taken over: that is what has happened. The Andorrans asked only to be left in their primitive peace. Big business and Paris politicians prevailed. A raw and simple story.

'The world's most primitive republic. Utterly unspoilt.'

So may henceforward proclaim the motor-coach guides. Let them.

Good-bye, Andorra. I should like to think of you as the

Elysian Field you were, above, high above this world spinning on straight-eights. To come upon you from the Port Royal, 9,000 ft. pass of edelweiss, to behold you covered by a white canopy of cloud that was level with ourselves – simultaneous glimpse of two separate worlds, your sunlit valley below the solid white layer, and the blue infinity of a Sierra sky above – what an experience was that! And, then, the first evening in Soldeu's posada – Charlemagne passed this way – meeting a few of one's bent who didn't mind sleeping above the animals. Quickening to the blessed (1927) away-ness of it all. Here was our first dinner: Thick vegetable soup, potatoes and cabbage mixed in Andorran style, fried chicken, trout and bacon, lamb and salad, flaming Crêpes Suzettes and wild strawberries. And lashings of local Franco-Spanish vino tinto free. The gramophone hop, the glorious 'shop' of the highway, the anticipation of the morrow, of the descent down, down, twenty miles down into Spain, now splashing in the torrent, now picnicking.



AT THE CAFÉ ZLATNA

22 On June 2, 1910, the Bosnian student, Bogdan Jeraitch, blew his brains out after firing five times at the Austrian General Vareschanine. The scene was Serejevo; the reason, the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina. We in England were basking in the Edwardian era, a week or two out of it yet still right in it.

For the next four years there was one faithful visitor to Bogdan's wooden cross and his name was Gavrilo Prinzip, aged 16-20. Modest flowers for the self-offered Jeraitch, who became the incarnation of 'Young Bosnia' and, pulsatingly so, the life's hero of Prinzip. From Belgrade, where he was studying for a degree, Prinzip would periodically journey with his tribute and then return to the Café Zlatna Moruna, the 'Ronde' of Belgrade's Latin Quarter, where sat, even as Lenin and Trotsky sat not long previously in Montparnasse, two other young patriots, Tchabrinovitch and Pouchara.

The Balkan wars were being fought and won and lost, and these cut-throat conflicts gave further impetus to the youthful revolutionary stirring at whose head presently

appeared twenty-four-year-old Vlada Gatchinovitch, who had been fighting for Montenegro. Vlada was the white-hot soul and pamphleteer, and his *Death of a Hero* (Jeraitch) Prinzip carried ever after. In fact, things grew warm for Vlada in Austrian-run Bosnia and he spent 1913-14 in Lausanne, haven of another rebel, Benito Mussolini, a decade before. Yet touch was kept by Vlada with his seven disciples sworn unto death. Their names: Danilo Ilitch, Vassa Tchoubrilovitch, Mehmed Bachitch, Tvetko Popovitch – these located in Serajevo – and the three students of Belgrade we have already met at the Café Zlatna Moruna. Vlada Gatchinovitch kept touch with these seven; he, the master, the god, since in his case was added physical to moral superiority.

The cauldron seethed, armaments mounted. We in England were wrapped in the Curragh, the Scason, in Galloper Smith, Carpentier. Bosnia? Where the deuce was that?

The Governor of that province, Potiorek, proclaimed martial law, and treason trials became of almost daily occurrence. The four youths living in Serajevo would boil over as daily they read. One day Ilitch read that the Archduke Franz-Ferdinand contemplated holding manœuvres in the summer round Serajevo (on the very fringe of Servia!). Ilitch cut this out and addressed it to 'Tchabrinovitch, Café Zlatna Moruna, Zaleny Venatz, Belgrade.'

He received no acknowledgment. For weeks Ilitch waited, yet heard nothing. The Archduke would arrive on June 24. Time was getting on. June 24! The swine would choose that day! Vidov Dan! The day Serajevo always kept as one of mourning, anniversary of Kossovo – that fateful 'Field of Blackbirds' on which Servia lost her inheritance to Sultan Murad I in 1389. Ilitch fumed, while still he waited. He was arranging to act only with his local companions when early in June arrived a message signed Prinzip: 'Everything in order. See you soon.'

A day or two later the three from Belgrade were smuggled

over into Bosnia by friendly peasants; and Ilitch set about reorganising the Archducal reception. They now were seven, with bombs and pistols. Only the god, Vlada, absent. Yet he was with them in spirit, firing them on.

The young conspirators would meet in a drab dram shop, 'Semiz', for they had no money. Students. Fifty crowns they were obliged to raise to buy ammunition and things. Thirty pieces had sufficed to upset a former world. When, on the day of Vidov Dan, Prinzip strolled from Semiz for the last time, five crowns remained to him in this world, and these he handed to girls along the way, a custom of Vidov Dan. After which, he idly took up position. Ilitch had almost made a blue print of where the six were to place themselves, by twos. His was the business of seeing all was correct.

Yes, Franz-Ferdinand was for it all right. If Tchabrino-vitch failed with his bomb, then would come number two post, Prin . . .

Call at Serajevo now. It is well worth the time and effort aside from the experience of standing for a moment where it all began. Serajevo is far more Turkish and Moslem than its position on the map would suggest. But it's devilish hard to get at. The best way is up from Ragusa (Dubrovnik) touched by all cruises in these parts. I came across from Ancona in a bi-weekly steamer, parking Attagirl at Ancona because Jugoslav roads are hopeless in the interior: the only time I have had to separate on this account. But such trivialities are quite out of place. Call at Serajevo now and stand for a moment where it all began. Where in the War years was an Austrian officers' club and in front of it a permanently garlanded stone let into the roadway, dedicated to the assassinated ones, is now a general store on the wall of which you will be shown a marble plaque:

*At this historic spot Gavrilo Prinzip
brought liberty on the day of Vidov
Dan June 15 (24), 1914.*

And you will hear, 'Prinzip stood on the pavement like this. Pouchara was where you are standing. As the Archduke's car slowed up at the corner here, Prinzip let his bomb down beside him – too close for a bomb – and pulled out his pistol. A policeman tried to close, but Pouchara held him.

At the October trial, when those of England were fighting First Ypres, a dozen starved, bearded, haggard accused appeared on a long chain and hemmed in by fixed bayonets, while each day the crowd screamed 'Assassins! murderers! death to the murderers who have brought all this misfortune upon us!'

'All I did' – Prinzip to his judge – 'was to ward off a danger. Franz-Ferdinand was a capable man who might have prevented Slav union. I do not regret my act – only killing his wife, too. I aimed at Potiorek.'

Because he was a minor Prinzip escaped death, along with three others, and was sent for life to Theresienstadt Prison in the Bohemia of that day, and soon war-time prison fare produced four skeletons in solitary confinement. Each had a permanent warder. It so fell out that some days later when I was motoring to Vienna, Prinzip's special warder precisely was relating his memories in the Austrian Press, upon retirement. I quote:

'He was a gentle and quiet prisoner, like a good child. We would talk, when he knew I was Hungarian. Once I said, 'Prinzip, to think that hundreds of thousands of men are dying because of you!'

'"It's false!" he cried. "All I did was to hasten things on."'

The warder, Bleier, further told how Prinzip repeatedly offered him large sums to arrange his escape. Bleier would laugh. 'Where are you going to get the money?'

Then, one day, Prinzip reported sick and the prison doctor ordered him across the fields to the town hospital for a report.

'Prinzip, I, and two armed guards started off,' recalled

Bleier. 'When we had gone a kilometre and were at the foot of a hill Prinzip broke away and ran for it.

'“Fire!” I shouted, but it was unnecessary. Prinzip had run right into a Uhlan patrol! Next time he went to hospital it was with six guards. He never gave up hope of my helping him. At least not until near the end. Clothes, disguise, was what he pleaded for. He died of phthisis as the War was ending.'

And you see his grave to-day in Serajevo. Show place, slightly raised above ten others, his comrades, five on either side. Vlada, the god, alone lies in alien soil, not far from the building of the League of Nations.

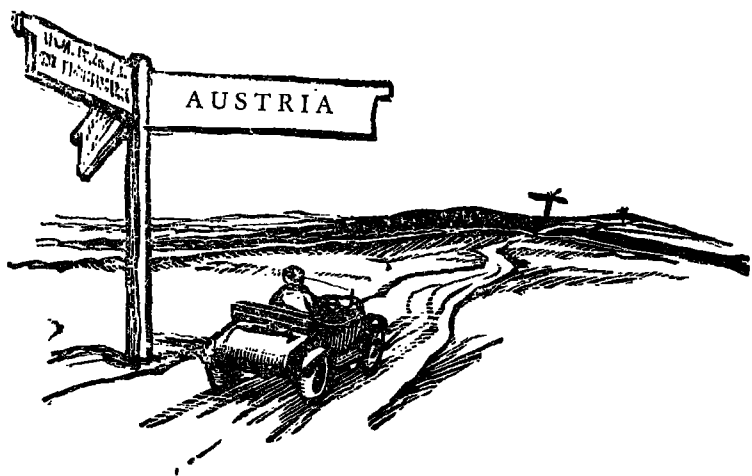
Six students of Trogir, in these very parts, some months ago heaped fuel on Italo-Serb hatred by hacking away winged lions of San Marco. Their names: Carjo, Erzegovic, Madiraco, Varbat, Luic, Lundor. Their reason – but here it is in their own words:

We did it because for years the lions of Venice have been held as the best evidence of Italy's rights on Dalmatia. Savants and even ministers have spoken of it openly. They do not cease to threaten us with war and to build strategic roads on our frontier. In the Italian schools that we are obliged to suffer on our territory, the most violent propaganda against us is carried on. Among other things, that the Serbian Army behaved as cowards and was saved by the Italians. 'Can we love the Serbians?' asks another manual. 'Why not ask us if we can love Kaffirs or Patagonians?'

We intended to remain anonymous, as representative of a whole people. But because the story has been put about that Serbians had to be imported to do the work, there being none in Dalmatia, we make this deposition.

Throughout Central Europe a certain macedoine – Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Bulgars, Macedonians, Albanians – are known as 'pistol people'. *Pistolen Leute* – sounds like a Ufa film. The implication being that politics are pursuable with the pistol. So long as these quite too picturesque nuisances

intershoot among themselves, few would be found to object. For some time now the Imro or International Macedonian Revolutionary Organisation has particularly held the stage with an average of six or seven murders a week. Serbia took most of Bulgarian Macedonia after 1913 and 1918, and now Bulgaria wants it back, such is the genesis of this particular vendetta. Leaders come and go – shot. ‘Guns’ are going off all the time within the steadily disintegrating realm of Serbs, Slovenes, and Croats, which we so nobly set up under self-determination. Amazing, infernal, but just the same old trouble-names crop up as of yore: Bosnia, Herzegovina, Slovenia, with the addition of Dalmatia. Internally in Yugoslavia the trouble is that the dictator King and his General Zhivkovitch and their friends – former ‘Black Hand’ conspirators against Turks and Austrians – have carried forward precisely the same methods of repression that they used in bygone days of struggle, instead of giving some form of federalism to the several wholly divergent tribes comprising this messy kingdom. However, if we could only be certain the shooting would be restricted to local requirements all might be well. Instead, we have to ask ourselves: supposing these students, these Popovitchis and Ilitches, are even now in some 1933 Café Zlatna Moruna, to pass on later, maybe, in conclave to a ‘Semiz’ of these times? Supposing these pistol people were to shoot again to kill (we need scarcely ask whom)? Would Europe for a second time fall for it, broach the supreme clash leading to anything, because Slav students shot? We have to ask ourselves: is there a better chance now of preventing the spark from becoming a forest fire than there was in 1914?



AUSTRIAN ENTRY

23 I entered Austria by the Alpine road to lovely Villach. I had come up via Milan and Venice and was pained to note that most of Northern Italy is now ribbon-built. The maternity goddess, *Dea Matuta*, to whom Mussolini has opened a museum, has certainly not been deaf to prayers from this quarter. Constant swarms of children. As far away from Venice as Padua, handsome bronze brats had started jumping on the running-board offering, with bold grin, to come along to Venice as 'guides'.

On the way up to the Austrian frontier, every townlet showed crowds before a loud-speaker. Curious, I stopped at Conegliano and listened to a running commentary of Austria *v.* Italy (Association) being played that afternoon in Vienna (Austria won, 2-0, by the way, and when I arrived in Vienna later, the papers were still headlining as had they won the War). Conegliano, fourteen years before, was bloody battle between the teams' fathers.

That afternoon's run was interrupted on one other occasion. At Treviso I lingered without the walls contemplating a billet that had been bombed *and* bombed—a big house standing out, and one of the few then occupied, military

comings and goings had certainly been observed and reported. As I looked, there revived the memory of an important social occasion. I was reading, alone, over tea when that sensation of somebody in the room was communicated. Glancing round, I saw a tall, dark girl in the doorway. She gazed at me in silence. I was noticing that she was not only good to look upon but fashionably dressed, clearly from the city (those who knew forward billets will appreciate the phenomenon). Something was about to issue from my indifferent Italian when she said, quite simply, 'This is my house. I heard there were English officers here. I come from Verona to see the English officers.' I shall never forget the simplicity with which she said that, as if what she had done was the most natural thing in the world. She stayed many weeks and to this day I don't know if it was against field service regulations to allot her part of her own property. She did Lombardy tricks with rations that were supplemented from a below-ground market in Treviso and she taught Italian and there was a Decca and she didn't give a hoot for air raids – exciting – and the detachment adored her and was keyed up by the stroke of Providence and it was next to impossible to get hold of one's batman who was always doing something or other 'for the Signorina'.

Before leaving the plains, a brief branching-off was indicated to Vittorio Veneto. Special Glory signposts had acted as reminders for tens of kilometres. The latest in asphalt surfaces carpeted the final approach. On the spot everything is drenched with Italian glory and not a mention of the Inglese who were the spearhead of that final operation. How laughable when one thinks of the Italians of those days! Here, by every token of truth, should be the statue of a British soldier camouflaged in an Italian cape – so that the enemy should still think Italians were opposite, implying no particular cause for worry – for that was what happened just prior to this victory so molto glorioso. Still, you cannot engrain the warrior spirit in little Italians on that kind of

thing; in fact, this last summer Mussolini started telling them that their fathers won the War.

At the Austrian Customs one had to declare how much money, foreign or native, was in one's possession and this was entered on one's passport, the purpose being the defence of the schilling, rendered necessary by the Government maintaining an artificial value one-fifth too high. Such an involved tale. Enough that in Austria you might spend as many schillings as you pleased, but that that was about all you could do with currency, came this from any land. For example, on departing Praguewards, I had to wait three hours in a queue at the Vienna National Bank in order to purchase 50 schillings worth of Czech crowns. I had to have these because the Czechs, I knew, wouldn't look at Austrian schillings at all, and I was motoring, and would need some crowns on the way. In order to secure the measly 50 schillings worth, I as good as had to go to confession to one bank official after the other. This currency side dominates travel in Central Europe, as it is eloquent of the whole wretched muddle, these close neighbours turning each other's coin down. Dinars, schillings, pengoes, crowns and marks – all are at common battle. And the person who omits to pay attention will not only find himself in the soup but conceivably in prison. In 35 countries there were lately currency restrictions. The sentence for taking more than a very limited sum of marks out of Naziland is one year and a heavy fine and elsewhere penalties are tough enough. Verily are we all dug in and drawing long noses at one another. 'You just come here' – as if we were saying that – 'you just come here and see how convenient we can make it for you!' It is necessary now to go with varying thoroughness through one's belongings before entering each fresh country, in order to eliminate anything that might be locally inflammable. I do this regularly, ever since inadvertently crossing into Hitleria with the *Manchester Guardian* and *Week-End Review* on the top in one valise. Goering has since, I believe, made it

several years for this heinous crime but fortunately my lapse was early on in the régime, before frontier officials had fully woken up.

That night of entry into Austria was to terminate under police escort. I had left Mestre at 11 a.m. and, going hard, hoped to reach Villach, Alps and all, – 300 kilometres – before six-thirty darkness, since my lighting had gone phut. But the Signorina and the football and Vittorio Veneto and finally the monetary business at the frontier had eaten up all of an hour and appalling rut roads nearly axle deep in snow, on the last 20 miles down to Villach, capped matters. The final half-hour was a question of feeling one's way in the dark. I expected to be stopped on entering the lighted town and I was – just when lights were not necessary, but no matter. A young Schutzmann courteously mounted the running-board and signalled me on.

'To the police station?'

'No, to your hotel. You do not know which to go to? The Fischer will suit you. But keep to ten kilometres. And don't forget it's a different side of the road.'

'Sind Sie Hauptmann?' he asked, examining my name plate. 'Schoen.'

(Abroad it is as useful on the whole to be military as in England it is meet to be Mr.)

At the Fischer he got down and saluted and I thought that was most charmingly that.

Actually, it was even more charming. Half an hour later when I had forgotten all about the incident and was enjoying a sound meal my Schutzmann bobbed up again. Making his way to the table, he clicked heels, inclined slightly, and announced, 'The Police Director has decided not to prosecute.' And inclining again, withdrew, before I could say a word.

The Upper Austrians of Villach had good cheer and a good table, and the bill for dinner, room, breakfast, and garage coming to 6s. 6d., a first impression could easily be

that the broadcasted distress was muchly tosh. The fact is it all depends where you go. In this glorious Heimwehr country onwards to Klagenfurt and Judenburg, there may have been a certain listlessness evident by the wayside, but the only distress signal came from unceasing pilgrims of the highway, Austria's unemployed. Austria has 400,000 workless in a 6½ million population. Half are in or about Vienna. A fair proportion of the remainder must spend their time tramping up and down the country, winning a night's rest or a meal with a 'Grüss Gott' as they go. Where work offers, there they remain. When it terminates, on with the rucksack. You must remember we are in the land of rucksacks. That the workless, young and old, of both sexes, should take to the road was but natural. Incidentally, they posed rather a stiff problem. They didn't seem to mind my béret or the 'F' on my car; they hailed me just the same; women as well wanted lifts; nor did it seem to matter in which direction. Three reasons dissuaded me. Came an accident, my insurance wouldn't cover them. There are such things as the blackmailing of lift-givers when these are alone. And in Austria to-day the road Raubmord (murder for robbery) is rife. Once again I elected to be the driving-on plutocrat though not liking it a small bit, considerably less so here than in France, in fact. And here, I think, we shall break off for the remainder of this chapter, to concentrate instead upon something rather more interesting than a personal motor run, however gorgeous, onwards to Vienna.

In the Middle Ages it was the custom for apprentices in the arts and crafts to take to the broad highway and tramp from town to town, often from country to country, carrying on their backs personal necessities and such implements as their calling required. History tells that a not unjoyous companionship of the road resulted. The 'nineteen-thirties have after long centuries followed with something in similar vein, but with the difference that the nomadism, by comparison, is now on gigantic scale. For the roamer o'er many

frontiers, the most astonishing novelty to-day is the crowded state, afoot, of the roads. A very rare few walked in Europe up to but a few years ago – they probably deem themselves lucky to-day – I know I feel that way about things. In my walking days, 1925-29, one rarely met a soul doing likewise outside, perhaps, such stock places as Andorra and Tyrol, Brittany, Lanquedoc and the Jura. There one did encounter a few others footing it, but in the main we grew accustomed to being looked upon, along our carefree way, as queer people. 'Artists.' If in doubt, always 'artist'. (How one sympathises with painting people for the types and tykes that have been gratuitously credited to their ranks!) However: we know what has supervened of late years. For me, it has been indelibly imprinted by one of the best *Punch* efforts I can remember – a head-hiker (ugh) advising an overflowing group to keep a certain beauty spot quiet. But what of the besieging of the highways that has taken place and which is *not* voluntary in origin? England has only recently tasted a condition of affairs that has become epidemic elsewhere. Albeit you are well ahead in respect to girl newcomers, because none of this kind of thing has so far been signalled abroad:

'Hundreds of girls from the industrial towns, grown weary of unemployment and of dragging, on and off the dole, through what should have been the best years of life, have taken to the highways. It is their last desperate bid for freedom, excitement, adventure – anything that promises relief from the tedium of life as it has to be lived by the unemployed. The way out is fatally easy. Every long-distance lorry that rumbles through the streets, or stops at one of the numerous cafés on the outskirts, offers a chance to the adventurous. The hardships to be faced and the price almost certain to be exacted sooner or later would have appalled an earlier generation. To-day these things are faced by the girl wanderers with a recklessness that is, perhaps, born of the conviction that nothing is likely to be worse than things at home. Only the night workers on the roads – the men who control the big goods lorries – passing

like muffled thunder in the darkness, know the real dimensions to which the girl lorry-jumper has already grown. Usually the girls go in pairs and where they think a driver won't help them, they stowaway while he's taking a meal. London is the common magnet but latterly there have been signs that the practice is spreading – at least in summer time – to actual living on the roads, going to and fro, in this direction and the other.'

That belongs to a packed, industrial, man-equal and Hollywooded femininity not to be met with every day.

On the Continent, the majority of the new nomads hail from Germany, Austria, Hungary, Scandinavia, with a slice of Czech, Pole, Swiss and Balkan. The Latin lands do not appear heavily involved as yet. These will be duly invaded, Spain, Italy, France; yet Spaniards, Italians, French, are not temperamentally inclined to cut loose, all their earthly belongings on their shoulders, and start off – where? Anywhere! Packs up, tramp, tramp, tramp, town to town, village to village, frontier to frontier, until the first chills of autumn. And for a growing number, far later into the year. The degree the roaming is attaining may be gauged from the fact that in at least two quarters, Baden and Wurttemberg, the authorities have got out tramp-books, which the New Companions will have to show, and fixed and made known certain tramp itineraries from which gentlemen – and ladies – of the road must not deviate. We are confronted by a freak affair that is becoming officially recognised; growth partly of downright unemployment and mobile search for work, partly of youthful questing after free-as-the-air adventure – see-the-world-while-young – plus revolt at having been born into such ungiving times; away, away, anyhow – and anywhere – from boring and drab and horizonless city stagnation until the Great Change comes. For months on end non-stop musical chairs proceed. Each morning the music starts, and also the New Companions. Each morning the music stops, and also the New Companions – just where they

happen to be. (Incidentally, music does play quite a large part.)

According to Berlin Labour Ministry figures, over 400,000 were believed to be on the roads most of last winter, so that the composite Central European picture in summer need hardly be insisted upon. Who are these people? And whence do they come? And what do they do? And how do they live? And what is their attitude? And the attitude of others to them? And what is it all going to lead to? Is it for good? Is it for evil? And has it come to stay?

Having met the matter thump, and more than once produced wine or beer or victuals if never responding to lifts solicited, I should say there is more good than evil. It is a choice of having these machine-killed, science-assassinated ones crowding round the cities, doing nothing but losing their health, and of their keeping moving and fit and taking a chance. Their very motion spreads out the charity part more equitably through the nation. So far England has heard principally of the American nomad. Let us get him out of our heads. Like everything else, this matter is harsh, raw as can be, across the ocean. It isn't so in Europe: there are definite tones that attract. In the land of hobos and of vast distances there are said to be 200,000 mere boys, children, riding the trains from coast to coast, aside from three or four millions of perambulating adults. Everything is much worse over there and it goes on all the year, whereas our phenomenon inclines to be seasonal. In America, 'Feed, Shelter, Move On,' is the order of the day. The shelter is freely the local gaol, locked in till morning; the food, as often as not mouthfuls for which one has to be religious; the move on, shivering or gasping, according to the time of year, is a freight truck. America is no trampers' country, save a few areas like California. The bulk of the land is as depressing and uninhabited as may be. The result is that America's nomads jump mainly from city to city and in these cities walk freely with petty crime and perversion. The depression

vagabonds of the U.S.A., train-hopping, stealing, sleeping in waiting-rooms; begging from Helping Hand institutes, hopeless, centless, demanding a square deal from Society, planning trouble, such are deeply to be commiserated with. But they are not the same kettle of fish as our gentry. Western Europe is compact, hospitable, bright and pretty, and cops don't run it, and there's nascent acceptance of our nomads in the air. You – with work – it's up to you to fill a tummy, to open a loft. Europe's trekkers are being philosophically accepted as part of the whole sorry business. No fault of theirs – merely shouldn't have been born coincidently with mass production. Our trekkers are having a better break than their American opposite numbers. In Bavaria, before the Nazis, you would have seen what I mean. There was an all-the-year-round musical chairs in Bavaria, never less than 80,000 strong. In summer – well, a year ago I had positively to thread my way through them in some parts. Nor was it at all possible to tell who were hikers (ugh) of a day and who permanents of the highway. All looked alike, packs up, tanned, happy, old, middle-aged, young. Every Bavarian commune had arrangements to lodge for nothing (a bed cost tuppence), while the young of both sexes might have one hot meal a day at a subsidised charge of threepence. In all this part of Germany companions of the road turn their hand to anything that offers as they pass by. If the harvest is on, then they lay to with a vengeance, and they may, perhaps, be given a few marks in addition to being housed and fed for the period. Last summer there was news that certain workers were wanted in Switzerland. Forthwith the frontier posts were crowded with applicants. New Companions tramp or scrounge lifts for hundreds of miles after casual work. In the autumn of 1932 I met half a dozen young Austrians, college youths, who had been taken on for the vendanges round Perpignan. They received eight francs a day and two litres a head of purple wine. But rough living was cheap, and one could sleep out in the blessed nights.

They took me to their camp in the pines by the sea at Argelès and we ate and wined in the starry night, and they strummed inevitably. Wasn't that better than lounging miserably round Vienna, nourishing oneself from the cheaper and staler automats? They thought so, anyway. The snag was that the vendanges lasted so short a while. But they were saving four francs a day, for a fortnight, and intended crossing over into cheap Spain on the accumulated proceeds – about thirty pesetas per capita! Astonishing how little money youth-on-the-trek stands in real need of during the kindlier times of year. There's a film, *Man Braucht Kein Geld* (one doesn't need money), which, whatever its theme, could well be the motto of the New Companions. Consider the absence of rent. Also, of course, of taxes. This dual absence, the lure of it, has impelled on to the roads a number of more mature who have had jobs and lost them, probably never to get them again if they be much over forty. In this category, also, are many who have deserted wives and families. But to continue with money: some start out with funds and apparently if one have call on, say, £1 a month in spring and summer, and round out matters with free lodging for casual work, one need not go without essentials. £6 for six months! Yet that reserve can be everything – with meals either free or to be scrounged for a bagatelle. Others may be fortunate enough occasionally to receive small sums from home. But this is not a frequent matter. On the contrary, many of the youthful fraternity have been as good as shown the door by their parents, themselves hopelessly hit. Along the Danube you will encounter much acrimonious 'Why-did-you-bear-us? We-didn't-ask-you-to' on this vexed score.

Upon what can one spend money? So much of our wayfarers' time is taken up with the uncosting sextette – lazing, scrounging, cooking, reading, smoking, sleeping. And passing on. On a fine day, in compact country, the roads have suggested to me that constant round-and-round mechanical progression of figures one takes pot shots at in fair booths!

It is about the exception not to be signalled to: Youth wants to get to the next town with a minimum expenditure of physical energy. So it hails, taking up position at bends in the road or on hills where cars slow up. Interspersed with the young blood of adventure are criminals and ne'er-do-wells and perverts, riff-raff from every quarter now joining up in the guise of honest searchers after work. On the other hand, that man yonder who has just given a hail is a dentist. Many professional men are perambulating their services consequent on the glut in the cities. Anything one has to sell – talents, studies, handicraft – is all to the good. Youth, having never had the chance to acquire specialisation, nine times out of ten offers brawn; youth to the fields and for building and road-making and tree-felling. Youth can also be very strong with the music. As strumming troubadour it wends its way, now playing in this inn, now passing on to the next. Some form of guitar or ukelele is as essential with our new nomads as are cooking and washing gadgets and a blanket. Often for a song food or lodging will be forthcoming, and what voices some of these youths can have, yodelling apart, and how good-looking they can be in their bronzed freshness, bringing the breath of cheer and shutting slap out slump! These are the New Companions who, in striking up a freemasonry of the road, are for ever meeting kindred spirits and moving on with them. Even as we used to in the War, though without the moving on. There is much of the unexpected about this nomadism of the times: that may be one of its leading attractions. That, and never being alone unless one so elect. Time was when lonely beggars tramped their weary way. Beggars still abound, but they are different beggars. And it would be quite wrong to call 90 per cent. of our migrants 'beggars' at all. Rather are they ready to work anywhere, anyhow, though with the qualification that they are not over-enthusiastic for permanent work, even if this be forthcoming. I refer here rather to the young who go to form the bulk of our company.

Disillusioned and buffeted middle-age is usually only too glad to stay put. But with its juniors it is otherwise. The urge is to keep moving to see ever more of life, to seek fresh chances. For youth this business can, with luck and good weather, be much of a holiday now that succour is being organised and the whole thing recognised and companions abounding. Nor are the free and easy unions of the day absent from this story. That comes under the style 'adventure'. Nomadism in couples is gaining suffrages, notably in C. Europe, but it is still widely the exception, and for the reason that the staple facilities of the highway, food and a roof may not be forthcoming, especially if the country be austere or Catholic. No doubt the new nomadism is fraught with considerable moral danger, provided one determine clearly what 'moral danger' may be. One comes up with such weird people, much of the human gamut. And there's a general something in the air that hardly makes for continence. So many different ages lumped together, and a pronounced sex precociousness discernible, perhaps having communistic root. Nevertheless, I re-declare there's a plus side in so far as youth is concerned, at any rate. Behold this international youth unemployed in the cities. What does it do with itself all day long but idle about, and where a greater mischief-breeder? Besides, in cities one needs money for several things – cigarettes, cinemas, cafeterias. On the road one may become pilferer, smuggler, one may learn from contact with the criminal and Bad Companion, one may develop quite 'red' and amoral notions (one does, I believe), yet in the scales on the other side are health and self-reliance, and something to occupy oneself with in just keeping moving. Of sadness, even tragedy, there is obviously a surfeit once one gets away from youth. The broken homes, the ceaseless quest of those getting on in life, the dossing in Salvation or kindred huts, the municipal soup, the repulsing hand because a man has little to offer save a broken spirit, the moving on, on, ever on, though hope be waning, the police interest, the eventual feeling of unwanted-

ness, of beatenness and suicide. In Berlin it led to the staging of a whole suicide revue. Yet, even with the most pathetic cases the road is not lonely. So much is certain, however stony and stiff its mileage. Moreover (as I have remarked) this nomadism spreads out, projects the slump and its effects more reasonably, and the more people realise others' situations to-day, the more charitable and understanding of outlook may they become. Anyway, there it is. Perpetual motion. Knocking for work. Or singing for it. As you go. It is established that some form of Leisure State is inevitable. Maybe this vagabondage of the younger generation is the start thereof. A day's work there never again in our time can be for all, or anything like all. We may stand before the deluge or we may stand before the dawn. Or we may stand before each in succession. Whatever it be, machines and science have done their bit and produced, among other things, the roving quest set down here. Some may see the one eventual cure in the benign influence of birth control when this, as its champions hope, begins really to operate twenty or thirty years on. Others, visualising nearer, may incline to write 'finis' to the more salient of our troubles with a fundamental reorganisation on something-like-Russia lines, since these do look fairly sure of being grafted on pretty widely one day—I said 'something like'. Something from Italy, something from Hitler, something from America, something from Russia, something from anybody who's got it: why not? The whole to be digested, braced and brewed by England, with resultant No. 1 marks. A more immediate matter may be that nations will meanwhile require increasingly to take into account, in their social programmes, all this roving for work and wayside dalliance with chance.

THE RAMP OF RE-BUILT EUROPE

24 In the 14th century town hall of Prague the guide leads us from chamber to chamber, and admiration is expressed in several languages for ceilings, the frescoes, the woodwork. German, Magyar, Czech, Serb, one hears, for we are a mixed coach company.

‘At this spot were executed, in 1621, the Bohemian nobles after the Battle of the White Mountain.’

‘And now we shall observe the world-famed astronomical clock.’

‘We are about to enter the chapel where reposes temporarily the Unknown Soldier.’

(A catafalque confronts us, buried away beneath wreaths and banners.)

‘He may, of course,’ resumes the guide, ‘be of any nationality. It is not known. Czech, Austrian, Hungarian, Slovak. Even Polish or Croat or Slovene.’

We glance one at the other.

‘Did they not,’ hesitates a German voice, ‘take special measures to disinter a Czech or a Slovak?’

The guide looks the inquirer up and down. ‘Battalions were so mixed,’ he says, moving on.

This inability to know whether friend or enemy lay buried

as Prague's Unknown Soldier seemed to symbolise, in its tragic hyphening of them all together, the inherent wrongness of these peoples of the Danube trying to live side by side in boxed-in compartments, as it also reconjured, for one present, at any rate, the Paris mentality of 1919. As lofty as the Eiffel Tower, as earthy as the 'Tiger' when, in answer to a Tyrolese petition to join Bavaria, he condemned, '*You shall remain Austrian!*' Not so lightly should the Hapsburg inheritance, its responsibility before history, be effaced! Austria should live on, a physical freak for all to see. All head, no body. One day at Trianon fifty million human beings were scattered, Europe's second largest Power superficially and third so in population. Fourteen years after, most politicians, experts and publicists save those who advocated the breaking-up, admit that one of the luckiest things that could happen to poor old Europe would be a reknitting together of the disreputable and ridiculed Ramshackle Empire with which Mr. Lloyd George in particular made us familiar in days of light acceptance. In Dual Monarchy days one beheld 17 different breeds – at least, that was our sorting out of the enemy opposite at the climax of the Italian campaign – which in the main and vehemently wanted to be rid of each other even did their concrete interest fuse into an economic whole. With worthy verve, by means of a demographic masterpiece, by acceding to every long-dreamt dream, by lavishing self-determination, we sent these concrete interests flying. We didn't mean to do so, but we did. And now they have got to be brought together again – if man can do it. The idea being: an Economic Empire in room of the Holy Roman one. What was chiefly wrong with this latter, we now see, was not so much its insistence on Croats and Slovaks and heaven-knows-who mingling lives together under the sign of St. Stephen as an imperial hangover of Napoleonic tendencies as typified by a Berchtold. Materially, the ramshackle show was good enough. But its component parts, little knowing how well-off they were, placed racial ideals far above all else; and in

seeking to counter the disintegration that threatened, by soldiering and soldiering instead of by an intelligent process of devolution, the Berchtolds split the atom. Locally and everywhere else.

The trouble now is as grievous as it is obvious. If you collected Benes, Gömböcs, Alexander, Dollfuß, Titulesco, and said to them, 'You know darned well the bunch of you were cast for a joint show, not this boxed-off idiocy,' any denial forthcoming would scarcely be worth its weight in paper. The trouble is that this clearest of interdependencies has been tragically queered by each of the five becoming self-sufficient, or as near as it can get to that popular goal, in the years between. Singly, each should be unscrambled and whole parts discarded; collectively, the five should then be scrambled together again. But how is it to be done? Think of it—just one aspect—one would probably have to *destroy factories*. Unthinkable, eh? Yet there they stand, the chimney stacks that have torn the Danubian fabric as much as any other factor. If ever case were needed in backing of a planned economy as against the running wild of private capital it lies readily to hand in the Danube basin. Permit me transiently to resurrect sentiments of a year ago:

'I went over one morning to the Pest side of that river of record suicide, the Blue (grey) Danube. Post-war factory chimneys rose above me. Natural agricultural lands simply must be de-industrialised. Hungary has no business with these chimneys which aid the ruin of really industrial Vienna, once producer for the whole lot. The removal of these chimneys will mean further loss of capital. That cannot be helped. These Danubian peoples, freely implemented to churn out goods of which their neighbours have a surfeit from their own sources, must attempt to return to something approaching the economic rôle each was separately fulfilling before the upheaval. Council of perfection? Maybe. But what, really, can be done in a world of small peoples whose units have freely abandoned the rôles they once individually

played in the body corporate, to assume new and artificial capacities precluding a resumption of neighbourly economic life?’

That is evidently how one feels about it on the spot, though distance tends to curb the ascerbities and to set an immense problem pat for meeker approach.

The last word falls usefully enough. I approached Vienna in a sound manner, namely, by seeing something of Austria prior to concentrating on the monstrous ‘head’ that lures them all on. The country seemed so smiling, and the fare so good, that after lunch at Judenberg I was moved to ask the innkeeper what about the distress, where did one come across it particularly, or wasn’t there so very much of it outside Vienna? The Herr Engländer should go to Steyr, came answer. How far? Oh, a good road and perhaps four hours. And I did go to Steyr, and remember reflecting upon the advantage of car over train travel. There’s no sudden branching off from the latter on the strength of a casual remark.

Steyr, one-time aristocrat of motor and arms manufacture, is physically not unlike a Nürnberg toytown. On entry, I forgetfully fidgeted with sparking plugs and soon was surrounded by a score of idlers who had probably fashioned wondrous cars in their day. What very likely were skilled Rolls-Royceian hands shot forward in help and in hope of an odd schilling. Of 22,000 inhabitants (I learned) one half were without resources of any kind. Less than 1,500 now found employment in the factories, mostly upkeep personnel. The streets were overrun with child beggars, and in order to maintain derelicts who could no longer be given shelter or nourishment the municipality had decreed an official begging day, Friday, when everybody who had anything prepared it to give to hundreds crowding in, chiefly from the abject hut settlements – sometimes a dozen to a room and T.B. rife – of Steyrdorf and Joseph-Lazaret. I went out to the former and could recall nothing like it since the typhus-abandoned Galician villages of early 1915 (that young mother

seated on a chair, breathing rapidly to death with a child on either knee!). Yet perhaps what drove home most in Steyr were the naked or ragged feet which made one think of Bata's millions of overproduced (!) footwear but a few hours away. Yes, Steyr was a pretty raw show. You saw notices up, 'Part of Bed to Let'. All quadrupeds were being eaten. Coffee would be boiled six times over – and they stoke it into engines in Brazil. Steyr in winter; shivering abed in hunger; if you will imagine it as it doubtless is again this winter; because that was how lots of these people spent the bulk of their twenty-four hours; Steyr returns as one of the prettiest monuments to this century of progress that I've come across.

Of Vienna it is customary to say that it is down-at-heel but that the Viennese have not changed – the same soft German courtesy and *gemütlichkeit*. Then one renders account of the stock visit to the Capucin vault and to the Franz-Joseph apartments, one mentions that music and song are still everywhere, and that is usually about that.

Of course Vienna and its life and people have changed – ask them, they should be the best judges in the matter. There is danger of being misled by a Franz-Joseph vogue that has been spreading ever since *Im Weissen Rössl* and which tends to suggest that the Viennese hanker for the old order and therefore are the same as ever. It is quite true that the be-whiskered and fate-slapped old disciplinarian provokes applause whenever he makes stage appearance. In one revue (of a total of five plays, operettas or revues in which he was currently the central figure) he was made to say, 'Ladies and gentlemen, pray excuse me if I bid you good-bye. I have six music-hall engagements to-night and time is precious.' But all this is surely just 'good old times' sentiment among the disinherited professional and middle class and the older peasantry in a notoriously sentimental land. Such social layers remember how Vienna rose to greatness, architecturally and in affairs, how it expanded and prospered under the second

last of the Hapsburgs. And if they visit the old fellow's quarters in the Hofburg, as heaps do, their admiration but increases. Where was ever kindred Imperial simplicity? The small iron bedstead, the humble furnishing, the jug and basin and slop-pail. There didn't even seem to be a bathroom (there wasn't: water used to be hand poured).

Take a round trip on the Margaret Gurtel and you will see a truer contemporary Vienna than this sentimental one, an extreme Socialist affair that has little use indeed for Hapsburgs and the past. Vienna is the Socialist citadel of the Continent. If it fall, then all is definitely up with the Left in this part of the world. For thirteen years the 'Austro-Marxists' have held the fort whether Bolshevism came to Buda or to Munich, or Fascists to the Brenner or Nazis to Passau. I am not going to write politics, but most of the post-war story of Vienna hinges on her voting hue. It is rather difficult to bear out the popular belief that Vienna took the biggest knock of the big cities. For instance, I spent a morning out at the Karl Marx Hof on the Margaret Gurtel. It is the new-old story of the beaten lands having got away with murder in the way of donating themselves with social benefits which would make our workmen's mouths water. The Marx Hof, an immense, red, fortress-like affair housing 5,000 tenants in 1,300 dwellings, is what they call in Vienna 'verbaut'. There's great joking in Vienna about that word: that is, the Socialists hold their sides with mirth, because 'verbaut' means that nobody has paid *at all* for some of these proletarian strongholds, with their gay and sweeping approaches, their co-operatives, their provocative names, their theatres and libraries (Marx only in each), their birth control clinics within the precincts, direct light and air systems and central heating, laundries and bathing establishments, and gardens a joy of flowers and children romping in them, and rents of 17s. a month per four-roomed flat. Don't ask me how the thing – the 'verbaut' – is done. I might be able to explain, but 'twould be a winding tale. Just believe

that the two jokes of Vienna perennially remain 'verbaut' and 'deficit'. In the Theater an der Wien the most popular song in *Teufelsreiter* was 'Deficit', and that fetched the non-working class also. Nobody expects anything to balance in Vienna any longer. Someone else will pay, not you. On the night of the Marx Hof visit I chanced to dine with people who have paid. My host served at table in a suicidal furnished room. But with what grace do these tramped-upon Viennese wear their distress! None of your Berlin bitterness. My hostess told me she did petit-point bag covers at 1d. an hour. Then we went on to *Sissy*, which has nothing to do with queer cases but was Elizabeth's pet name, and mercurial Austria on either side of me might have won a dozen wars.

Interpolation: I am aware it has been decided by many: 'Jolly good thing, the Karl Marx Hof.' That is not in dispute. The point is that 55,000 of these dwellings had appeared at my last passage at a cost of £22,000,000, which we others found and largely lost, and that building still goes on. The point is that there's a plus side to Vienna as well as a minus. What I would accent here, in welcoming unreservedly Karl Marx Hof as the mass-home of the future, is . . . why not some Hofing of like proportion in England for a change; instead of freezing away our money in foreign Hofings?

Nor is it as if this 'verbaut' business were restricted to Vienna. While England has to rest content with pious slum hopes, and industrial plant requires radical modernising, Germany and France have contrived to build themselves fine new houses out of the War. A lasting impression derived from a visit to the Reich is one of everything having been rebuilt regardless of cost, and also regardless of whether it was called-for and necessary: as witness that building of a *thousand* offices off the Berlin Potsdamerstrasse, a monumental American affair that has never been more than a twentieth part occupied. No country in Europe could afford the lavish development, construction, and social services

upon which Germany has squandered borrowed money ever since the War. The Reich has till now denied itself nothing. You might list the general wild extravagance in the following sequence:

- (1) Put into industry.
- (2) Put into public utilities (read also wasted in budgets, misinvestments, etc.).
- (3) General embellishment.
- (4) Graft ('paying the boys' as they say in Tammany Hall).
- (5) Invested abroad.

Up to the time commercial debts froze, Germany had succeeded in borrowing £600,000,000 in addition to a further £500,000,000 that went in reparations. The victims, in their order of attainment, being the United States, Britain, Holland, Switzerland. It is difficult to blame Germany entirely, in fact one definitely shouldn't. Money was literally forced on her at high rates of interest – sometimes as high as 7 per cent. There used to be a joke in Berlin (1927) that it was difficult for a German to go down Unter den Linden without being offered a dollar loan. Of course the Germans took everything they could come by. There is another story of the mayor of a big city in South Germany who was showing an American visitor all the wonderful new things that had been acquired, thanks to a loan floated in Philadelphia. The American went from stadium to hospital, park to aerodrome. Everything was of the best and latest, and the American, who felt rather a paternal interest in what was being shown him, kept totting up figures relating to cost. This mounted to 8,000,000 dollars, but the loan had been for ten. As the mayor seemed to have finished the tour without recounting for the final 2,000,000 dollars, the American inquired about this. To what use had it been put, or was it still unspent.

'Oh,' said the Burgomeister, 'we are keeping that to pay the interest with.'

Berlin did much the same, and once I had occasion to sample the fact. After skating on a vast new rink, I looked in on the only indoor swimming pool then existing that possessed waves and white-horses. One ate and drank and danced and waxed convivial beside the warm, splashing water. Berlin was very proud of this piece of luxury. Next morning my German companion of the night before piloted me out to the Reichskanzlerplatz beyond Berlin im Westen. Here was almost an entire new suburb of magnificent flats, theatres, cinemas, sports grounds, an indoor tennis-court building as big as Olympia, and so forth. The neighbourhood seemed hardly occupied at all: sheer unwanted luxury. Like so many things in Germany, it was standing idle and costing money in upkeep. There were at that time no fewer than 30,000 flats to let in Greater Berlin. There were thousands of empty apartments which never should have been built at all. Out at Neukölln and the Alexanderplatz the proletariat had their post-war blocks, so it wasn't a question of depriving them. Finally I motored out to a typical new townlet near the capital. It was flawless. And, like everything else, lavishly overdone. I was getting indigestion from it all – and thinking vaguely of Glasgow and Tyneside. To my companion I said, 'But however did you think you could afford all this?' His reply was unexpected. 'Wir sind doch ein Kulturvolk.' He didn't give it much more thought than that and proceeded to take me to the local stadium and swimming pool.

Yet it is probably in Westphalia that one becomes most aware of the dimensions of the new house that Fritz has built for himself. Here industry has been equipped with foreign money to the extent that plant owes nothing to the magnificent *mise-à-neuf* of the French devastated provinces themselves. Such plant is mostly idle, but could in certain circumstances flood half the world, for it never developed more than 37 per cent. of its full working capacity even in the boom times between 1926 and 1929. This gigantic indus-

trial mass came out of the long-term credits. We have nothing like it in England. On all sides are great factories, sweeping roads and branch railways, bridges, vast stations. And when you enter a factory it is to behold superb machinery – costing the dickens in maintenance but never mind. The four staple industries to benefit most by our lending zeal are coal, pig-iron, raw steel, and electric current. Steel and pig-iron are severely hit by existing foreign protection, but the point is that the plant is there, and we cannot omit the possibility of its being one day turned against the rest of Europe. In the Ruhr they have both processes for making steel, only place where such dual machinery exists. Hereabouts some of the bigger sites are veritable small towns entire. They have their schools, hospitals, parks, theatres, libraries, restaurants. The whole country being sport mad, here as elsewhere every facility is offered and enjoyed.

In the non-industrial sectors an immense amount of borrowed money has gone in homesteading and town-planning, with the result that the agricultural worker in the Reich is luckier than any of his opposite numbers in other lands. Every labourer on the land can have his wireless and many possess their libraries and bathrooms. In South Germany, all is by electricity. Even in sundered East Prussia, reputed to be so in need of help, there has been lavish development. Königsberg has the biggest railway station (chiefly standing idle), and is studded with recent museums, academies, science schools, public halls, banks. The ceiling of the new town hall is in silver. These public utilities have come out of the short-term credits, chiefly. So that, in sum, each time a Goebbels of hydra-headed propaganda cracks on about that famous *Tribut* which the Germans are supposed to have paid, we may refer him to the Matrosen-Korps at Kiel. Otherwise the Marines.

With the French equivalent of this tale I must hasten, although Jacques has only been second to Fritz in the

matter of copious self-endowment as a sequel to 'destructive' 1914-18. For physical reparation France collected £825,000,000 in coin or kind, principally the latter, and out of this total she paid out just short of £700,000,000 to meet 3,000,000 claims from the ten injured departments (loose to call them globally 'devastated', there having been notable variations). Everything was done regardless either of cost or of requirements. A few figures: factories repaired or rebuilt, 9,000. Roads renewed, 40,000 miles. Railways relaid, 1,400 miles. Public buildings rebuilt, 17,616. In the chief industries, coal, ore, metallurgy, engineering, linen, wool, cotton, glass, chemicals, sugar, everything was put back on the most sumptuous, labour-saving scale, while several fresh industries were added such as artificial silk round Amiens and Lille, which latter was also donated with a new Town Hall, so immense and redolent of money to burn as to form a fitting monument to the whole fantastic, outrunning-itself spending mania. ('Germany would pay.') Up and down the 'pays dévastés' you see endless manifestations of stupid little townlets and even villages possessing public buildings out of all proportion to their importance. Alone the churches have not yet been uniformly rebuilt, though perhaps it is as well since most that have are veritable brick-red demons. Probably it is at Lens that the 'patient Hamburg oxen' have delivered the goods most spectacularly. This mining hub is laid out in broad avenues and gardens flanked by spacious red apartment houses. Garden allotments, sports grounds, concert halls, reading-rooms, co-operative restaurants dot the landscape. There is even an 'Artistic Dutch Garden', though heaven preserve us from the futurist railway station. Light and sanitation are of the latest, the majority of the miners living in semi-detached villas called 'corons' and which have electricity, running water, douches, and other things. The War promoted a housing revolution in the Nord and Est. Schools, hospitals, welfare institutes, horticultural and stock-breeding centres

were rained upon the 'pays dévastés' whose overbuilt gaudiness strikes incessantly. The initial infelicity of giving such noted sou-lovers as the French unchecked carte blanche in regard to the re-erection of their own ruins led to what might have been expected: intensive profit-making. A rush to the ruins as to a Klondyke. The State benignly supervising things. In Belgium, a hard and fast rule prevailed. Returned refugees and War victims generally had to rebuild their property on the old site or they lost very heavily indeed. In France, the whole business became a highly speculative affair, thanks to decrees which enabled victims to sell their damages to third parties and go and settle elsewhere, and to their being able to pocket lump sums or procure incomes in lieu of rebuilding. The magnitude of the ramp in this relation may be gauged from the total figure of 867,000 dwellings listed as damaged or destroyed. Here is explained why one still sees to this day so many hutments. Their inmates long since sold their damage to speculators or public bodies and themselves settled down to live à la Nissen on the site of their former home, upon incomes derived from their respective deals. Living 'on' the battlefield in double sense. One might say the whole rebuilding became an orgy of grasp and graft in the course of which a good number of genuine victims came out badly enough, what with the collapse of the franc and hasty selling to speculators through lack of confidence in the State, early on. Thus it was of common occurrence for non-victims to step in and buy up damages at a low figure and then go off, on the prospect of the State subsequently paying in full, as in the event it did do. And when this happened, the non-victims cashed in and went off and built homes, shops, villas by the sea, in totally different parts of the country. Rebuilding the devastated areas!

The wider tale of the parallel rebuilding of *undamaged* France is a mighty one. In 1914, 2,000 of France's 38,000 communes were electrified. To-day 20,000 are, and they are all destined to be. Sixteen out of France's thirty-seven ports

have been entirely overhauled, including a huge amount wasted on the inland port of Strassburg, to keep in with the truculent and none-too-friendly Alsatians. The piercing of the 12 miles Rove canal-tunnel has given Marseilles a new land-locked harbour. Great petrol bases have been installed at Strassburg and Havre, a national fishing port at Keroman near Lorient, record new docks at Bordeaux, Cherbourg and St. Nazaire. Canal development has altered the face of the earth as seen from the sky. Thanks to delivery of rolling stock and permanent way, the railways have been renewed. New stations are everywhere, also post offices and municipal buildings. In works of public utility and in transport you may say the country has been entirely renovated. The Midi railway has been electrified for 1,200 miles, merely a beginning. Two tunnels have been pierced to Spain, and one each to Italy and through the Vosges. Hydraulic power stations in Savoy, the Alps, Auvergne, and the Pyrenees now supply most of the central and southern current; new thermic stations feed Paris and the North. But – without going into the further dizzy history of what the Comité des Forges and others have managed to pull off, it is utterly necessary to get back to Vienna. . . .

It is far from my purpose to depict a lucky Austrian capital; on the other hand, excessive sympathy can be out of proportion to the true facts. The Viennese are a naturally happy lot and they don't have such a bad time compared with some others. They get fun all right. Necessity being what we know it for, they go in for most things costing nothing. Coming through Austria, you pass whole hillsides dotted with bathing boxes. Sun cabins they are, where people pass months spending little or nought save for food and beer, and they can go a long way on the equivalent of a fiver like that. In Vienna, the habit is to sit in cafés all day long reading papers and, perhaps, a coffee or a cream tart every three or four hours. That, also, doesn't mount up, if fatten it must. There's no lethargy like current Vienna which never was

very strong at motion but now can't afford to budge. But scarcely so innocent a side of social inactivity is available from that excellent informant, the newspaper file. What a morality the pages tell! Raubmords, suicides, smuggling, swindling, bankruptcies: big five of the headlines, day after day. The smuggling of schillings, chiefly to Holland and Switzerland, has led to a police museum of contraptions taken off transgressors at the frontier. Some are of such intimate nature as to bar mention but I may cite a soutien-gorge guaranteed to conceal 80,000 schillings in notes, and hollow shoe-heels from which 10,000 in currency were removed off a girl secretary operating for her boss. Another day I visited a 'black bourse' in a side street where illicit deals in currency obtain under secret signs and passwords (the Stock Exchange has long been closed).

My last of Vienna this recent time happened to be the 11th anniversary of the hapless Karl's death at Funchal. So I went touristy and revisited the Capucin vault and moved among 300 Hapsburg sarcophagi before attaining the chapel devoted to Karl pending the return of his body. A life-size painting on the wall was draped for the occasion and an altar close at hand, where Mass is said each morning, was specially decorated. They say the exiled Zita has stood where I now stood. Then, morbidly, I sought anew those three most tragic coffins ever united: old Franz Josef, his stabbed, neurotic Empress, and the son of her body and spirit. Perhaps a little tall it was, Rudolph being watched over in this fashion by Religion. 'Beten wir,' said the conducting monk, indicating the coffin of the lover of Mayerling. It was my luck to know Käti Schratt, intimate of Franz Josef's for forty years. She still lives. I managed to get her villa at Beaulieu out of sequestration in 1922. Mayerling may have been unduly inflated as mystery. Rudolph took life with both hands, had imagination, loathed the Hofburg as fiercely as did his strange mother. Vetsera took him from coarse living. He promised his father to break with her; he

broke his word. Unstable, father-fearing Rudolph was gripped by what he had done. Let down the Hapsburg name! And he couldn't say good-bye to Marie. The death agreement, if one there was, was taken on the spur of the moment. That may not be wider of the mark than most other versions.

ARMAMENTS



NEXT WAR GUILTY

25 Gypsies, when they move along in caravan, are wont to leave the pattered sign behind them, perhaps twigs or herbs piled oddly by the roadside and by reading which subsequent co-racials will know the route to follow or where to beware. We are entering the gypsy country now, that is why I think of it, and it also strikes me that I should have done something of the same sort on my way through Europe: it would have been so much easier now picking up the path in process of moving ever back towards the beginning of my wanderings. As it is I have to rely on twigs of memory in a pretty crazy pattern. I am for giving up the Japan model as involving matters over-much. But it is too late now, far too late. I must go forward. Or, rather, backward. It is all very confusing. Where precisely to include 'tables—next war guilty'? That is all the note I have, and pretty cryptic were it not that it revives without any trouble an occasion in a certain Café du Louvre, off the Vienna Schottenring.

You should know that foreign correspondents have been in the habit of maintaining a reserved table in a specific café in each of their capitals. These shielded and watched-over corners served several purposes: work, appointments, newspapers, waiting wives, refreshment, cards, interesting visitors,

'shop', argument. They were in the nature of miniature local clubs and much better than sitting about in stuffy offices. Berlin had a celebrated *Stammtisch* in a little Italian restaurant – the shattering views and hues exchanged to that Chianti! But, alas, this table is no more: frozen out of existence by the Hitler régime. The story of its ultimate days was one of lusty young Nazis dumping themselves down by the side of the correspondents and listening to everything that was said. Sometimes they turned up in dinner jackets and there is small doubt that this brand had been specially detailed by Goebbels as eavesdroppers or freezers or both, since, naturally enough, such international tables did freely lead to an undesirable display of intelligence. From a different blight succumbed the famous old pioneer table at the *Café Napolitain*. I saw it first on Paris leave in '17 when 'it', I recollect, had financially adopted an attractive French war orphan whom one of the number had found stranded, hence her table name of 'Moineau'. Moineau was the only one of her species permitted at that bellicose board, and very nice too, as we used then to say. Though purely platonic. A remarkable enough episode, in fact, of a group of hard-boiled Anglo-American scriveners jointly paying for and being nice, though not too nice, to a highly desirable demoiselle. However: the *Napolitain* was suppressed out of existence by the brou-ha-ha of the boulevard without, and by the sip-and-run nature of the new clientèle within, aided on by a fearsome transformation *style moderne*. And by prices. The thing now was to be an 'industriel', not a scrivener. Places aux industriels! There was a time in France when not to be an industriel was almost to court non-attention. Once, while being massaged at Vichy, the masseur asked, 'Monsieur est sans doute industriel?', and when I said no, the massage perceptibly tailed off. Paris to-day boasts a shadow of a 'table' in the *Caves Murat*. I have never been able to look on bars as substitutes. In Rome, it isn't done any more for correspondents to sit around over high-necked pitchers of Falerno.

Smacks of lethargy whereas speed and zip constitute the tempo of the Duce day – albeit being zippy by the Tiber, for half the year anyway, is just contrary to nature. I do believe the worshippers of speed are in for a bad biff in the eye one day. Why, if we only learnt to slow up, even the crashing depression itself must lessen. I am thinking of Roosevelt the Heroic juggling with those two incompatibles, re-employment and the re-acceleration of machines. A powerful case could be made out precisely for the avoidance of speed in industry in the present stage. Yet this is the kind of thing we read:

Not since the slump started has Bradford worked under such pressure. It is a case of double shifts everywhere, and thousands of operatives are working many hours overtime.

Instead of spreading that work out, the whole blessed lot will be done in a very short time and then it will be a case of the local unemployment lists swelling once more. To argue that clients won't wait is facile. In their hearts the speed merchants know that such is only partially the explanation and that what supervenes comes primarily from the twitching hand on those machines. There seems to be so little balance, measure, in anything industrial nowadays. Give them half a chance and all concerned promptly get a burst of speed to the head to the exclusion of most else. Rush it! Get it finished in a trice if you have to mobilise half the countryside! Much the same story in the daily affair of living. There is but a limited assortment of things to be done in this world to pass the time, and to tear through the lot, aside from the freely sterile skimming that it is, should have the effect of leaving the generation younger than mine pretty high and dry at a rather frighteningly early age; it having quick-lunched and snacked through everything. Even people round the forty mark probably feel they've raced too much and feel themselves accordingly all too easily up against a stone wall, as they progress. I sometimes wonder what adolescence and those in the 'twenties to-day will find to do, that is new and

interesting, that holds the kick or charm of novelty, when they reach our age. Skedaddle about the earth at lightning speed, they may do. And hear and see everything everywhere, as it is being enacted. Upon such-like may be the reliance. Yet the art of tackling this mortal coil without its proving too great a drag seems to go deeper than a gamble on what mechanical invention may bring. Still, no doubt this is all too perfectly fossilised, definitely geological. (You see I am well to heel, already existing more or less on sufferance, half-apologetically, as most over forty, and relating every thought, word and deed to its likely reaction upon the young in keeping with imperious contemporary doctrine.)

Geneva develops one or two 'tables' at certain times of year. They lack intimacy and character. But Vienna still has her Stammtisch, and to it I now bid you – you may sip one of 36 varieties of Viennese coffee – while we discuss the next war guilty as these came to be sorted out and pinned down, by anticipation, one evening some months ago.

The complete mess made over the supposed guilty last time only enhances interest in the matter under debate as it also draws attention to the giant's stride we have taken since 1914. Who in that halcyon last half-year ever thought of sitting down in company and analysing the forces culpably making for war? 'The Germans!' Such was the beginning, the middle, and the end of things, if we thought of them at all which most of us did not. I remember leaving the Gunboat Smith-Carpentier fight at Olympia and seeing **ULTIMATUM TO SERBIA** on the placards which drew the remark, 'Oh, damn Serbia!' To-day there is an awareness far and deep and if we cannot turn it to account . . .

After the Armistice, and on the strength of President Wilson's utterances, the principal agencies of guilt came to be regarded, vaguely, as 'secret diplomacy' and 'the king business'; and this, in turn, conducted to the farce of Leipzig, the biggest piece of nonsense that Versailles produced,

which is saying much. The ludicrous results which attended the only occasion in history when an attempt was made to brand men as guilty in war suggests that a more fertile and promising time to put them on trial is before not after, in calm not in temporary insanity. As we know, everyone who was anyone in Germany was to have been tried by the German High Court – surely the summit of compliment to any one nation's Law – and terrific punishments were canvassed by anticipation. If the Kaiser was to escape boiling in oil, his was to be the vulgar six-foot swing, while respectable old soldiers such as Hindenburg were listed as probables for disciplinary sentences as lord-high-responsibles (the old warrior who has the respect of so many to-day still comes practically at the top of the War criminals according to the ex-Allied list which has never been modified). Not by any means all of these Germans were listed for having been guilty of propelling the conflict; they were charged with such things as looting and shooting and cruelty. But that is by the way. The essential is that but two soldiers, quite lesser mortals, actually received sentences at what was to have been the greatest assize on the records; an assize in connection with which it was never even remotely, astronomically, dreamt to place an Allied or Associated figure beside the Germans. Guilt among victors, indeed!

The first thing that strikes one now is the comparative disappearance of Wilson's two causations. The kings have largely gone and such as remain are, with perhaps a brace of Balkan exceptions, models of self-effacing constitutionalism. If there is plotting and planning between kings to-day one would like to know of it. What the Kaiser embodied in his unstable person has vanished from the face of the earth, about the nearest thing we've got to it being Carol-the-flamboyant and Alexander. In regard to the secret diplomacy of yore, that, too, has departed, though whether its substitute – the orgy of open diplomacy at Geneva and European Conferences – has been an improvement remains

a subject of controversy. Harold Nicholson condemns it for lack of precision and demagoguery and opts for the trained coulisse. Nevertheless, those hotbeds of conflict, buried-away treaties by which one nation secretly undertook to support another, are well and truly of the past. The searchlight is so dazzling to-day that no such private arrangement could long survive undetected. The French arrangements with their satellites are all well known. They are not strictly in accordance with the spirit of the Covenant, but that, apparently, cannot be helped. Again, if Mussolini has hush-hush tentacles out in all directions—are they so very hush-hush or likely ever to be so? Under the unceasing post-war searchlight? A good example of how impossible it is nowadays to wangle something off-stage was afforded by the circumstances of a visit of Monsieur Herriot's to Madrid when he was Premier in 1932. The notion was to talk over certain matters with the Spaniards—the Balearic Isles, that beauty group now being fortified and militarized, the lawlessness in Spanish Morocco, the prospects of bringing French-African troops up through Spain and perhaps even the project of a tunnel under the Straits of Gibraltar—but a positive procession of felines had escaped from the bag long before the French Premier set off for the South; indeed, he was very much annoyed and, later, in Madrid was over an hour at bay before the Spanish Press, when he offered at one excited stage to give them his shirt if that was what they wanted.

Here and there former ills, such as the arms industry and 'imperialist' ambition (which some might simply call good or bad old human nature at work) have been carried over and remain in evidence yet it is surprising how many potential agencies of that next war, movements, institutions and men, are newcomers on the scene.

The Finance Jugglers. Those in gilded places who pursue finance as a separate aim from that of the community, who exalt Finance, with a capital 'F', almost as partisans exalt the

Hitlerian State. 'You really need not consult your Governments,' these sometimes appear to be saying to the Central Banks. Some may even aver that secret diplomacy has given way to secret finance which can bring Governments to heel, even, in extreme analysis, act as anonymous government. Banking is allowed to remain a majestic mystery for most of those it can so vitally affect; there have been times when we would seem to have hovered in the vicinity of a secret autocracy of irresponsible bankers.

Propaganda. We never really knew what this meant until Northcliffe began raining treated 'facts' upon the enemy; since when we have never looked back. Where a greater novelty than this present shouting of war-making lies and insults through the ether? All forms of criminal assault on public opinion have greatly intensified. The written word was relatively quiet and factful before the War compared with now. Though I have already delivered myself on this head it would be hard to overstress the damage that can be done by the newspapers in the delicate and interdependent world of to-day. Our own Press may be acquitted – more or less – but there are publications all over Europe and wider afield which repeatedly set back the clock by false reports or malicious imaginings. Let me give an instance of the former. The chief Spanish Government paper, on the occasion of our hunger-marchers protest, printed right across the front page that 2,500,000 unemployed were converging on London. Perhaps our Embassy got busy; at all events, next day the figure was reduced, over one column only, to 25,000. Perhaps our Embassy again got busy, for on the third morning the figure was reduced to 2,500 on the back page. The orchestrated Fascist Press, usually fairly accurate (or silent) in so far as questions of foreign fact are concerned, was almost as bad. An American about the same time showed me a letter from the best New York magazine asking him to put in more about the assault on Buckingham Palace and they would use his article. Did the necessary industry repose

here, what a scrap-book of newspaper damage to society, culled from one year, could be put together! At the time of the Invergordon affair French papers had the Fleet surrounding Albion, guns trained. But I must not go on; I should go on too long. All these newspaper lies and myths and wild exaggerations have just one effect, namely, of making things less and less stable.

Democratic Ninepins. Too many of us have got into the habit of playing ninepins with the people we put up to represent us. If we continue to throw out Governments and leaders with the light hand, often on narrow issues of domestic policy, just when such institutions or individuals are involved up to the eyes in intricate diplomatic negotiations, sundering thereby continuity of purpose and of plan, and sometimes re-injecting chaos, we look to be merely asking for more and more trouble of the kind we have endured for so long. The rise and fall of statesmen since the War, why international negotiators have been scuppered in such numbers and so rapidly, would constitute a readable legacy to the hereafter. What a sea of international profiles could be summoned back! Some have been duds. Some just inadequate to an occasion. Some have been ailing. Some have been Jews. Some have been yielding. Others have been stabbed in the back from mean motive. Or have allowed the breath of scandal to sweep their brows. Or have become too openly identified with an idea, an ideal. Or have been the victims of lies, of 'B.M.G.' propaganda. Then we've frankly murdered some. And many have gone down through internal policies. Or we may call to mind cases of being too initiatory, also too pro-somebody. And jealousies have played, and the war-makers and the pacifists have alike claimed their sacrificial rights. A quota also, were left behind by the times. Just as others were ahead of them. Yes, a fascinating study. The chief thing about which suggests itself as the extraordinary carnage. At Lausanne, when the whole Conference was halted while Paris made up its mind whether it would

keep Herriot, a diligent colleague drew up a list showing that approximately 120 chiefs of State, Prime and Foreign Ministers, Chancellors and Dictators, had come and gone since Versailles, and that an avalanche of well over a thousand Cabinet Ministers must have circulated in like direction since that time. France has had an average of one Government every year though sometimes several in a year. Ourselves have had eight Governments, Hang the Kaiser, Bonar Law, First Baldwin, First MacDonald, Second Baldwin, Second MacDonald, First National, Grand National. And Heaven knows how many Ministers have trooped in and out of jobs in Cabinets which have hovered round the twenty mark. In the score years leading to 1916 four Governments sufficed the United Kingdom and in reality but two, since Balfour was a follow-on, through old age, of Salisbury, and Asquith ditto, through the death of 'C.-B'. In all those years the key positions in international affairs (far more 'key' now than then), Premiership, Foreign Affairs, Exchequer, cannot have passed beyond the merest handful of men, probably not more than seven or eight. Until Roosevelt, the United States presented as bad a case as any. As a rule, one day it is part of Congress succeeding itself, the next a third of the Senate doing likewise, and after that yet another and another third, while hardly has one President assumed office than kites are flying regarding his successor, and all the time the Administration remains at the mercy of the most formidable lobbyists the world has ever known, Bankers, Labour, War Veterans, Wets, Drys, Chambers of Commerce, People defending wood, copper, oil, coal, Big Navyites, Farmers, Women's Clubs and Leagues, Religion. Uniquely endowed, Italy has alone escaped. The Duce has his own private ninepins in the back garden. He remains the Prefect, taking, teaching, promoting, distancing, discarding, at his own sweet will. A freak affair. The Duce believes in radical changes every three years in order to introduce new blood, but also so that none may approach an inch nearer the

famous table in the Venetian Palace than he would wish. He now retains none of his original team, Balbo having gone.

In sum: elections and changes may purify and strengthen but where democracy abuses in their regard it renders itself culpable along with more obvious agencies. The wide play of a low-grade mass intelligence figures quite high up in the list.

The Cannon-merchants. Adequately dealt with elsewhere. The manufacture of war material should have been removed from private ownership after the last tragedy. Its continuance is incompatible with the new order we are seeking to fashion. One does not desire or intend to brand all cannon-merchants as bad men and perils to civilisation. They are merely being human in developing their great industries. But that does not alter the infernal competition that goes on between these firms, also the many curious ways nations are pressed to acquire ever newer material. A formidable difficulty nowadays is to determine just what are arms industries, these stretching out in all directions, but a plan for publicly notified sale only, and by license, as is done with dope, may offer a way out.

The Gold-piggers. The vicious ring of War debts, outside of which at one end stood the receiving United States, is certain to be judged by historians as among the most unsettling influences of the years of attempted recovery and as such closely allied to any conflict that may eventuate therefrom. "They hired the money, didn't they?" With such inexactitudes could the Coolidge nitwit get away in a country that perhaps stops too little to think, in its headlong career, and which, if situate in a different hemisphere, freely comports itself as were it located on a different planet. It is quite easy to understand the American debt argument; easier still to grasp the futility bound up with it. It is so that the bulk of instructed and official U.S. opinion would wipe out much of European indebtedness but the power to act lies with

Congress which even a Roosevelt is nervous about manœuvring, much less riding, in this matter: tantamount to shifting the guilt here on to the shoulders of the horde of dud politicians from the four quarters of the country who are afraid to explain (if explain they could) the facts of the case to those who elect them. It is not a pleasant twist of democracy, this by which so much pregnant with consequences to the peace of Europe can rest in the hands and say of ignorant masses in the wide open spaces. Yet that is how it seems to be – not such a vivid improvement on ‘the king business’ after all. In this category, also, goes the Banque de France with its accumulated and denuding War-chest of £1,000,000,000 gold. Only about twenty-five per cent. of French wealth appears to be in circulation: the rest is either in the rue de la Vrillière or buried in the back garden or sewn away in mattresses. Oh, for a change, a *change*!

The Status Quo Diehard. Mussolini has made his own the observation, ‘Treaties are not eternal.’ Few things seem more obvious. Why should all the wisdom of the ages suddenly bubble up at any one time? Before 1914 there was but one seriously challenged territory: Alsace-Lorraine. To-day there are half a dozen and there never can be peace in Europe until the situation is faced, though the hour has been postponed. In this regard, high up among the next war guilty we placed those who by their narrow, grasping stand-patedness mingled with chauvinism gradually provoked into being the Germany of to-day which others, by continuous compromise, so patiently strove to ward off. With the European territorial subjects for change, there has to be mentioned the desirability of re-sharing out certain African and other lands. Territorial Bourbons who would at all costs remain unyielding, glued to past conquest as sacred and final, are assuredly of our select company.

The Militarizers of youth. One might also call them the exciters and instigators of the inexperienced, gullible and

wild. People who dangle to-morrows well knowing these to be unrealisable when they are not fantastic, who put into young heads ideas which because of fallacy never should be there, who give youth a swollen notion of its own importance, who really are conscious traders in the inevitable disillusionment of this youth. The dragging in of the very young may well be the most grievous new guilt of the lot. What are we to say of people who instill this sort of thing with all the authority at their command?

BENEFICIAL CONSEQUENCES OF WAR

I. For States:

- (1) War is the antidote to the ill weeds of peace in which rationalism ousts idealism and sends all to sleep.
- (2) Patriotism is awakened. A sacred enthusiasm for the mother country is aroused.
- (3) The conquering nation wins the dominant position, the prestige and influence that are its due. The vanquished nation loses no honour if it has heroically defended itself.
- (4) Peoples learn to know and esteem each other better. There are exchanges of ideas, opinions, points of view.
- (5) Commerce seeks fresh and often favourable outlets.
- (6) Art, more particularly poetry and painting, find admirable subjects.

II. For Citizens:

- (1) War gives opportunity for the development of talents. Without war the world would have fewer great men.
- (2) Many virtues find occasion for self-expression.
- (3) Religious sentiment is awakened alike in the victor and the vanquished.
- (4) Many active men find opportunities for making large fortunes.
- (5) Death for one's country is sweet.
- (6) Death to the enemy lives in the memory of the victor.

That's Fascism, that is; and Hitlerism too.

The Over-breeders. Another aspect already reviewed. In at least two countries it is deliberate Government policy to push on over-production of the human species with the object of bringing pressure to bear upon others. (In official parlance it is called, 'being strong and gaining respect.')

One is not sure that those who promote over-population at the present time are not right in the van of the guilty in as much as wars spring more readily from over-population than from any other cause; or, better said, from under-availability of necessities.

The Machine Maniacs. It seems fairly obvious after what has happened in America and on a lesser scale in Europe, that a highly delicate phase has arrived in regard to machinery and that its further uncontrolled rationalisation will only render the European fabric weaker. Some day, no doubt, the maladjustment between consumption and production may be met. Some day, no doubt, we shall have developed something of the Leisure State. But that day is manifestly not yet, and people who abuse the machine meantime for their own dividends are sensibly contributing to that next war or revolution. That the machine will require to be handled gingerly and perhaps, if humanely possible, unselfishly for long years appears self-evident.

The League-slayers. Adequately covered in an earlier chapter.

The U.S.S.R. Culpable—though others are, too, in the Soviet's regard—because of the perpetual stirring-up of trouble in other countries. Also, because of the régime of lies and caricature upon which the Russian people are brought up. Not even in the cause of the World Revolution are deliberate falsifications justified. The U.S.S.R. also has much to answer for in its destruction of values, its effort to smash the great human tradition and morality in general; also for its sabotage of Geneva behind all the fair talk of readiness to cast aside the very ultimate club. The Soviet has intensified the Machiavellian in politics. Everything goes,

policies are outside ethics, just a throw-up of economic conditions.

Well, there is a bunch to go on with. No doubt if you go into a huddle you will find worthy additions. In fact, a recommended addition to games of the intellect: spotting the next war guilty.



SWARMING GYPSIES

26 The person of enquiring nature who, having the time, does not, while journeying between Vienna and Budapest, branch off into the Austrian province of the Burgenland, makes a mistake likely to be regretted. He or she will miss seeing a highly representative sample of the last free people in Europe. How long they will remain free in this age of spreading verboten, of enchaining laws and robot obedience to set codes, is now an open question. There are murmurings of carting away to an Oceanic isle, in respect of this colony at any rate.

It is not a question of whether you like gypsies or whether you do not. I have a relative who, when he passes an encampment by the roadside, lifts his hands from the steering wheel and makes gurgling noises. He says they're just everything and a lot of it's true. Their dirt, over-breeding, immorality, degeneracy, thieving, kidnapping, cruelty to children and animals, rural depredations, poaching, obscenities, hoaxing, swindling, assaults, inter-violence, conscientious objection to work, the magnet for scum that they are. If I, who adore seeing both sides, seek to interject: 'their music, colour, happiness, sense of freedom, pact with nature, hatred of the civilised mantrap, their reservoir for art, their looks, grace,

changelessness under persecution, tribal loyalty . . .', if I seek to recite along those lines, my observations are punctuated by gurgling noises.

'They are not as bad as they are painted,' I say in final defiance. 'Everything has always been visited on them, sometimes merely on the strength of mediæval superstition. Yesterday you saw they killed two innocent women and a man after the cry went up that they had kidnapped and blinded a child!'

'They are thoroughly horrid people. Parasites of the worst kind. Nothing in their favour. I'd sterilise the lot!'

It may be that I am something of a motor-gypsy myself, but I have rarely looked at these people without being brushed by envy, as they take their all along with them, to begin a new day – every day. Gypsy faces are somehow more lit with content, more prone to break into mirth, than most others. Their possessors are inwardly, spiritually free, much as your warbling Neapolitan used to be in days gone by – not now, spontaneous singing is rarely heard in Italy now, eloquent commentary. In my walking days, I knew gypsies well. No, that is not so. We never knew them well. But we often used to walk with them round and round the Pyrenees. In the open air they hardly offended; their best friends would not have had to tell them. And even had they been so obliged, the hitching-up would still have been worth it, for the temporary uncomplicating of existence that it yielded and obliteration of the traced and watched struggle that are our prerogative. These people breathed; each square yard of the road was their world as they trod it; nor could a thousand Rockefellers have owned it more.

But I am not here to defend the gypsies. It is not a matter of like or dislike, rather of whether or no you are intrigued by their craving-amid-fantasy, their last stand. Had I intended to ask your indulgence, I could not have swerved you to a worse place than Oberwarth where the gypsy name is mud. I did not try to mix with them, as Walter Stárkie

had done in these same parts. I had no fiddle and wasn't afoot and haven't got a dozen words of *Calo*. So I had to be content with observing them and taking the version of others. This was neat.

'Do not mix up these people you see here with the ordinary Hungarian gypsies or "Heiden" who are responsible citizens living in their own quarters in town and village (the Burgenland was formerly Hungarian). These are wandering ir reclaimables whose chief industry is theft tinged with murder. Even if this were not so, the danger they present as carriers of disease is too great to allow of a continuation of the existing position. Besides, as they entirely refuse to live in houses, it is impossible to keep track of them from the police point of view. How necessary this is you may understand from these figures. Here in the Burgenland the number of nomads in 1928 was assessed between 600 and 700. To-day the figure is between 7,000 and 8,000 and of these newcomers no fewer than 4,500 have been punished for theft and other crimes since they arrived. You see they have increased by 1,000 per cent., whereas in the same period the local Austrian population has grown by 20 per cent. On the financial side alone, the situation cannot endure indefinitely. Besides doing 50,000 schillings damage—or loss by theft—each year, prosecutions cost the State another 20,000 schillings. And Austria is poor, very poor.'

I enquired the cause of the local swarming and whether the intruders could not be moved on.

'They started trooping in here because the Czechs and the Hungarians re-introduced corporal punishment. We can't expel them because they were granted right of free circulation in the fifteenth century as a reward for making armaments. Before the War the late Archduke Joseph went to the expense of building schools and houses. For a short while the nomads agreed to adopt respectable trades but one day they began to dribble back to their caravans, saying the houses were full of ghosts, and soon the whole lot had dis-

integrated once more. And please, I shall stress once more the hopelessness of trying to keep a check on these people. In the regions of Oberwarth, Felsoor, and Nemetujvar, alone, are nearly 3,000 who have given the name of Horwarth.'

The invaders, I learnt further, do much as they will, so numerically superior are they in outlying districts. And they are breeding intensively, as is their wont. It is usually a case of fifteen or twenty to a small caravan or hut. By day the children and younger women descend on the towns and even get as far as Vienna. The men meanwhile damage the countryside and live by pillage and begging. Less than 400 are able to show regular jobs. Recently the fingerprints of all over fourteen were taken. Yet I seem to have heard that gypsy children are taught to steal from the age of three, even as they must dance, prepare for the *tanana* almost before they can articulate. Mention of dancing reminds me that the Austrian authorities have stopped the Burgenland tribes teaching their Carpathian bears to dance – which they used to do by chaining them on to heated pans.

'Dance little grizzly, dance!'

What a company this is outside Vienna, unassimilable, subterraneanly at war with its good-natured hosts, among whom the proposal now is to get Austria, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and Czecho-Slovakia jointly to approach the League with a view to deporting the nomads (only) to an uninhabited isle. In the benign south seas the gypsies could give freest vent to their queernesses. Failing this, Prefect Mayerhofer of Oberwarth would introduce flogging. But the Austrians are not good at this sort of thing.

'The hedgehog is their racial dish. They like bright colours, particularly red and green, and brandy, and all are heavy pipe smokers, including the women.'

Ah, the gypsies! Can they be wholly bad, fit only for beating and banishment? May they not have given things to the Western world besides taking?

What is happening now against them is not in itself new, though the surrounding circumstances are. The general gypsy position on the Continent has been modified in three ways: (a) Certain governments won't tolerate unproductive people any longer, or such as cannot be kept firmly grasped by the central hand. (b) Through falling revenue from kettle and basket making, palm-reading, bear-leading, flea-taming, cobbling, carpentering, strumming, dancing, swindling, prostitution, anvilling, charm-working, *é patati*, including honest-to-goodness plain begging, now that takings have fallen right away under such heads, the gypsies are increasingly colliding with the law, notably in regard to an exaggerated appropriation of other people's property. 'Radio and gramophone music,' declared the president of a recent Bucarest gypsy congress, 'has dealt the death-blow to our bands. Astrologists and hypnotisers are taking away the bread from the mouths of our wives and mothers. Natural flowers are being replaced by cheap imitations. Our heroic horse-thieves are now unemployed because motor-cars have ruined the horse trade. Something must be done about these things.' (c) The gypsies and their unblooded followers or 'tsiganisés', people with a disposition to the same habit of life, are rapidly on the increase, due to thousands of roving unemployed joining up. Not to mention more than a sprinkling of stranded refugees and émigrés – such as a squalid if rainbow Russian agglomeration on view in the heart of Marseilles, on a great razed space. And there is the factor of the rucksack urge: away from standardised civilisation, fill the lungs! You will encounter many near-gypsies of this description, pure nordics, to boot. That gypsies will not take outsiders into the tribe is not so at all: just one of those myths fortified by eternal repetition. Europe's gypsies have kidnapped and inter-bred with and accepted white blood from every country upon which they have descended. It is said that the majority of England's 12,000 are but very partially gypsy bred. In

fact, the tyro might easily proclaim that there's no mystery about the gypsies, that they came from Hindustan and that a most catholic inter-breeding ever since has made of them what they are and look like: a basically Eastern tribe with polyglot dashes of Scotch, Russki, Moor, Magyar, everything, anything that they've passed through all down the decades and centuries. And now it is this internationalised growth, widely parasitical when not criminal, that is augmenting so in certain regions and creating a new problem. There are indications that the gypsies, zingaros, gitanos, romanichels, tartars, tsiganés, zigeuner, ungars, tziganski, to give them their various cosmopolitan appellations, are in for a rough time again, though it is of course no longer a question of hunting or maltreating the unhygienic caravans and squattings of these self-isolated folk. One result already is a gypsy Drang nach Westen, into France and Spain. In the general direction of lands that remain, in regard to gypsies, much as they have been – which needn't imply exactly welcoming. Under slump and pressure the gypsies are hitting the trail in mass as they have not done for generations. Along the Mediterranean, the roads are lined with them. Whole gypsy settlements have sprung up here and there (naturally, highly transportable).

Looking back a moment: periodically in Western Europe there occurred gypsy crises, movements of opinion against the mystery wanderers, on the part of others of more regular habits. Such a popular stirring manifested itself just 500 years ago following the first authenticated coming of the gypsies to our special latitudes. In parenthesis, whence did they come? What measuring of scholarship has prevailed on that head! The first lot said very clearly that they came from Lower Egypt. A horde of bronzed men in multi-coloured rags, wild and whiskery, their women in the semi-nude, and suckling dirty babelings; at their head, a dozen leaders in scarlet and with falcons on their arms, and proclaiming that they held letters of introduction from the Pope and

King Sigismund. A hundred strong at the start, they had not been long on tour in France, Italy, Germany, Spain, before they had swollen to five times that number through camp followers, the 'tsiganisés' of to-day. These pioneers said they had been told to roam seven years as a penance, and they lost no time in preying upon and bamboozling each successive countryside, where they also thoroughly frightened the natives. But they had those letters of introduction, and kings and princes hesitated for years before taking action against the law-ignoring, really original intruders, with their sorcery and music, stealing and begging, fortune-telling and tinkering, savagery and gaiety, passion, abandon for God's highway.

It was all there, even in those days.

These first trail-blazers said they came from Egypt, and the fact of their having the goddess Sara of that country as their patroness tended to bear out record liars. To this day the gitanos of Spain, aristocrats of the race, remain insistent upon Egypt, and the philologists who talk about Jats and North-West India as seats of origin would scarcely be well advised to go talking that way in Triana at night. Nevertheless scholars will be scholars: not long since I had added experience of the fact at Geneva, where I listened to Professor Pittard, of the University there, expounding how he had measured the heads of 1,213 gypsy men and women during seven successive visits to the Balkans, and how there was no doubt about it: anthropologically, North-West Hindustan. For Pittard, swarthy, tall and lithe, handsome, bushy-whiskered, gay and glinting-eyed, a regular Romany type himself, the last of pure gypsydom, to be found in the Balkan Peninsula, shows unmistakable Hindu origin: long, narrow head, height a little above the average with long legs, hair straight and black, dark eyes, harmonious features, straight, non-negroid nose. Why did they leave India? It is suggested they were tyrannised over as untouchables. (In regard to this, gypsy blood is to-day being analysed in many

laboratories.) How did they develop their chronic restlessness? Maybe terror got into their blood, and in course of time perpetual moving on before pursuers, real or imagined, became second nature. That may hold water, for some. That, plus a birdlike, pathological obsession to be *free*. Lots of other things, though, have to be explained such as a Celtic telescoping of lightheartedness into melancholy, a relishing of emotional and physical extremes, basic refusal to be merged, absence of use for the two words 'duty and possession'.

Western Europe, then, has frequently seen fit to sit on the gypsies, nay, to hunt and exterminate or deport them with great cruelty. Hungary has been almost the only country not to give them the rawest deal upon occasion, the notion being that there is affinity between Magyar and gypsy blood. Louis XII ordered all to the gallows who were still nomadic after a given date. Later, a French premium was placed on the head of every bohémien, while Louis XIV had the marauders put to 'fire and sword'. As recently as sixty years ago there were military round-ups of gypsies in the Basque country. Twenty years previously, it is on record that a German baron came in from the hunt with the heads of a gypsy woman and her child. There existed at that time regular close and open seasons in parts of Germany. Ferdinand and Isabella began by being what they thought humane, merely decreeing that all gitanos should stay put by law, and that if they moved they were liable to be pressed into slavery. The gitanos cheerfully risked that every time: death itself rather than staying put: even to-day gaol governors will tell you that three months' confinement for a gypsy is equal to three years for another prisoner. Maria Theresa went in for settlements, too, but with no greater success. Bricks and mortar were simply anathema to the roving bands that passed from land to land, the hand of every man against them. In England, on the verge of A.D. 1600, nearly two hundred were executed for being idle

and unproductive persons and for agreeing to take many well-born citizens along with them. But perhaps it was in the eighteenth century that conditions waxed cruellest for the outcasts. A cannibalistic charge, emanating from Hungary, spread round Europe, and the gypsies were fairly massacred whenever hands could be laid upon them – for they retreated into the forests and mountains and lived as troglodytes until the hunt had died down. Were they cannibals? Rather may one ask: are some of them still so? In 1927 five were sentenced to death at Budapest, charged with murdering and eating humans.

The gypsy strafe of to-day doesn't hinge on menus but upon non-acceptability on social and economic grounds and on the increase and malconduct of the nomad, steadily being swollen by the unwanted being or Rousseauesque rebel from the cities, in a period when things are slipping and the word anarchy is never completely below the horizon. It is, however, entirely necessary to separate the sedentary from the nomad, in the mind's eye. Perhaps if we set off on a brief Cook's tour, justice will be done.

The great Balkan reservoir accounting for over two-thirds of Europe's gypsies is not much drawn into current events. Whisper it only at Lock's Bottom, but there may soon be Gypsy M.P.s in this part of the world, so devastating has grown the urge towards dull order. Already the General Association of Gypsies has been formed under the presidency of the Archimandrite Pop, with offices in Bucarest, and this worthy, pointing to recently installed gypsy judges and mayors, duly recognised, expresses the hope that the business of organisation may shortly extend to the formation of a gypsy political party. 'A committee of a hundred gypsy intellectuals has been formed and at a forthcoming international Gypsy Conference a general plan will be exposed susceptible of stabilising the nomads and of making them veritable citizens,' says the Archimandrite and it will be all right provided his victims don't pop off first.

No fewer than 700,000 gypsies are listed for the Balkans, of whom well over half are in Roumania and Macedonia. These are split into upwards of 500 different tribes, and internecine scrapping never dies out. Concerning it, there is but one prohibition: never go to the police. All strife or cause of it – a stolen woman, a violated tribal custom – is a strictly gypsy affair, to be regulated by the elected headmen meeting in palaver over their fires and drink. A great number of these south-eastern ungars are sedentary in earthen huts and they ply trades. The young men even have to serve in the Roumanian army, while another law sends the children to school, though enforcement here is the deuce. In the main, the tribes stick resolutely to their customs, laws and traditions. They may 'accept' any religion or peculiarity of a country they are in: it is merely fake. Gypsies will borrow such customs as please them, as they go, even as their tongue is strewn with words of other languages. A tribe apart in Roumania are the Laeschi, who appear to be pukka Hindus, wild, black, keeping to themselves, deeming the other ungars a bastard race. Against this, the Macedonians are blenders and often merge with comitadji bands such as did good service for us as spies on the Vardar. Professor Pittard told me an amusing thing about the sedentaries near the Black Sea. Once a year many of them pack everything up and trail along the length of their encampment and back. They have been nomadic, if only for a day.

The next biggest figure, about 150,000, are in Russia, and this element is being harassed by the Bolsheviks. One must *produce* in the Soviet, and mostly the tziganski produce only more and bronzer brats. They are being held to restricted areas, supreme measure of constraint. And to think how the tziganski used to have it all their own way under the Czar! Who shall ever forget a gypsy choir singing, say, out on an island in the Neva, ever sadder airs until the tears came welling up, usually well stimulated by vodka? I recollect, Christmas, '14, a flock of Russki officers crying out loud,

and then going quite daft. No doubt the Bolsheviki will one day wake up to the necessity of preserving tziganski blood, for the wildness, the sadness, the rapture of melody it engenders, but just now the word is, 'Absorb them, pin them down, make them work, file each one away in a card-index.' And so we see enormous caravans, under Atamans, giant chiefs, moving furtively across Russia, away at every cost from being standardised and sucked into the common pattern. In neighbouring Poland and Germany tziganski caravans are resting when they can, though not for long in the Reich which issues *durchgang* or in transit papers with a strict and brief time limit. Germany has never been keen on gypsies, and now Hitler, as might be expected of the pure-and-supreme nordic-blood protagonist, is including all who cannot show German birth certificates in a general moving-on order. There are only a few thousand native Zigeuner, chiefly in the Rhine country, and they are the cleanest, most law-abiding, and least improvident of their kind. In fact, hardly gypsies! Yet by a curious twist the only gypsy paper, *Vagabund*, appears at Stuttgart, or did appear, because Goebbels has almost certainly stopped it. Did not the last number I bought, at Easter, contain this sort of thing:

The proletarian is a vulgar bourgeois no different from the banker and the industrialist. Only the vagabond, irreducible enemy of the police, habitual of the highway, the fields and the forest, he without home or obligations, can become a revolutionary in the true meaning of the term. The vagabond is a living protest against the State which has chained man up in laws and codes.

Probably the writer of this, one Gog, is now in a concentration camp.

The *durchgang* edict leads to many of the nomads moving over into France. Alsace and Lorraine are favourite caravan grounds. Others try to get into neat and ordered Switzerland, but not with much success. Extra frontier guards exist to tackle the rootless ones and also the German

riff-raff – poor, workless riff-raff – cottoned on to them (not to mention homeless children from the cities, small need for kidnapping now). These German frontier-unemployed are organised in syndicates and take motor 'buses when they can over to Zürich at a cost of 2/- return. At Zürich, also at Bâle and as far as the Italianised Tessin, they beg. A special service provides likely names and addresses, also psychological advice regarding individual approach. Quantities of these German Arbeitslosen should in due course become tziganisés.

In Hungary, the inclination is yet to treat the ungars and tziganes as poor relations.

In Spain, climatic, colourful, fiery, individualistic, un-industrialised, live-and-let-live paradise of gitanos, matters are not being visibly interfered with following the revolution. The Spanish gypsies have long been famous, and they look like remaining so despite their antagonism to the white and preference for the Moor. Spain is still proud of its gitanos, whose aficionados or fans are far from decreasing. The gypsy bullfighters of Triana are responsible for much of this toleration, rising sometimes to affection, but the music and the colour, the romance of these insanitary folk contribute their quota. The gitanos are in heaven in sunny Spain, and their numbers are now being swollen from outside. It is a safe bet that not long ahead the motor-gypsies will have thoroughly arrived. In Spain and in the Midi of France, the posher cases already have their internal combustion haulage, a good deal of which looks as if it had emanated from roadside cemeteries.

There exist four principal 'gitanerias', Seville, Cordoba, Madrid and Granada, whose Albaicin cave-dwellers facing the Alhambra have, however, now become far too commercialised. In 1931, while passing that way, one or two dark ladies hitched themselves to the writer, and one gathered that they had been simply longing for him. But 'ware that stuff. In the shadow of the Alhambra. More than

one extranjero has had a glad eye altered into a bad one. The majority of Spain's gitanos are sedentary and hardly constitute a problem. The country is so untenanted, and rock dwellings are to be fashioned so easily. Tens and tens of thousands of Spanish citizens live inside rocks and mountain and things and they are quite satisfactorily situate and would hate to move. No rents or rates; flirting with modern gadgets and 'comfort' in many cases; and natural shelter from the seasonal extremes of heat and cold. And outside, or rather on top (since most of these places are underground) as likely as not, a smiling and moderately fertile scene. The troglodyte agglomerations of Aragon or Catalonia are towns in miniature cut in the rock. One, outside of Lerida, is underground and it is amusing to watch the inhabitants popping up one by one, the children first, to go to school. But far and away the finest example is Guadix, about thirty miles from Granada and, unlike the Albaicin, as yet untouristed. Guadix is troglodyte metropolis. Several thousands—I was told 20,000—live in the mountain; just that. Even as did their fathers, on account of the high cost locally of proper building stone and also on the principle of seeking solace from the climate in the so-reasonable bosom of terra madre. The average apartment at Guadix consists of 5 or 6 pieces opening on to a central corridor, including a kitchen that may have a chimney anything from 60 to 70 ft. high piercing to the surface. Electric light is frequent, and if the men haven't all telephones the women freely have sewing-machines. The clou of Guadix is the luxury villa, 'the residence of honour', as the Americans might say, of a family that has for generations decorated pottery. It is three storeys high, with a winding outside stair, and it has proper doors and windows, while a façade is painted to give the effect of an old-world inn. From its terrace one surveys Troglopolis. There is the church, right in the rock like the rest.

The nomads have a contemptuous enough term for all these stay-putters, for such of the race as incline to fit over-

much into the country of their adoption. 'Footless.' Our own gypsies are spoken of as 'footless', and this was borne out on the occasion of the death of Gypsy Lee. I quote from the *Manchester Guardian*:

Horse-dealing was formerly, of course, the gypsies' main trade, but one of the Boswell clan said to-day that the men of his generation are turning their attention to motor-cars, for they are clever mechanics, and do good business in the repair and sale of second-hand cars. He had gone in for gardening, and now had a florist's business. All gypsies, he said, were taught some means of livelihood, with the result that there was among them little, if any, unemployment. He was anxious to make it clear, that though Gypsy Lee, whom he held in great respect as a mother and counsellor to his people, belonged to the Showmen's Guild, gypsies as a rule were not like showmen – 'travelling people'. He said that a good many gypsies had married into English families, but he indicated that the clannish feeling is still strong. One odd thing, he said, was that news of interest to them travels across London with great rapidity through their many family connections, and he declared that, though no telephone was used, gypsies living in the far north of London knew within half an hour that the 'queen' at Bromley was dead.

In Italy, to my surprise, I found that the zingaros are not more numerous than our own: in the region of 12,000. Had Mussolini been severe? Why were there not more zingaros in such a friendly climate? The answer may lie in the poor-ness of the soil and of the people, though also, one suspects, in Fascist moving-on strictness and constant checking and controlling. Italy is not absorbing important elements of the gypsy Drang nach Westen.

Despite threatening notices, France is by comparison with others kind to the bohémiens, in fact is beginning to ask if she is not too kind, in view of the growth of arrivals. Particularly, there is a big encampment just outside Paris, at Montreuil, where once were the fortifications, and the squalor, disease, crime and promiscuity are occupying

municipal attention. Mothers are sometimes not more than eleven years of age, while there are suggestions of polygamy, to say nothing of polyandry and incest. To these stories the men return haughty answer. 'Our women are more faithful than yours!' Which is, in a sense, easy of saying inasmuch as gypsy women giving themselves for money are not always regarded as having been guilty of unfaithfulness. This Paris settlement is hot on phrenology, card-sharping, reading the future from molten lead poured into cold water. The gypsy woman loves to mystify, and she has a good Parisian clientèle.

Most of the nomads in France are kettle-makers, and they swarm particularly in the Basqueland, where I have caught brats fishing for ducks, hauling them to the side of a pond. Once we walked long with some bohémiens in the Landes and we learnt a lesson. We were friendly and generous, and on taking leave asked for a few words of *Calo* in case we should fall in with other gypsies later. We were duly given a few words which we committed to memory. We duly enunciated these words some days later to a second caravan. Dark eyes laughed. The words meant that we were stupid fools of whites who were good for ten francs.

The Basques, one feels sure, are pronouncedly gypsy. They understand *Calo* and show several gypsy characteristics; also they have ever been most hospitable to the rovers, even to going fifty-fifty in smuggling over the Pyrenees. Inter-breeding has been considerable locally, and not always with the happiest results. Not a few of the bohémiens in this corner are informers and pimps, in and out of prison, feasts eventuation on release. That French bohémiens share the national aptitude for saving was shown latterly at Noyon when very many francs were buried with a murdered member of the Carlos clan. The wake lasted four days, and was a riot of emotional extremes, now wailing, now licence. Everything belonging to a dead man is burnt, but with women the more cherished possessions are buried as a pillow

beneath the head. So much publicity was given to the Noyon obsequies that it was deemed advisable to dig up those francs again. That portends, apparently, much future woe for the Carlos tribe.

And, so, there are your gypsies in A.D. 1933. Born 1433 and still going strong. Stronger than ever, they who have so often been listed for dying out. When there's talk of shipping them to a Polynesian isle, the 'them', it is obvious, requires to be sifted and sifted. For example, one may rule out right away the 700,000 of the Balkans, who patently merge with their surroundings to the extent of preparing for Parliament. This leaves roughly 300,000 of whom half are committed to Soviet culture. So that we are down to 150,000 already—and, again the respectable Heiden of Hungary must chip into this figure fairly conspicuously. The position is thereby in essence reduced to a rough 100,000 strewn through Western Europe and a very high percentage of whom are permanently on the move though not necessarily over other peoples' frontiers. That doesn't occur at all frequently now, for want of passports and, even should these be in evidence, in view of frontier refusal. Those who cross now are mostly homing to their 'native' lands under the compulsion or flogging of dictators in whose countries they had formerly been allowed to roam; which no doubt accounts for part of the crowding aspect. The problem looks rather to be one of steady multiplying within national boundaries, due to the accretion of tziganisés-of-slump in large measure; plus continued hearty anti-social bearing in a card-index age which has decreasing use for slippery non-producers, however interesting and different, for people who dodge the common stamp. All the same, I don't see how more than a quite small number could in justice be made to qualify for deportation: possibly 'families' and caravans repeatedly in bad trouble, freak descents such as the Burgenland's, and the frontier-erring nomad and his kin, without papers or nationality, not officially alive.



CONTINENTAL NIGHT LIFE

27 I had now fairly entered the area, Vienna-Budapest-Prague-Munich, where men are giving their crowning performance in connection with their own arbitrarily invented token, money. If all round Europe signs of incipient insanity do not require much scratching for, the jolly finance farce by the Danube almost suggests a case for notification. Broadly speaking, none of them will touch each other's money. They may be living cheek by jowl and they'll quote prohibitions or offer ridiculous terms 'as a private favour' when it comes to changing schillings into pengoes or crowns into marks. It was hereabouts that I had to wait three hours in a queue in Vienna, and outline my past, present, and future life, before they would give me a small sum of Czech crowns for the sheer necessities of the road. I know there is answer to this: that you only have to follow the regulations to avoid difficulties. You only need to have written down in your passport details of the various moneys you possess. To which I answer - Colney Hatch, Charenton, Hanwell. What if you suddenly want money sent to you in Central Europe? Austria, for instance, has two currencies, the domestic one being maintained at a fake figure that it does not fetch on the international exchange. In London

more schillings can be had for a pound than in Vienna. Therefore the Austrians don't want you to acquire those London schillings unless you undertake to spend them in the country, in Austria. You see where it all leads to? Grown-up people having to undertake where they'll spend their money. The precise and ordered tourist, his every move planned beforehand, will no doubt experience little annoyance. But the circular, impromptu traveller needs a notebook with every blessed transaction, outgoing and incoming, duly entered up so that the progressive picture of his personal finance may be vetted by frontier authorities as he goes along. With the advent of the Nazis, moving about has become an added trial for the nervous. One visualises travellers waking in a sweat and ferretting in their wallets in sudden fear that they've crossed a frontier with too much of this or that currency. Yet the lunatic trend was well in evidence before the Nazis.

All this to say that, *faute de pengoes*, I couldn't have made whoopee in Budapest had I desired to; but that the opportunity to do so is past, anyway. With the exception of Margarit Island, the hotel quay in Pest, and one or two places in the so-called democratic quarter, 'the Queen of the Danube' is lifeless now of an evening. It is pathetic. It is sickening. Why should the good things of life suffer relentless extinction in this manner? Here, in Budapest, was something very extra. When are we going to take a pull at ourselves? Instead of this drivelling downhill performance that has gone on just about six times too long? (Easily said. I suppose so.)

If our Dora were put to bed at 11 p.m. instead of her victims, a capital that used to provoke but mock for its absence of night life might easily become internationally the magnet for that life as the last surviving possessor of essential lightheartedness, taste, the traditional outlook, not forgetting the cheap pound in so many continental pockets. Paris, Rome, Berlin, Vienna and the rest are varyingly depressing

or moribund after dark, either killed, bankrupt, burnt out, or a medley of the three. Few symptoms stand out in contemporary Europe more than this all-round demise of night life, the relief being the bolder because of the proportion into which things had become inflated in daft currency years. Yet something important has died also, something apart from £ s. d., something of which London still manages to conserve an almost lone measure.

Thoughts that came to me in Budapest, forming possibly the abyss of continental night life now, if one keep in mind the reputation for scrumptious times that used to be associated with the place. Once upon a time Americans used to go straight to Budapest to get uninhibited. The girls, the music, the Tokay . . . what more could one aspire to? For American women: dark and fiery fiddlers. One does not have to go very far to trace Budapest's eclipse to its source. When outside slump sent spending tourists down, the Hungarian capital was unable to carry on brightly, of its own effort and financing, for more than a short while. No reserves. Whereas war-fattened Paris can run its 'palaces' and places of fashionable pleasure apparently indefinitely at great loss, hoping that a resumption of affairs lies just round the corner (what a hope in Paris's case unless the franc gets quite cheap), other capitals can offer themselves no such luxury. And notably so Budapest, capital of a land – but you have heard all about that. Pertinent here is only this: Hungary has lost 71 per cent. of its area and 64 per cent. of its population, trade has accordingly gone to pieces, and Budapest is depressingly a city of shabby premises 'to let'. 'You could lie down in the road in front of the Dunapalota,' a friend had advised, 'and nothing would go over you.' I didn't lie down, but hardly a vehicle passed. There was something pathetic in the way a white-armed policeman clockworked practically non-existent traffic. This mutilated land – of the 10,000,000 of other nationals made over to the Succession States (in self-determination) Hungary contributed most –

this land wants any Danube plan that will oil the cogs again since she stands to gain greatly as a forwarding nation in all directions. Whether young Otto returns or not has receded as a vital question. The country may be monarchist all right, but the economic factor, the sheer process of carrying on once more, increasingly blots out most other things. As well it might. Having kings and colour and irredentism and a savagely defended past is all very beautiful and romantic, but somehow it doesn't seem to matter as much now as the necessity of connecting up with one's neighbour again to the best mutual profit, and no matter if that neighbour scuppered all one's ancestors.

I was taken to one of the few places still going and that had into the bargain escaped the ravaging saxophone. Ketter's, in the 'democratic' quarter, was a waft from the past. The cellar setting, the fascinating clientèle intent on its own night's pleasure, the insistently spicy goulash, and later the amber Tokay in vast green glasses, the while a violinist operated out in the centre. That night the talk was all of a real Léhar romance, the elopement of a young Baroness with a jazz-bander. I remember because I loved their names—Margit and Tabor. Highly reprehensible, that brand of thing in Hungary. Society may be impoverished but it is still very proud, even haughty. It looks down disdainfully from its musty Buda palaces and, when it ventures forth, usually heads for the Park Club, where portraits of the two war-waging Kaisers still hang with honour. Or it may condescend to grace the far-famed patisserie, Gerbeaud. The Kevacz and the Ungaria restaurants it spurns or can't afford or both. One of the luxuries still to be afforded would seem to be the card table. Baccarat in private clubs from which scandals break loose periodically. Whence do these people get their pengoes with which to gamble? They may be delving down and down in a sort of end-of-the-world recklessness . . . I don't know.

At Ketter's, as everywhere else, hung a map of Hungary

circled by a crown of thorns and showing the lost territories in black, and this in bold lettering:

Can it remain so?

No, No, NEVER!

Each capital has reasons special to itself for the dimming of the bright lights, but one or two cover the lot. The American secession was of necessity a blow in the vitals for all concerned. The subsequent spread of slump through Europe confirmed the sad tale. Yet parallel signs were not lacking that people were growing tired of the ramp, of its jading sameness and extortion. The whole thing had been overdone. Surfeit. Reaction must have come anyway, slump or no slump, if only for the way in which so much that people had liked by night gradually disappeared in favour of blaring, glaring mass-produced effects. If and when a new international night life arises it should be very much more intelligently conceived than the one that is perishing on us. The night life of the future will execrate fumes and din and glare and crush and airlessness, a healthier bargain will be struck with compelling 'atmosphere'. Nor will it rage ahead with new stuff only; there should be generous appreciation of past beauty and 'effects'. And one foresees a greatly increased *variety* of places, in and out of doors or between the two. And it won't be necessary to be steeply in funds all the time: night life will have spread its wings over a greater multitude. I should like to live to see the beginnings of the Leisure State if only to hear what they had to say of how we were shushed off to bed on lovely summer nights, barred from revel just when it was best, or of how only a minute percentage were able to afford night life at all. We are as good as dead a third of our lives. For most people it is far too long. I'm sure posterity will decide so and go out after matters with the help of medicine and science.

For the moment, stand and be arrested in Rome. For kissing. You may only do that on railway platforms – which

may or may not account for the permanently crowded condition of these. We are, in point of fact, steadily boring into an expanding word of *verboden*. The things that are *verboden* round Europe to-day would fill a book. You trip over them all the time. Fascism forbids all but the ghost of night life. Such bars, cabarets, dancings, as remain (and these frowned upon) have to close between ten and midnight. Alone those in the more expensive hotels may carry on to a later hour, concession to collar foreign visitors' money. Preparing to die for Italy may be sweet but it's extremely dull. For that is the origin of the damping down. Mussolini requires that his young men shall lead lives of continuous preparation and restraint, if not of outright seriousness. It doesn't do to have bright lights showing. So out they go. 'For purity'. For purification and strengthening of the race that it may strike the harder some day. What a jolly world this is in parts. Work, train, and go to bed, for to-morrow you kill.

Berlin, whose mushroom, vicious, and uncorked night life led the Continent from 1924 to 1929, is now weighed down by oppressions and regulations that make the Kurfürstendamm a dreary promenade indeed – as any once-gay white way must be that is lined by closed or empty restaurants and night clubs, bars and theatres. Hitlerian severity, from like motive to Mussolini's, was the last straw yet before the Nazi deluge business had sunk to a third of former times when the round began at 10 p.m. in a night club, continued in similar surroundings until 3 a.m. and then switched to a registered 'early club' for one or the other of which everybody seemed to have a membership card. But Berliners went too far. They were apt to get thoroughly nasty by night as well as gay. Never can a modern capital have offered such an unimpeded array of pervert places. There would be nothing hidden about it at all. At Pan's, chief of a whole string of homosexual places, youths in tailor-mades or attenuated evening frocks clustered round the bar and asked you to stand them drinks. Looking, talking, moving just like girls, only their

hands betrayed them. Should you acquiesce, for experience, then might follow an invitation to the waltz (here the search for experience had to be quite dogged). Conversely – or inversely – there was the Geisha, the 'smart' place where ladies with deep voices and cigars, and tailored and monocled, met their languid and fluffy friends of the same sex. Yes, Berlin rose rather nauseatingly to that heavy and somewhat disgusting eroticism which Germans seem to make their own. Many were subsequent attempts to keep places open by displaying the Swastika flag, even by dressing attendants reminiscently of the Nazi Party, but you do not get away with it thus easily with Nordics who've hit the purity trail. As in Rome, the bright lights of Berlin have been adjudged incompatible with a nation refinding itself, with the business of preparing the youth of the land for – what? So they are dimmed, such as remain, at midnight. No longer, by the Spree, are there sounds of revelry by night. No longer may Marlenes, who were getting so advanced and decorative, lure and lorelei victims through such things as table telephones. Instead: schlafen.

A rather alarming dislocation in the underworld, generally, has resulted from the lack of human material upon which to prey. Confidence men, dope pedlars, touts and 'guides', jazz-banders, barmen, dancers and gigolos, cat burglars, blackmailers, bullies, procurers, cardsharps, effeminate, gamblers, doubtful musicians and waiters, crooks, train thieves, the whole assorted collection is up against it. This special world, the like of which has never been seen before, both for numbers and ingenuity, sprang directly from hectic living on the part of citizens of the victorious lands. Fabulous tales began to circulate of how money could be picked up for the asking at the expensive resorts. These stories were approved, if not sponsored by the various managements, being in the way of advertisement. It seemed as if such places as Deauville and Cannes were alive with millionaires. Progressively, young men – and women – threw up jobs in

order to try their luck on the fringe of this new and startling international world of frolic, duly 'featured' on the screen and in detective literature. Some never took work at all but plunged directly into the whirl. They were not only French, but from half a dozen lands, notably Italy, the United States, South America, the Levant, Spain, and, of course, France, providing, as she did, so much of the terrain. There were never so many British. On the Riviera an ex-gigolo once summed up in this fashion: 'The Italians have made the speciality of la coco and "H" (heroin). The Americans have been the—how you say—crooks. The South Americans and Spaniards have been the living-on-women. That is, principally, for of course there have been French too. And Britannics, I have known them as confidence gentlemen, but not many.' At one time it was even the practice for aces of the Paris underworld to meet incoming Atlantic liners at Cherbourg in order to be 'first in on' likely cases as these came, literally, down the gangway. If but one per cent. of arrivals thus fell to the underworld, to-day so grievously unemployed, the going would be fine. This tiny, miniscule proportion wanted cocaine, or illicit gambling, or handsome dancers, or refined guides; they were lucky not to get also blackmailers, crooks, hotel thieves, jewel snatchers. Did you declare you wanted a chimpanzee, these 'pests of society' would guarantee to get it. That was called 'making the combine'. They had tentacles out in all directions, knew where to go, whom to approach in most conceivable circumstances. Talent all wasted now! Silent are the bars and dancings where such combines were wont to be debated. Gone the boobies, the excess fiends, the young-old women, the hordes of American girls doing Europe, the fair game for tricksters (always talking about their wealth), the lavishly spending perverts and drug-takers, the self-advertising people who wanted to be taken round the spectacular places and were ready to pay in return, the crook with money to burn (the quicker, the better), the silly old men wanting to be young.

No one will ever have an inkling of the grand sum paid out by women to stars of the underworld. It is possible that most money passed in this manner. The game was to keep calling again and again at the unfortunate woman's hotel while, as likely as not, she was cabling frantically for funds. The nucleus of this cosmopolitan underworld will doubtless remain, but such as crowded on to the fringe in latter years, and they must run into thousands one way or the other, chiefly young people under thirty, will have to think of some new way of carrying on, faced by a growing dearth of clients. These latter rarities are now pounced upon hawk-like and manœuvred, 'worked', with an infinity of skill and patience. But they are too few and far between. In fact, it is a case of 'curtain'. Curtain, as clearly as in the case of that ex-gigolo on the Riviera and whose further lamentation took this form: 'The worst is we have our little friends and they can't get work either. There is no request for them. No request, not of any kind. We are pawning all the time. Look – my rings, cigarette case, wrist-watch. But not yet my smoking! They – the little women – have no longer the furs, the necklaces . . .'

He paused. Then, hesitatingly concluded: 'I even have look up old, faded letters that have contained offers in the past, offers of keep, roof, even of marriage, yes. I write . . .'

And his gesture said, 'no answer'.

Much of the above relates in special cases to Paris whose night life has not been suppressed for reasons of State but has succumbed from other causes. Chiefly, the 'Modern Babylon' depended entirely on the *étrangers* and the foreign brigade is broke and absent. Nor are Swiss and Dutch with gold the slightest substitute. Parisians hardly ever participated, a fact that was amusingly illustrated when it became necessary to tell them that their city had got very sad and that Montmartre was dead. 'Vous trouvez?' was their rejoinder. Not belonging, they hadn't noticed it. There have been transparent attempts to pretend that 'le monde ou l'on

s'amuse', modish and press-agented Paris, is carrying on until better times resuscitate the old, carefree spending, but it is in reality a painfully evident case of *fermé la nuit*. These Parisian notorieties, for all their vaunted cosmopolitanism, retain too much of native *mésure*, which means they don't spend enough. And they are too consciously shirt-fronted. French require to be in a salad for this sort of thing; alone, they might be at a formal dance. To a certain extent night life in Paris committed suicide. Its very mechanical nature led to abuse in the way of 'turning up anyhow' and this slackness spread in turn to the night places themselves. Astronomical prices might be charged but the champagne was rubbish and the 'novelties' had certainly been seen in London, Vienna and Berlin, to say nothing of New York. (Too late, now, one or two fearfully select places are being opened in an effort to catch up with smarter London; one of them is said to feel like approaching the *Roi Soleil* on all fours.) Again, bad taste and vulgarity were allowed to spread as weeds, becoming synonymous with the '*boîtes de nuit*' which also required a depressing presence of police to protect the visitors, and also engaged in cleaning-up, inasmuch as certain foreign critics would insist Paris was the sink of sinks, the clearing house for every vice. It is a funereal sight now in Montmartre and Montparnasse and along the rue Royale and Champs Elysées. There may be little change up to the dinner hour. The café terraces are crowded and there's all the old Parisian suggestion of a city out to enjoy itself. From about 9 p.m. onwards it is a different story. Rapidly the cafés have emptied, not to fill up again that night except in one or two rare and favoured instances such as Lipp's and the Dôme and Maxim's. And when the clock points to opening time for the terribly dear, eccentric night places, the story grows positively distressing. All the perquisites are there, in such places as survive, but usually the company is confined to a sprinkling of lonesome clients, the staff, the police, and pathetic *petites femmes de la maison* sitting

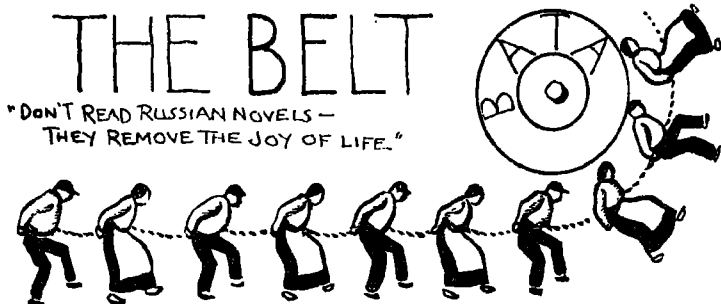
rather hopelessly round hoping that someone may at any rate pay for their drink. What an ending to ouvert la nuit! *Fermé, bien fermé.*

At midnight in Paris now, at familiar landmarks along the way where once life thrilled and shrilled, as likely as not all you will hear is the tread of the gendarmes going their round. And that pretty well stands for night life as a whole through Europe. Brussels, liking to be called 'the little Paris', goes beerily to bed in the small hours; once joyous laughter of the Merry Grill stilled. Stockholm used to be quite a place after dark. Here is the stop press:

'The Police Commissioner says he intends carrying out nightly raids on every night club in the city until they have all closed down. The police hope that nightly raids will prove so inconvenient that patrons will stay away, thus ruining the trade.'

In Amsterdam, I walked round a complete night-place square by the Rembrandt Platz and there was nothing whatever doing. Perigrinations that might be continued with like effect in other countries . . .

On the eve of War Sir Edward Grey stood at a window of the Foreign Office and watched 'the lamps of Europe going down one by one'. May this present dimming of the bright lights not be an omen.



28 'Sokols and Zlin.' So I mentally segregated things on leaving Vienna in a northerly direction. Those were the two native specialities beckoning across into Czechoslovakia. There were to be physical jerks by 30,000 of the youth and flower of the land in the great stadium outside Prague. And the robot city of the late lamented Bata (Batcha) was apparently still growing despite the bad name mammoth plant, rationalised to the *nth* degree, was not ceasing to acquire.

The expectation was to be in Zlin for lunch – a three hours' run over good roads partly laid down for, or maybe it was by the late lamented. Two events modified this little plan. There was a complete currency blockage at the Czech frontier where they wanted a tax of 15/- for five days' motoring in addition to more normal charges and professed to have no change for anything I could offer; and when I did get going again, the radiator suddenly started gushing forth its all. It was a holiday and nothing could be done about it and so it was a case of having to stop every quarter of an hour, thereafter, to fill up. As the stopping had mostly to be done at inns, and famed Bohemian beer had to be ordered for the water favour accorded, I may conceivably

have been unduly pleased with myself on eventually fetching up in Zlin in the late afternoon. I scarcely think that normally I should have dared to proceed like a watering cart down the main street of that swept and garnished burg.

You may wince at Zlin in its present state of half-built factory town whose architecture cries aloud but there's no denying the kick the place holds. Here you are set down in the very world selected for their satire by a Câpek, a Huxley, a René Clair. You feel temporarily in a piece of to-morrow. The wide world is talking machines: here you are right under a Running Belt to which a whole local population has been dedicated and tethered. The first 100 per cent. Running Belt to bestow itself on Europe. Precursor of how many more? There's no lack of stimulus at Zlin. You have the obvious production system of the future, all about. You realise its merits. And, then, you remember the old Czech at the frontier and his tale of how there used to be four cobblers in the region . . . now all out of work . . . and Roosevelt's stupendous struggle to keep up with the Running Belt takes on an exceptional vividness . . . here in this corner of Moravia.

The Running Belt. The god of Zlin. Everything leads up to it. Life runs, is ruled by it. If anything goes amiss, ever so transiently, with the Running Belt upon which divers forms of footwear are put together like the gramophones in *A Nous la Liberté*, Zlin's heart flutters. From 7 a.m. siren, work is without pause of any kind until noon. The belt runs on incessantly – this operative putting in a nail, so to speak, the next hammering it – and the worker who quits even for a moment does so at his or her risk. They have all been medically passed as fit for such effort, and no one older than twenty-five is taken on. The afternoon session of the five-day week is from one to five: making nine hours in all. In the canteen interval of midday, food is taken to quick-march music which makes the service nippier. Critics of Zlin relate

how recruits are wont to make the same movements in their dreaming as in the factory—from the running belt to the machine, from the machine back to the running belt. If Bata himself ever did any dreaming, a recurring one must have been that of a world of human centipedes.

Zlin's General Staff is very keen to welcome, on tip-toe to inform, if it be preponderantly about the future. Ten years ago this tucked-away spot counted 5,000 inhabitants. To-day, 30,000. And it is being planned, from now on, for 100,000 in 1942. Which is tantamount to saying things are currently a bit of a mess. It is going to be Europe's Zenith City, most utilitarian, hygienic, and screechingly modern in design. At present it is all automatic drills and framework and road-making and drain-laying. Surrounded by hills, Zlin has some forty greyish factory buildings, each housing on an average 485 workers of both sexes. The balance of the inhabitants is composed of families and of the classes forming a town's normal population, trade, professional and clerical. Large numbers of factory hands are scattered and have to be collected by autobuses which can never wait a second because of the Running Belt which, when it starts, *starts*, and if hands are not at their posts . . . but the prospect is too dreadful to contemplate.

The Zlin of ten years on will be a model, if in between it is going to be a skeleton hades. In the centre will rise the bigger factories. Around these, lower buildings. All glass and steel, and no smoke or dirt: everything electricity or gas. Eighty new factories are planned. There will be a special quarter for visitors, comprising a skyscraper hotel, station, monster garage, aerodrome, cafés, cinema. The chief avenue will be 300 feet wide. There will be streets specially for motors and others for pedestrians. The motor system will be colossal because the workers are all going to live in garden suburbs extending to six or seven miles, on a circumference, and they will all have to be brought to and fro by road. As it will always be a case of rush hours, no fewer than 1,660

auto lines will be operating as early as 1935. When the city has reached zenith, seven years later, it will be a veritable hive awheel. And the firm counts on having the whole 100,000 population – workers and others drawn to Zlin – as clients of its victualling and so on. Boots will almost be a side issue! The town will extend to the surrounding forest in which will be an open-air theatre, swimming pools, sports ground, sunbathing enclosures. In an Academic Quarter, schools will increase from six to eighteen. There will be a Masaryk University.

I think of the origin of this proud conception, of this new marking-to-be on the map. A pig. A Chicago porker. Going round on the Running Belt. That was what first put Henry Ford, at the turn of the century, on to the idea of making Tin Lizzies in series: a visit to the stockyards. A pig goes in one end, and in the course of the succeeding ten minutes you see him suspended in ever diminishing quantities on endless conveyor belts until he finishes up as all the bits of pig that are offered for sale. I remember him so well because visitors are about half an inch deep in blood where the killing is done and Monsieur Clemenceau said: 'It reminds me of Verdun.' Twenty years ago Tomas Bata began modelling himself, in his turn, upon Detroit. He was then a boot manufacturer in a small way of business in the Middle West. And so, via a 'corner' in Central Power war footwear and subsequent inflationary expansion, to the Zlin of to-day where the animal as good as waits at the factory door in the morning and is many pairs of boots and shoes long before the lunch-gobble siren. The entire shoe or boot is made at lightning speed, from the leather tanning on removal from the animal's back, to the final polish. The late lamented's office contained three portraits, reading downward: Tomas Bata, Masaryk, Napoleon. Why no Ford I am at a loss to say. Bata copied the entire thing from Henry and then proceeded to go beyond the latter, having more pliant human material to hand in war-buffed men and

women of vanquished Central Europe, only too glad to get any job.

At Zlin are now 17,000 workers, all stamped 'Bata' from the crown of the head to the hide of the sole. The Bataists live in a universe of their own around the stupendous fount of their being, the Machine. They live communally in buildings constructed by the firm, deal only with stores provided by the latter, frequent only Bataist restaurants and beer places, go on Bataist holidays, and they are tabulated and card-indexed from their faith, politics and morals to their blood pressure. Bata babes are born in Bata clinics, and educated up Bataistically. Candidates for jobs have to answer an intimate questionnaire beginning: 'How much do you expect to save a year?' 'What are you going to do with your savings?' 'What have you done with your life so far?' And what paper does the newcomer affect? And is he or she partial to stiwonitz (stimulant)? And is there a gspusi (friend) in the case? The workers are closely watched. Say a girl worker is espied in a £3 dress. She is only a small earner. At once the police search her lodging. The police is entirely Bataist. The late lamented was the mayor. Female workers at Bata's have a medical board twice a month. If a girl worker is seen alone in Zlin after ten at night she risks being taken along. Workers who reach the age of twenty-five are expected to marry or leave. Bataists who break the rules submit to a Factory Tribunal. And the word 'punishment' hovers incessantly. A defaulter can be made in circumlocutory manner to work for days for nothing. Sometimes the factory doesn't close till midnight, in connection with those who have got behindhand. The word overtime is unknown. If a hand has not completed his or her task by Friday evening, he or she has until Monday morning to make good. It is entirely up to the worker. If things are not in order when the Belt restarts on Monday morning, out goes the defaulter. Minimum adult wages at Zlin are £2 10s. od. a week but it is claimed that Bata's pay their workpeople with one hand only to take it back with

the other; that the firm insists on having a say in the spending of wages. It is alleged that Bata's make sufficient profits outside of the Running Belt to enable them to undersell boot and shoe competitors in foreign markets.

Payment is based on piece-work and the uttermost ounce is squeezed out of employees. There is a story that Bata once 'forgot' it was closing-down time when he happened to be inspecting plant, and that he continued to inspect for twenty more minutes which meant a total of 500,000 working minutes which, with full personnel at the Belt, was equivalent to 1,042 working days. On another occasion, it is related, Bata gave a hundred crowns to a worker and told him to go at it like the dickens. The man did so, and then Bata set the new record achieved as the imperative common goal. But what Bata was proudest of having initiated remains the check-on-the-worker-next-door. Whenever a hand spots a flaw, he or she has immediately to signal it, when it is always visited, in the way of penalty, on the person just next door who had failed to detect it, although the error may have been committed scores of hands away down the line. A frequent charge is that the system is based on an unpleasant sneaking, if not espionage, as between employees. The general effect is certainly to place the lot of each and every worker in the hands of his or her fellows: out goes the indifferent operative, cannibalistically put out by other robots who stand to lose by the inferior one's continued presence; the wages rate, by a clever system, having been shifted on to the shoulders of the workers themselves. The robots are, meanwhile, kidded all the time that theirs is the most generous and benevolent of régimes. Tomas Bata was sure a great kidder. 'A mixture of Samuel Smiles and business genius.' When not inventing aphorisms or new means of increasing output and profits, he would be round the works in oily blouse. He taught his wife to type in order to dictate at night. He knew no distraction, was indifferent to food and a teetotaller. Some of his aphorisms decorate the factory walls:

Cheer up!

If you want money, learn to earn it.

Who reflects, reaches the goal.

I don't know exploitation, I only know collaborators.

Those who spend their money wisely must be distinguished from those who throw it out of the window.

Life is not a romance.

To youth: don't read Russian novels, they remove the joy of life.

Others, such as:

To humanity: My shoes don't make corns.

I don't work for myself, I work for you!

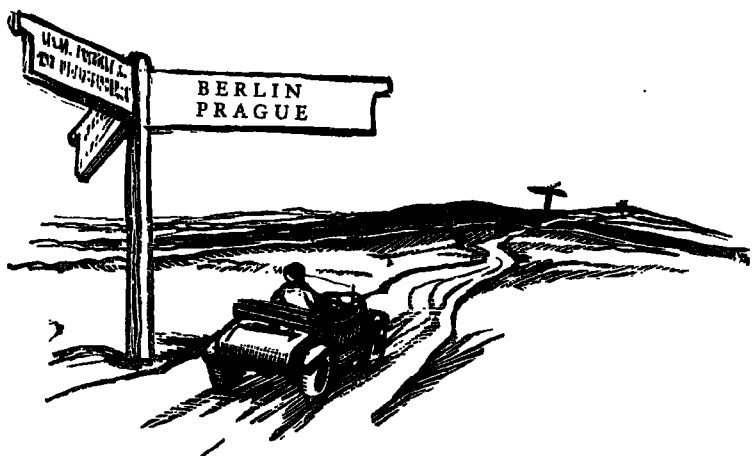
I found gracing the Bata store on Vacaveske, Prague's rebuilt, 30 yards wide, kilometre-long boulevard whose name might also have been Avenue des Réparations. Touching the corns, all I can say is that the fifth floor is given over to sun-steeped pedicure stalls and that when I passed by, rows of both sexes were seated waiting their turn. The building is all glass and ablaze at night. Some staff were still carrying on towards midnight. Heaven knows what they had done, how they had transgressed. On the unused stairs, too, I came upon a pretty young Bataist whispering hurriedly to an admirer. What the penalty is for such shameless squandering of Bataist time, I hesitate to think. Moreover, a robot showing sex appeal . . .

Are these people happy?

Well, they may be pretty near to slaves morally, but they are paid and cared for. Regimented in the necessities, spoon-fed in the distractions of life, they none the less have a model town and the steady means of existence when they might be miserably queuing up for work. Broadly, one gathered that they realised all too well what they had become and that they were not happy. But does it really matter such a great deal? It seems so much more important what these robots may be doing to others than any sacrifice or personal tribute they may have to pay themselves to the Running Belt.

Countless people are better shod to-day because of Bata whose culminating dream, it was, to churn out tenpenny pairs of canvas shoes for the barefooted Orient. Zlin itself is as proud a monument as any one man in industry could hope to bequeath. Bata saw perfectly clearly that there were a thousand million feet in Europe, alone, requiring annual encasing in leather, yet not a quarter of which extremities were finding that which, by human right, they were entitled to. He set out to correct this state of affairs—just a modest beginning, but 24,000,000 pairs turned out the last year of his life. Yet even that modest beginning upset the apple cart, the infinitely delicate contemporary economic apple cart. He sowed unemployment inside and outside of his own country by mass producing and underselling as he did. At the present moment you just can't do these things. That seems to be the outcome. Some day, yes. But the approach thereto looks like being a most gradual and difficult business. I came away from Zlin deeply impressed but convinced that the time is upon us when such brilliant creatures as Tomas Bata must be protected from hurting their fellows by the force of their own brilliance. 'Efficiency production or the lack of it,' writes Professor Tugwell, 'is the responsibility of managers, not of workers. The industrial revolution has completely denuded the worker of responsibility, just, as, also, it has stolen away his skill. It is the machine and the way it is managed, the materials and forces, and the manner of their marshalling, which make the difference, in our day, between efficiency and the lack of it.' And also, one might add, 'of depression or the absence of it'. An immense responsibility rests on our Batas, considering the complete and admitted quandary we are in concerning mass production. To instance but two slight hitches, mass production requires that factories be kept running at top speed to ensure an efficiency that only conducts to overproduction and depression; secondly, by causing the overproduced commodities to encounter a void, the system increases the cost price it had

set out to lower. The play of trial and error should in time correct much. Meanwhile we might do one or two things to render less likely the throwing of matters out of joint still further while we seek to draw abreast of the Running Belt. Heaven forbid that I should be suspect of wishing to interfere with Progress (genuflection) by the machine. Yet I should not be chagrined to see Batas, however well-intentioned, taken under State wing, and such aspects as further rationalisation and labour-deleting invention most carefully weighed. While we await daylight there might be worse things developed than a transition mind in relation to machines generally, as a practical addition to the existing extremes of either blessing or cursing them.



VERY AMERICAN

29 Entry into Prague, at the height of world depression, led to lost bearings in Hoover Street.

'Don't you think you might change the name?' the hall-porter later was sounded.

'Naw. America fine country. America come back. I live America four year - Columbus.'

[Memories of an appalling Christmas Day resurged, snowed-up in an immense cigar-gassed hotel lounge in which sprawled supporters of Senator Harding, the favourite son, and when the expectoration endured as one marvel the live-long day. Criss-cross it whizzed through the air, magically from the corner of the mouth, sometimes a distance of four or five yards to target. Carefully, one had to proceed in that lounge.]

It did not take long to discover that the hall-porter was talking for a whole country and that nowhere in Europe had American methods become so rooted and honoured as in Czechoslovakia. There this young nation stood, smitten hip and thigh by mass production, rationalisation, machines without limit, yet swearing still by the U.S.A. These Czechs, hard-headed guys, had a faith in their philosophy border-

ing on the childish. Obviously they had all been Batad. Efficiency! Did you challenge, they showed petulance. This liberty-loving Republic appeared to need more than most lands intelligence officers – unprejudiced, intuitive fanatics after fact – to read, for the State, the likely future in the ways of business, commerce and industry. Several countries need peacetime intelligence officers. They would save an awful lot of money, warning against this and that light sally into to-morrow. (I could have saved Continental resorts masses of money lavished on over-building – though it is true that they're making a bit now by judicious burning.) But talk like that to these Czechs whom we made free and they'll be abundantly contradictory. Nothing must be wrong in Czechoslovakia, and what used to be until last evening more American than that? Here you have a national condition of mind, right off, and owning kinship to the Babbitt who beamed his way down Broadway, as late as the fall of 1932, with 'business is fine' on the lapel of his coat. What Americans these Czechs are, to be sure! Here's a gem: 'The unfavourable effect of machine-rationalisation methods upon employment of labour shows itself not so much in the number of men employed as in the shortening of time necessary to complete a building.' That, in mitigation of running up skyscrapers in two months.

Prague, as city, has a right to be proud. Goethe's 'melody in stone' is now a right royal capital of a million. The sleepy old Bohemian town where strutted an Austrian garrison for 300 years has the palaces of Vienna, the gardens of Dresden, the ghetto of Cracow – no, not quite that, since so much of Prague's has been pulled, or probably torn down. Happily there survives a Jewish cemetery, haunted by the Golem, with its jagged tombstones all crushed pell-mell together and tilting crazily with age. Visitors from the Bronx love this background for Kodak work. And then there is the wonderful Burg perched on high, and where lives that fine old citizen, Masaryk. On alternate days a French, Italian, and

Russian Legionary mounts guard, relic of the Czech Legion – though one hopes that after Gorguloff, the President chooses his White Russians carefully. Everything is ‘Masaryk’ in Prague, including the City’s proudest feat, ‘The Masaryk Works’, an immense dwelling citadel copied from the neighbouring Karl Marx Hof but *not* ‘verbaut’. The City has endless post-war arcades in which are first-class shops, offices, cinemas and cafeterias offering delicious piled-up things on bread, and for a bagatelle, sometimes caviar, smoked salmon, egg, tomato, in pyramid. The thing to do is to lunch admirably and cheaply, plus Pilsen, at such a snack bar for at your elbow is the eternal tonic of feminine good looks. And music is timeless in spreading cafés which, however, are always on the first floor, the rapid Paris pavement pursuit of a *passante* thereby being ruled out. At least, a Frenchman I was with one night regretted that. ‘Moi,’ he explained, ‘lorsque je m’assoie à un café sur le boulevard, je régle tout-de-suite avec le garçon afin de pouvoir me lever à chaque instant.’ Quite pleased with itself, Prague is squarely enough on the map these days as capital of the land widely held to have thus far made the best showing of the post-war States. I say, ‘thus far’ since it is at least necessary to proceed carefully with a country creeping with Minorites, slavishly wedded to pre-New Deal philosophy without America’s financial background, and very exposed and centrally situate for one seeking to maintain a new commandment in ‘thou shalt not revise’. But come what may to this new and very business Bohemia, whatever the outcome of Batas and Beneshes and refusal of the Czechs to make things at all easier for those to whom they owe so much – their land and freedom – there can be no two opinions concerning Czechoslovakia’s principal creation and gift, the Sokols, historic precursor of massed national and international fitness-to-come. To watch tens of thousands swinging and lunging as one youth or girl, all-white symphony of the human form stretching out until dizziness supervene, is to gain fleetingest

contact with something the world of the future holds. And, particularly, there is this to be said: when an obscure professor last century conceived the idea of building up young Czech bodies for the day of eventual deliverance, origin of the Sokol movement, he had no thought of putting those bodies to battle, rather to have them fit and ready to carry on the nation the day Czechs should again become a nation. Is it necessary to contrast such attitude with the subsequent politico-athletic usage of youth by a Mussolini or a Hitler? Whereas later physical youth movements are deeply impregnated by the warring note one of them might almost aspire to the device, 'mens insana in corpore sano' – this Czech muscling-up holds nought to trouble any man. This adolescence muscles-up for peace; that word is unmistakably writ. For peace; the Czechs being lucky and having realised their national aspirations . . .

But a curse on politics. Precisely, that is what I desired to develop here, having come away from the stadium at Prague wondering if, instead of criticizing our juniors for their crazy enthronement of sport, we shouldn't applaud and egg them on, make it easier for them to wax still dottier, for the way in which it takes their minds off other things. Conceivably it isn't good for sport as others have heretofore known this, yet what a pebble is such consideration nowadays! What does it matter if high pressure professional specialisation be speeding in our direction to the extinction of a dulcet amateurism or that athletes shall soon be venerated on a par with film stars, to the sidetracking of hitherto heroes of public life? Anyway, it's happening all over the Continent where it was lately estimated in one quarter that sport and physical excelling occupied a third of the waking hours of youth – reading and talking about it, watching it, listening to it, ruminating upon it.

In Berlin, a film called *Kuhle Wampe* gave something in the nature of a pre-view of this vital new enthusiasm. It was about a cool and pleasant colony of demi-employed ten miles

outside the capital. But, starting from hutments by a lake-side, green and lush retreat of the senses, the colony in the climax has monstrously swelled into a seething hub of juvenile Berlin 'sportifs' revelling in fitness and nature and who pursued before your eyes rowing, swimming, running, wrestling, football, tennis—anything, everything that's going, but with a fevered wroughtness, an ecstatic eye, a wild breast-heaving which demanded some swelling, re-sounding orchestration. It came. It came mightily, almost frighteningly, from the courageous new world ahead. *Siegen! Conquer!* Muscle and beauty, arm-linked, thrilled to the marrow, roared and roared that song of *Siegen*, that lung-filling anthem of surhuman striving to be first. Conquer at all costs! Make it your life, give your life's blood, to—*Conquer!* Finally, all tumbled off back to Berlin together, thousands of them, still roaring '*Siegen!*' Down the Underground they swarmed, one would have said nigh transfixed, roaring it. For them that was sport. (Perhaps life itself—certainly the future of Germany.) *Conquer!* The victory's the thing. And that alone. There was an earnestness, a giving-of-all, about that curtain which sent one with something of a start back to the playing fields one had idly dodged in Edwardian days.

Still, that's how it's going to be. Already, if you cast around, symptoms of mortal concentration are by no means lacking. When Mr. Jardine let loose his leg-theory offensive in Australia he was giving a worthy demonstration of the new attitude. With a grim single-mindedness, oblivious to all else, even the hostility of a Dominion, he—won. It is all going to be a fearfully serious business, and personal striving is not going to be hedged in by the niceties. It is now the prize, not the play; the propaganda, the publicity, the prestige, the boodle, not the game. To lose a record soon will be akin to suffering a diplomatic set-back. Soon we may see whole nations disputing over the rules, and international tension occurring, and eventually, no doubt, a Sports Section

of the League of Nations emerging to adjudicate, to calm. Think of the cases that might be brought before such a tribunal. Supposing somebody made one of the Austrian Wunderteam tight on the eve of a critical match – supposing Austria lost to Yugoslavia as a result. Lost to despised Belgrade! Can't you see the 60,000 Viennese fans, dizzy adorers of their artist-athletes, stampeding with Fascist rage? And frontier demonstrations? This Wunderteam is all Vienna; hurt it, and you wound as deeply as attacking an Austrian army corps. Again, cases of alleged human doping would occupy the Tribunal. Already this has begun among athletes. And Jack Doyle would have appealed to Geneva in regard to his confiscated £3,000. And there would doubtless be a steady troop of referee complainants. A recent heading, *Player Hits Referee, Rough Ice-Hockey*, may be an extreme case yet did not much the same thing happen at the Los Angeles Olympic Games when a Mexican belaboured the umpire after a water-polo match? And where to be found cooler elements than water and ice? Even polo – *polo* – has become tarnished, according to a statement from headquarters. And yaching – *yachting*. The last time *Shamrock* crossed the Atlantic she found herself up against what was termed a robot yacht. Was this yacht-racing? asked the visitors. Sitting on deck and controlling machinery that controlled most other things from topsail to rudder? Take your medicine, responded the robot victors. You used to be sportsmen once. And when Kaye Don went over after the Harmsworth Trophy, what did Gar Wood do? Anyway, he said it was quite in order and he was the winner. Mr. Wood is known, even in his own country, as the slimmest guy. And tennis, how fearfully stern that is getting, too. Vines playing on until collapse, and one Helen continuing with a damaged backbone rather than admit defeat by a second Helen. Here is a young man being prepared to be tennis champion of the world, Frank Andzej Pajkowski by name, but changed to Frankie Parker for the fans sake:

'No smoking. No alcohol. No coffee. No parties or dances. No dates. Nothing but plain food. An ice cream cone as an occasional delicacy. Be in bed six nights a week by nine-thirty. Make whoopee Friday or Saturday by taking in a movie, but don't turn in later than eleven-thirty. Next day make up the lost sleep.

'Several evenings a week the Beasley-Parker combine go into a huddle, poring over charts and diagrams. Every prominent player in the world and their system of play are catalogued in the curious Beasley library.

'And the following letter shows that tennis hasn't made Frank into a serious automaton, devoid of fun and pleasure:

'DEAR MAMMA,

'Inclosed find picture of myself taken at Fortier Hi for five cents.

'I am glad everybody is enjoying themselves when they come to our house. Why shouldn't they? When Babulinska Struszovana (his grandmother) is there I don't see how any one can help but have a good time. In other words, she is the second Winnie Lightner in "The Life of the Party". Ha! Cha! Cha! Good luck to you all.

'Your son,
'FRANKIE.'

Yes, Frankie, but it isn't all cha! cha! There's been the deuce and all over the cases of the two track champions, Nurmi and Ladoumégue. The French papers, the radio, the news reels, all rang in wrath when the latter was barred from Los Angeles. To-day L. has his own club and following and he is better known to young France than Herriot. His doings are devoured: as are those of every ace in the realm divine. Then, again, the Anglo-French Rugger split. There were two reasons for this, and you may enter one or both under leg-theory. Professionalism; and the crowds in Paris were just too much. The referee's whistle was the slenderest, most inaudible piping in the intensely race-conscious din which also had the effect of rousing the home team to brute force.

'France never wins away – she shall at home!' By that overpowering atmospherical opposition to the visitors something could be done. Just imagine if the Bolshies boxed or played Rugger. What a mercy! Yet shall it be always so? With all Europe muscling-up in a myriad of stadiums? We are only at the relatively quiescent start of it. When Bulgarians are as mad about the ball as Blackheath; when Seville resounds to nightly dirt-track and there are motor races through London and Paris as through Monte Carlo now; when the Centre Court is a seasonal professional affair and the French play cricket; when Roedean rows head of the river and Tooting wins the Cresta Cup . . . they'll look amusedly back upon this contemporary sport of ours as so many juvenile stretchings. Leisure is going to send sport soaring, in every form. If you care to take Mussolini as index, and it isn't a bad idea in matters like this, there is the writing on the wall: Carnera, Nuvalari, the running and Association champions as national heroes. A foretaste of the future, too, lay in that moated flying school of Ortobello where for two months Balbo's men lived monastical lives prior to crossing the Atlantic. Once a fortnight, only, would the chosen be allowed contact with the outside world; and such rules and austerities the rest of the time as no self-respecting monks would put up with. *Siegen!* What a relief to turn from the vision of swollen and throbbing veins to games where something of the old chivalry survives. Darts. Bowls. Squash. Chess – too far apart to fight, the champions, sometimes 10,000 miles. And winter sports appear to remain as pure as the tip of the Matterhorn.

In the sad and messy present crazily-hung-upon sport can easily be one further spot of bother. In its new manifestation, fanned by currency and publicity and ruled by prestige and propaganda hunting, international encounter can promote the reverse of good feeling. The beaten side or person will return home complaining and then ensues a percolating refrain decrying this or that country. Or, if it isn't that, it is sheer anguish. I shall never forget that throng at Conegliano

listening to Italy being thrashed by the Wunderteam in Vienna. The expression on those faces. The sound-televising of sport will naturally intensify the picture soon. Notwithstanding, youth is probably much better employed at sport at this critical time of surgery in a half-light than at most other things – politics, for example. It is a sick youth, we know. Frustrated at the outset, it has lost faith in money and in work, its civic scepticism verges on the nihilistic, it is drawn towards all forms of mysticism, formulas disgust it, action is yearned for, action of *any kind*. The sequel here and there is painfully evident: universities, mislaying their mission as refuges of free thought, have become forcing grounds of a precocious and pernicious nationalism. Whoever was responsible for bringing on the last war – whether it was really so much ‘the old men’ as the post-war generations like to imagine – there will be no great doubt in regard to serious part-responsibility for the next. It will lie among students in various lands. For my part, I should like to see students kept to stadiums and the arts and to their books and lectures until they really do know something about life and the government of peoples. I have never been able to understand why patently unripe ones should be allowed to loom so largely in disturbing times. They are the future – admitted. But aren’t some people the present? Aren’t we liable to overlook that? I write essentially of students abroad, believing our own variety to have adopted the less intrusive style of being calmly and politely beholden to their seniors (but they will change everything!) for an indefinite period while the great problems are still sorting themselves out. Yet all this is to deviate. Rather, allow me to salute the Sokols and to express the hope that their wider, non-political radiation, and that of all sport, however denaturalised in senior eyes, however fertile in international ‘incident’, may ensue; on the assumption that the more young minds are currently directed to athletic endeavour, the greater the emotion and time and energy expended in this manner, the less obstructed should

be the field for our social bonesetters. We are likely to hear a deal on this topic as the next Olympic Games draw on since these will take place in Berlin and for them Hitler has already evolved the motto, 'I summon the youth of the world'. Expect leading articles expressive of the hope that the spectacle of this perfect youth may conjure a salutary vision of what it would look like after Verdun or the Somme; how much better if wars could be decided in stadiums, etc. That is, if we get as far as the opening. The Games are due to start just when French recruits will have fallen to their lowest ebb, the summer of 1936, date frequently chosen for the next war. In fact, they start on August 1, well-known day for declaring hostilities.

MIRACLES, STARS, AND THINGS

30 A considerable volume of emotional hunger is 'to let' currently in various countries. People yearn to hitch on to something, be it an altar or a star, 'I'm simply dying to be credulous,' they seem to plead, 'do let me be!' The craving is essentially after the supernatural, and no sketching of the Continent to-day would be complete without reference to it, tread as one may have to do on the delicately tilled field of religion.

An Altar or a Star? Not so vile a label to the whole subject; at any rate adequate enough here since in my experience this past year the phenomenon is clearly divisible in twain: fervent if freely hysterical ones who long for saints and miracles and visions and voices, and non-believers, perhaps one should say pagans, who scour the sky and the earth in search of light or comfort from the mystical and occult. There may not have been for centuries such a time of groping after the supernatural.

It was while driving from Pilsen to Nürnberg that I came in contact with the first aspect. Lunching at Freusing, I overheard neighbours discussing the case of a girl of the neighbourhood – Theresa – who evidently reproduced the divine stigmata. I had never heard of her and enquired of the inn-

keeper. 'Theresa Neumann? But she is famous! At Konnersreuth, you will see here – up that road there to the left. Those people are presently going.'

So I followed. And as I sought to keep up with the Mercédès ahead, the road favourably winding, I went into reverse a dozen years and was again sitting opposite a very learned scholar and surgeon, named Oliver St. John Gogarty, as the Rome express rattled in and out of those dreadful tunnels between La Spezia and Genoa. We were returning from the canonisation of Joan, and my companion had seized the occasion to inquire into a certain Friar of Foggia up in the Apennines. The Vatican rather frowned on this friar because his alleged bearing of the divine stigmata had made of him a person of hysterical pilgrimage but Senator Gogarty had had the surgeon in him roused. And so, that day in the Rome express, he told me of stigmatised cases. 'Some of it's as dark as this tunnel we're in,' I remember him saying at one stage.

Although 321 cases of the stigmata have been recognised by the Church of Rome, 293 were nuns or monks or priests, leaving put 28 lay cases. And it is to be noted that but 47 were males, the greatest of them, St. Francis. Between fifty and sixty were canonised, implying prolonged verification. Nevertheless, it is only since modern science came to town that cases are really and penetratingly being inquired into. There is nothing derogatory about this – data, *from all sides*, existing in only one other instance besides that of the living stigmatised one I was hoping to see, namely, in the case of Catherine Emmerich of the Westphalian village of Dülmen and who died 109 years ago. The two women's cases being somewhat parallel, a digression in Catherine's respect may be sanctioned.

Catherine, poor peasant's daughter, lived in stressful times for those of her faith in Germany. Until the age of thirty-eight nothing happened. Then, one day, she developed the cross on her chest; later, the piercings of the hands, the

marks on the brow, and such signs were to be borne to the end, aged fifty. During those twelve years Catherine became a figure of fame and controversy. We have records of this case such as we have not of any others. Heine visited the stigmatised one, so did a procession of other prominent ones, doctors, chemists, theologians, and Prussian commissions of inquiry, set afoot to disavow the woman. Catherine's ecstasies, fasts, sufferings when the stigmata bled, her 'violent and unjust character', her aversion to women, the watching of her for twenty days by twenty men, her revelations – everything has been recorded. Of these last, Huysmans has written: 'la plus grande voyante des temps modernes et qui plus est, bien qu'illettrée, une magnifique artiste.' Essentially, four men surrounded Catherine: the Abbé Lambert, Dr. Wesen, Confessor Limberg, and the poet Brentano. The last stayed beside Catherine for six years until her death, and followed when she was once kidnapped by a commission. For – note – Catherine always refused a neutral examination outside her own village.

At Dülmen to-day you see the Emmerich cottage, set in one of those fearfully depressing industrial townlets British troops occupied not so long ago, and her room has been reconstructed with a portrait above her bed showing bandaged brow and pierced hands clasping a crucifix. What did – what does it all mean?

I recollected Gogarty's saying that cases of reproducing a postage stamp on a certain neurotic type of woman's arm had come to his own knowledge. But this Theresa Neumann apparently bled, freely and regularly. That was rather different. Still, medical research in this marvellous scientific age had progressed so enormously in the century since Catherine . . .

It was not possible to see Theresa Neumann because I held no permit from the Bishop of Ratisbon. Those so favoured, and they were growing rarer, Theresa received from 1 to 2 p.m. each day, according to a notice on the door

of her father's house – he is a tailor. Circulating in the village, however, it was no difficult matter to come by details of the case. Theresa is not now a major invalid, as Catherine never ceased to be. She was so some years back, following the rupture of her spinal column, and which sent her blind, deaf, paralysed (according to the record). Dreadful handicaps which are said to have progressively disappeared until, in 1925, they were gone and in their stead began to appear the stigmata. Theresa is now thirty-four, and when not under the baffling visitation is fairly normal and cheerful, a blue-eyed Bavarian peasant. As walking draws followers, she motors. A stigmatised one motoring! But why not? she asks. Only when unexplained things happen must she quickly recline. These happen every Friday, when the eyes, heart and head bleed. In Lent are added the hands, feet and shoulder. Theresa usually goes into a trance on Thursday at midnight, and it last till 1 p.m. the following day. She says she re-lives the Passion during that period, in thirty visions. Sometimes as many as a score of privileged and awe-stricken ones watch the spasm as Theresa sits abed, her hands blindly stretched forward, and then the scarlet trickling. 'Blood flows from her eyes, covers her cheeks, the white bandage round her head grows red, forming a crown, near the heart a red mark spreads on her raiment. The stigmata on the hands are visible, but do not bleed.' Thus, an extract from literature acquired on the spot. Perhaps what struck home most in this was an account of the visit of Cardinal Faulhaber of Munich. The Cardinal is said to have sat long at the foot of the bed while the full bleeding manifested itself, to have looked intently at the suffering faraway woman, even to have made notes progressively. 'The time,' he vouchsafed on leaving, 'is not yet come to say anything, one way or the other.' Later the time did come, but, meanwhile, and to proceed, one learned further that –

Theresa always carried the stigmata signs: eight small markings round her head and covered by her hair: a large

imprint on the shoulder where rested the cross: four marks on the hands and feet for the crucifixion: a large scar just above the heart. None other has ever, apparently, been so visited. Only less dumbfounding is the assertion that this woman has eaten nothing since September 30, 1927. Can it be possible? Can it be true? Well, all there is to be said is that Theresa has been under observation for varying periods. Nor is the mystery lessened by Theresa's normality between visitations. Then she receives friends and visitors, not writhing in bed, seemingly of another world, but with a 'Grüss Gott!' and ordinary conversation. She shows you her thirty birds fluttering in a large cage. She moves about in white veil and black robe reaching to her ankles. She tells of the letters she receives from all over the world, 'and in such funny languages—and I only know our dialect!' To free-thinkers, she answers; also to those asking a cure for the world crisis (I need not insist on the tenor of her exhortations). She appears fresh yet hardly ever sleeps (again according to the record). What is it? Hypnotism? Hysteria? Fraud? Divine? Diabolical? Those are the five.

Rarely absent is her father, a beefy Bavarian, and here an important interpolation has to be made: he simply will not let his daughter go to a clinic for a neutral examination. Everyone, from Church and science, has implored him in vain. Why such adamant refusal, so reminiscent of similar attitude over Catherine? That is what finally caused the Church to make the pronouncement foreshadowed by the Cardinal of Munich. A conference of bishops met at Freus-
ing and gave the father this option; either he would sanction the neutral clinic control or the Church would disinterest itself in his daughter's case and advise against Catholics going any more in pilgrimage to Konnersreuth. For Theresa was becoming a holy person, on the way to being a second St. Theresa, for multitudes of this conspicuously simple and believing people who did not cease thronging in her direction. Already the appurtenances of an efficient and

modernly exploited pilgrim centre were making their appearance. It would have been easy to have allowed the hysteria full play, when doubtless in course of time, with the death of Theresa, Konnersreuth would have had its shrine and 'miracles' (and assured prosperity). But that was not the way of these German prelates who, far from seeking to make miraculous capital out of the stigmata, proceeded gently from the first and finished up by sending their ultimatum.

As for the reply to this, it came once again as an emphatic 'Nein!' Theresa's poor body should not be delivered to the scientists, but, added the father, as many of these as wished, a hundred at a time if necessary, could come and see for themselves at the Neumann home.

No doubt the Bishop of Ratisbon no longer gives permits now, having become disinterested. Yet tenacious and advanced German science and medicine are still most interested and it is presumably from them that we may hear more one day.

Now turn to a very different story where human credulity was allowed to soar, some may think, most culpably. The reverse of the medal from Konnersreuth. The selfsame hunger after the supernatural, this time appeased.

That modern saints can be made to pay was proved during boom times in the case of St. Thérèse of Lisieux. Her high-pressure exploitation by business interests established the technique, if not of miracle-making, of Lourdes-making, and opened up a new chapter in the plugging of God for Mammon's sake. Since the masses came into their mobile own, forward-looking towns and municipalities are in permanent competition to focus attention on themselves. The most unlikely monuments arise to this end. As for when it comes to the gift of a real local saint, or miracles vouched for in the neighbourhood, the matter may be said to pass without more ado on to the plane of company promoting. Consider —

All went quietly with Thérèse until after the War. There she lay in the cemetery at Lisieux, certainly gaining ever wider renown through her posthumous *Histoire d'une Ame*, yet hardly bringing much difference to the town of her adoption, hard, Norman, agricultural community, which remembered her as 'la petite' when it remembered her at all. Visiting Lisieux once, I spoke with several who had known Thérèse. She would not be 60 now; she died at 24. Headstrong and violent, she was also highly-strung and for ever suffering. Her mother died young of a malignant malady, and her father of progressive paralysis ending in insanity. Of nine children, but five survived, and four of these successively entered the Carmelite convent at Lisieux, and a fifth, the Benedictine. Against the ashes in the Seine of a Joan, is preserved nearly everything of Thérèse, from her golden locks to her body, her toys, her clothes, her bed. With this object of furniture, the first miracle said to have occurred is closely linked. At twelve, Thérèse was dying when suddenly she had a vision of the Virgin and regained her frail health. Bernadette Soubirous, also at twelve, saw the Virgin in a grotto at Lourdes, origin of that place. That occurred in the 'sixties; therefore some twenty-five years before Thérèse had her vision in the North. Sister Bernadette, an uninspiring personality, died a nun at Nevers, aged thirty-five, and, as usual, after great suffering. She is buried there, and has twice been exhumed and her body exposed, when it is said not to have altered. The first time it was taken to Lourdes; the second occasion was as recently as 1925 when Bernadette was beatified. And they are scheduled to have another look at the corpse following her recent canonisation. Too definitely macabre, all this? I merely chronicle other happenings of the jazz epoch.

Thérèse always intended to be a saint, and said and wrote so. Her writings are impregnated by the attitude of the lover, the affianced – no new matter – and when she sees death approaching it announces, 'l'arrivée de l'Epoux'. All

her nine years in the convent, Thérèse had been perpetually ill. Supremely, she said, 'Après ma mort, je ferai tomber une pluie de roses.' The more rational have accepted this remark symbolically as meaning blessings, but I listened to an inspired library keeper tell how rose petals had actually fallen, and was shown a photograph of one purporting to outline certain surhuman features. It was in the St. Jean library and its proprietor was being questioned by a customer.

'Listen,' said the latter, 'I am a Catholic. Do you honestly ask me to believe that rose petals have fallen here in Lisieux?' 'Look at the photographs—it is the proof itself.' 'It is not. During the War X ray photographs of airships were faked.' 'You say?' The customer repeated in some detail. 'Of that, I know nothing. The War and Sainte Thérèse are different matters!' 'Monsieur,' the stranger turned to go, 'all this will lead to no good.'

But it has certainly led to a new Lisieux. In 1923-25 occurred the lightning canonisation of 'la petite' and the devout and commercial alike awoke to the fact that here was a new Bernadette and better. The Lourdes model was at once applied. Only, with all the rush methods of these times. Whatever your views about Lourdes, it grew comparatively slowly and alone. It is true that the Soubirous family has as good as a trust locally, that the place offers far from an edifying spectacle during the four months season when 6,000 cases are booked up weekly, yet however you may regard the three or four medically attested cures each year, a pilgrimage to the famous grotto does give hopeless, agonising cases fresh sustenance, comfort, and hope. Anyone who has seen it will grant as much. Forty years ago Zola was growling. Twenty years ago it was Ibañez. To-day it is Bishop Barnes. 'I know that many medical certificates can be produced vouching for cures at Lourdes and elsewhere. Doubtless such were obtained in equal numbers by the guardians of pagan shrines five centuries before Christ taught

in Galilee. Belief so irrational will, at times, cure functional disorders which are probably of mental origin. But it is untrue that a visit, combined with prayer, to some sacred shrine will lead to the instantaneous cure of such diseases as tuberculosis or locomotor ataxia.' Still Lourdes goes on. The disconcerting aspect is that soon several Lourdes may be doing so. At Lisieux it is aspired to piece together a complete second Lourdes, miracles included, inside of a decade from now. Regarding the miracles, it is insisted that whereas Bernadette—or rather, the Virgin at her grotto—acts by contact, curing physical ills, Thérèse cures the soul and at a distance. Not the same thing. And yet, similarity between Lisieux and Lourdes is bound to develop. I acquired a thick official tome setting forth hundreds of bodily cures already said to have been effected by Thérèse. Identical with Lourdes, the same diseases: cancer, T.B., deformities, paralysis. If further proof were needed, already the walls of the convent chapel are filling with the familiar plaques rendering thanks for cures. The first I read was from a queen. The next from an officer of the Foreign Legion, stricken in the desert. Spiritual intercessions loom largely (as, incidentally they do also at Lourdes), but the physical is ever present.

The actual process of building up Lisieux went as follows: In 1923 the body was dug up and translated to an enlarged and uglified chapel. Next, a Central Office was opened locally and near St. Sulpice, in Paris. After that, the family villa was refurbished and an unsatisfactory statue of father and child erected in the garden. The next arrival was a 'Diorama' of the chief happenings of the Saint's life, a circular panorama with waxen figures. Then subscription sheets went out for an enormous 80,000,000 francs basilica. Roman-Byzantine like the Sacré Cœur but perched even higher than that Paris landmark. Meanwhile, one whole sector of the town came to be given over to Thérèsiana—bazaars, pilgrim guest-houses and small hotels with holy names, snack restaurants, exchange bureaux, motor coach and tourist offices,

shops selling sacred wares. What a commerce in trinkets, statues, pictures, literature, relics, images, postcards, con-fiserie. You could buy marzipan with one of Thérèse's rose-leaves in relief. You could buy an ash-tray enabling the purchaser to flick his cigar-end into the Saint's features. As for 'true' relics, they abounded even to toilet requisites, and a warning has had to go up denying blessings to anything bought unofficially. How complete is the copying of Lourdes may be gauged from the fact that the same firms operate at both places and advertise the fact. Big hotels have sprung up and hard-by Thérèse's home I noticed plans for *The Pilgrim's Hotel* with 2,000 rooms and all the modern comfort. A company calling itself the 'Hotel Society for Catholic Centres and Pilgrimages' is trying to raise £250,000 capital to run up this and similar establishments in other places.

'C'est de la commerce maintenant,' as the patronne of my hotel observed. 'Si cette petite-là voyait ça!'

The multitude converges in part because this saint is so very actual. You see Thérèse's religious belongings and garments, her golden hair (cut at 16), her sowing and refectory materials, a crown of roses she made in her last days, her palette and brushes and paintings, lilies taken from her first coffin, and, attached to the wall, her rough, black convent robe, veil, and rosary. The grave, in an alcove, consists of a gilded and glass rococo crudity showing Thérèse lying in an impossible position propped up by three light blue cushions. 'It might have been for la Pompadour,' someone has said. And, gazing on the spot where now are rose leaves, I recalled that when times were piping enthusiastic visitors from near-by Deauville threw 100-franc notes there instead. These were piled a foot deep in 1926-27. Of the essential basilica, ultimate tomb and rallying centre of pilgrimages, only the foundations, terrace, and crypt have yet been built, but that does not prevent it being already shown on the map as 'la Basilique'. Gentle anticipation to attract tourists. Pro-

gressively, as the building goes on, extensively advertised fêtes are held to commemorate each new step forward. That attracts, too. General de Castelnau spoke to 60,000 when they opened the crypt, on which occasion loud-speakers thundered hymns o'er the vast terrace. I also noticed loud-speakers in the crypt itself. I fear poor little Thérèse is going to be the first modern saint, that they have taken hold of her possessively. Heavenly voices through loud-speakers! Si la petite avait entendu ça! Perhaps, in her rôle of protectress of all the missions the earth over, Thérèse would have objected less to the use of wireless that is being made to carry her life and message to far away outposts. But you see how saints can be put over big nowadays? And there's still television to come. Thérèse, however, is not that 'reverse of the medal' mentioned earlier on. This young Norman woman was a remarkable character. If she has been introduced at length here, the purpose is to show what a temptation to others her successful exploitation may prove to be.

A few short months ago Beauraing was an unknown Belgian agricultural agglomeration of some 2,000 inhabitants on the borders of Luxemburg and situate in the charming, tourist-haunted Dinant country. Quite the most attractive part of Belgium whose (principally) Flemish inhabitants have long been devoted pilgrims to both Lisieux and Lourdes but of late have had to cut out both places because of poor times and the dear French franc. So that we have: Beauraing, charming country, and a distressing pilgrimage void for devout Flemings.

One evening four children, Fernande Voisin, 16, her brother, Albert, 11, her sister, Gilberte, 13, went with Andrée Degeimbre, 15, to fetch the latter's little sister, Gilberte, 9, from the local convent school. It was dark and stormy, and the children were holding hands. Suddenly, on arrival at the convent door, Albert cried out that the statue of the Virgin – replica of Lourdes in the garden, replete with praying Bernadette – was alight and was moving. The others looked

and saw the same. They knelt down and fell to reciting *Aves*. It was later pointed out that the lamps on passing railway engines could light up the statue, in fact, that these and other moving lights could make things quite eerie. It was remembered that the girl Andrée had a luminous statue of the Virgin which, when she waked at night, caused her to draw up the bed-clothes, frightened. It was also recalled that a film based on apparitions had recently been showing, and that the children used to reduce themselves to sobs 'playing at Jeanne d'Arc'. But all this was quickly brushed aside because in the succeeding five weeks the Virgin appeared to the five children no fewer than twenty-six times. She only failed to do so on nine occasions. Each night at 9 o'clock the children would be mobilised and taken to the grotto in the convent garden and there they would go into a species of trembling ecstasy as soon as they beheld. This usually occurred after ten or twenty fervid *Aves* on the rosary. Meanwhile the crowds around grew from a few score locals to five, six, seven thousand each night. And when the children started speaking with the Virgin that sent up the attendance to double figures, though it should be mentioned that the apparition's remarks were of the most obvious character such as, 'Do you love me?' 'Sacrifice yourselves for me,' 'I shall convert sinners,' 'Pray much,' 'I am the Mother of God, the Queen of Heaven,' 'Build a chapel,' 'Will you always be good?' When the children, by request, asked for a concrete miracle, the figure would fade out. Five children in search of a miracle, so very necessary, so imperative! One evening the apparition announced that the next day would be farewell. By this time doctors had come to attend each séance in scores and it was given out that the children were quite normal although when in ecstasy one could light matches beneath their hands and press their cheeks with pins and they'd pay no heed.

For the final apparition, no fewer than eighty doctors and 25,000 of the public assembled and the figure said

'Adieu' and gave a secret good-bye message to each child. Since when it has, in effect, been a case of adieu. And gradually Beauraing seemed to be falling back into its erstwhile rural jogstrot save for a modest flow of suffering, devout, or curious ones. The whole business, it came to be said, had, from a probably sincere childish illusion the first night, been crudely overdone. Better let things fade out.

Actually, what the multitude was waiting for was that physical miracle which the children had not been able to produce. And, six months after the apparition's final fade-out, the public was to get its physical miracle in the form of an ageing bucolic type named Tilman Côme, and since then Beauraing has not looked back. Côme says he was instantaneously cured of paralysis (the doctors demur) and that he later witnessed nine apparitions during one of which the Virgin unfortunately spelt out Beauraing 'Böring'. Her speech also must have been a trifle slangy but Côme explained this by saying that the words were addressed to him, a simple yokel who would not have understood big words. To cap things, the fellow announced that on a given day he would make known a wish that the Virgin had asked him to communicate. Believe it or not, but 125,000 turned up to hear that wish. Hundreds of special trains and motor coaches from all parts of Belgium and even from France and Holland; a vast concourse camping out overnight, since Beauraing had not yet got going on Lourdes lines, though making seven league strides. Stretcher cases were there in hundreds, the dying surrounded by their tearful relations. At 9 a.m. Côme gave his message. It might have been guessed: construction of a Nôtre Dame de Beauraing and an annual pilgrimage on May 18. While delivering his 'secret', Côme stood hemmed in by doctors who watched him stutter and nearly faint. When they asked him to intercede for a physical miracle he did so and 'the figure faded out to music'. And very shortly after, orders such as this rang out: 'Stretcher cases from Xville to Number 10 platform without

delay.' And so on hour after hour, until the tragic exodus was completed.

To-day 'cures' are cropping up fairly frequently, for Beauraing has been established. It has divided Belgium in twain. It is under constant discussion. The scoffers and the credulous. The former are very severe on the Church for its not having scotched the whole business. Instead, so runs the indictment, the Church took up an attitude of 'it is all very remarkable but we must go very carefully' and that was understood by the credulous as acceptance. The former country village, for its part, is being transformed into a large-scale pilgrim centre. A plot that a year ago would have cost £10 goes easily for £1,000. Thirty stop-gap restaurants and hotels have been hastily run up, but proper ones will be there by the summer of 1934 and also all the usual fittings: a panorama, cinemas, chapels, shops, stores selling literature and relics, factories turning out special statues and medals, tourist offices, brasseries, and all the set paraphernalia, from chipped potatoes to ice-cream, which the tripper calls into being. The children's houses have been bought, also their wardrobes. As for Côme, he gets fifty letters a day, freely with enclosures, asking him to pray for So-and-So, while other people arrive to touch his hand. Nor all the newspaper disclosures that he billeted and commandeered for the Germans during the Occupation have stemmed the ardour in his regard. And that is the swift, meteoric story of Beauraing — I had almost said its miracle. In the depths of depression this Ardennes village alone looks forward to thumping times. The builders are at it plaster and drills. Soon a small town shall greet the eye, and later shall come the Basilica. The inhabitants for miles around are in on the ground floor. The place is made. And one sees small reason why other places shouldn't be made, too, along the same lines, until this queer Continent becomes conveniently dotted with 'Lourdes'. Registered havens of the supernatural. The nations gradually self-sufficing here, too. After all, why a foreign shrine?

The existing craze for the occult, well in keeping with unbalanced minds and times, was given its impetus by the Nazis. 'In order to act, man must have the support of a sign corresponding by analogy to his will. This is the basis of the power of the human word.' The spectacular success of Hitlerism from 1930 onwards had the effect of turning countless minds on to the sign of the Sun and of Light. What might the Swastika's adoption by the Leader imply? The Nazis themselves began to study the stellar heavens in search of portents tending to justify and support their cause, and in due course the families of these Nazis became interested.

This initial political field presently extended. Comfort, comfort! That was what Germans fervently prayed for. And supposing it were forthcoming, supposing hope might be sustained by dipping into the future? One can easily visualise the Germans trooping to see if the fates held a germ of comfort for the morrow. Popular turning to the stars as a reaction from fourteen years of hardship and moral suffering. Nothing else had helped them so far. Each morning the struggle commenced anew. The heartbreaking hunt for work, the battle to feed hungry families, the losses in business and in love, the eternal question mark concerning things in general. What of the morrow? A third influence derived from the surge of popular attention to such guessers as Einstein, Jeans, Eddington. And a fourth acquisition of fans as surely hailed from the ranks of those whose erstwhile solaces, such as religion, had paled and paled. How about the occult, the unknown, the heavens, the electric fluid so many of these people were sure is somewhere about one and all of them, if only they could capture an inkling of its significance? How about astral influence? And dreams? And magnetism? And fetishes? Would a dose of any or all tend to relieve matters? There is little doubt what the answer has been in Northern Europe, at any rate, and in the result about the only people working full time to-day are the star-readers, clairvoyants and others who pretend to foretell the future.

The genuine astrologers are up in arms. At a Congress at Erfurt the German element passed a resolution to the effect that, 'This assembly is fully aware of the importance of political horoscopes both for the State and the people. But it condemns with profound indignation the journalist-astrologers who put at the service of party politics the admirable science that astrology represents. The members of this Congress solemnly declare their absolute neutrality in political questions.' They probably aren't neutral any longer now that the heavens have responded so stunningly in Hitler's case; and, even so, their protest did nothing to stem the swelling vulgarisation and mass production of occultism and magic. These sciences are composed of:

Astrology	Satanism
Physiognomy	Omens and Oracles
Palmistry	Clairvoyance
The Cards	Fetishes
Handwriting	Names and Numbers
Dreams	Magnetism and Spiritism

There are sub-divisions, and experts will shrink and shudder at the profane one's lumping together of, say, the stars and Satanism; but, there you are, this is a general summing-up of what is happening, not a learned treatise, so the pukka deducers of this and that, from the astral and from dreamland, will have to put up with it. What I am out after is deletion of some of the above, in so far as this story is concerned. Cards are considered entirely vieux jeu, if not as open charlatanism. Rather what is wanted is the mysterious, the unattained. Physiognomy, chiromancy, graphology, are taking a second-row seat as subsidiaries called into duty more to round out divination developed from other and superior sources. Omens and oracles and names do not seem to be occupying a foremost place. Satanism remains very rare meat while coming on nicely in Baltic lands and in the more daringly curious circles of nearer capitals. Yet it can be so expensive and police-ridden and

on the messy side. We are left with: astrology, dreams, fetishes, the Kabbala, and magnetism as the bulwarks of revolt against the idea that our fate lies not in our stars but in what we do. If the vogue of horoscope-casting be any criterion, considerable sections of the populace are all for the stars. My last time through Germany, horoscopes were being cast for all, for the backfish and for Hindenburg, and on all matters, from the outcome of the Olympic Games to the future of the Soviet. Berlin girls were consulting 'professors' as to whether they should marry men born under the sign of Saturn with the Ram and the Sun active in the Ninth Solar House. Stock exchanges gamblers were consulting other 'professors' as to whether the market would go this way or that under Leo in conjunction with Capricorn in the Third Solar House. Nor was eroticism far away: astral explanations of wells of loneliness and so forth. The whole business had received tremendous impetus from the case of the Führer himself, born under the sign of Taurus and Sagittarius, giving an upright mind and one capable of ruling, plus energy and a Jovian influence adding wisdom, honour. And look at the dread sign of Saturn, under which the Second Reich (Ebert's Republican one) came into being! What fine propaganda it was to be able to proclaim on half a dozen front pages of the Occult Press: 'Hitler's horoscope shows a predominance of the Sun under the sign of Jupiter, a truly royal influence. It is reinforced by Moon-Sun, by Moon-Venus and by Jupiter-Venus. It is thereby clearly indicated that Hitler will be called upon to assume the rôle of Chancellor and perhaps even a higher post.' This was written by one Jan Hanussen who later came to a sticky finish because he was a Jew named Steinschneider and was the repository of too many nasty personal secrets of the Nazis. In his day he did as much as any man to further the Party's chances, but with success achieved, Hitler immediately ordered a slowing-up on the occult business which did so offend the Catholics of his realm. How Hitlerism was

aided on by very venal star-reading from down here below, duly broadcast and swallowed by the multitude, should go down as one of the strangest of post-war phenomena, as it assuredly must support those who say we are in patches going off our heads. To some, it may look as if one can prove anything one wishes with the stars. Hitler is full of thirteens and under Saturn – but there goes the profane one, already mixing up the Kabbalistic with the stars! Yet I did attend a séance of Hanussen's, at a fee, on the Kurfürstendamm. This ugly, stooping, uncultured creature . . . but why not let us contemplate for a moment the Prophet of the Third Reich. To be sure what times we are living in! At this time there were 11,000,000 voting Nazi and he could easily have been suppressed. Was he? He was being useful.

Hermann Steinschneider was an Austrian and aged 44 – same origin and notch as his hero. He used to eat glass at a circus, then was with a lion-tamer, and at the outbreak of War joined up with the 4th Corps in Bosnia. He migrated gradually back to the rear until he was employed in 'reasserting the morale of the troops through patriotic hypnotic séances'. In subsequent mad inflationist Vienna, he took on Breitbart, 'the strongest man in the world', through the agency of a frail, hypnotised girl who could lift better. But it was found that Hanussen's weights were faked and he had to pack up and go. He went next door to Czechoslovakia, where he eventually was arrested for wholesale fraud on the strength of alleged telepathy and hypnotism. There were twenty-nine charges against him, and so he moved on to Berlin, then in the throes of a very evil period. The Friedrichstrasse in those days was about as low as I have seen a capital sink. The charlatan newcomer tuned in to this aspect and soon his orgies were the talk of the Left, with the result that he moved towards the (then) more accommodating Nazis. Specifically, he took into his concern a blond Nordic, Count Helldorf, as master of ceremonies. Helldorf would conduct clients into the oriental splendour of his chief and

seat them on a glass stool facing the throne. The visitor's name and date of birth would be written down and handed to Hanussen who would rise, give the Swastika salute, and move gorgeously to a crystal table on which were inscribed the signs of the Zodiac. Following which, the client would be informed of what lay ahead for her or him. This was just an ordinary five-minute séance; things could be much more complicated. One of Hanussen's pleasant tricks would be to tell expensive clients, especially if they were Jews, that unless they gave liberally to the first blond young Nazi they saw, they were destined to a swift and tragic exit. The young blond would be handy near the precincts, and so Storm Section funds would grow. For it so happened that some of Hanussen's best clients in this incredible Berlin were financiers come to know if the Zodiac said they should play this stock or that one.

For his first ride the Prophet of the Third Reich was taken almost from the door of the Scala Theatre where he was appearing. Some days later he was found disfigured and he went to a home. He was taken for a second ride from there—it was in Count Helldorf's area; he is now Police Chief of Potsdam—and this time Steinschneider was found in a wood shot five times through the head and his face rubbed into the soil.



31 There are rare occasions which, when you live them at the time, offer nothing special yet that are fated only to gain in significance subsequently. The day after Konnersreuth I drove to Nürnberg over flawless roads, product of Anglo-American savings idly lent. It devolved that Bavaria's lovely old toy-town was in celebrating mood, and later I fell in with a Stimmungs Abend at the Drei Könige. Implying a Bavarian orchestra in shorts and feathers, fiddling and singing and yodelling and trumpeting all the old favourites the while a flushed and thoroughly expanded family company chorused in, and beer-mugs were never left a minute empty, the band's particularly. 'Germany at its best,' you nodded in acquiescence. And: 'Who'd think they ever lost a war!' And then I thought no more of that night . . . until something dawned upon me months after and in the light of subsequent happenings. That Stimmungs Abend in Nürnberg was the last of the old Germany I was ever to see.

It now becomes necessary to draw in the strings of this progression back and forth across Europe, so much without rhyme or, apparently, reason. Fortunately, a great deal of the reason had to do with ephemeral politics which can safely

be discarded here; clearing process enabling the few remaining aspects of the wood, with which I should like to treat, to stand out despite the crowding trees.

We are at this stage in the region of the Alps, and thereabouts a quick decision was taken to turn in the direction of Lake Garda. Impetus to do so derived from a casual hotel meeting.

'You seem set on the notion that Europe's going off its head. Been yet to the maddest corner of the lot?'

'Love to – tell me.'

'The Vittoriale – d'Annunzio's place. He's not so dusty to fellows who served in Italy if they were "Flying". That's how I looked in.'

And that's how I followed, while not strictly qualifying in regard to the flying. . . .

'Ritiro' is a tradition with old men of the Abruzzi. A voluntary side-stepping from life, letting this proceed without you, you who have played your part. It differs from some retirements, during which one is sometimes apt to see more of the retired one than formerly, in that the ageing Abruzzes really do stage a fade-out, enter an ante-room to sleep, nothing, eternity, whatever it may be, there to pass whatever years may yet remain to them. The old Abruzzese, Gabriele d'Annunzio, may conceivably have had something hereditary working in his bones when he took to the hills and lakeside of Gardone a dozen years ago; but if so, his ritiro has since got all mixed up, and, behold, we see a typical d'Annunzian performance instead, drenched with self-advertisement, jack-acting, flamboyant stunting to catch the notice of the crowd. Displaying a carefully-thought-out vanity that would otherwise be insane, never before has man got into his winding sheet with such elaborate care, and in the glare of such publicity. Never before has man prepared the chamber he will die in to the extent of decorating the walls with paintings of the serious loves of his life. Never before has there existed such a place as the Vittoriale degli Italiani, with its

tombs of young heroes, its gay evenings with women, its cocktail of the sacred and the profane. There can never have been anything of the kind so absurdly original. Duse came here – and found a French peasant girl, Angèle, very much at home. The Duchess of Gallese-Hardouin, who called herself Madame d'Annunzio when the poet returned to Rome as war hero, visited her husband here, and found a vivandière of Fiume, Luisa Báccara, well and truly installed. (Both Luisa and Angèle are still at the Vittoriale.) Everything in this poet's corner is daft, a pose, a sham, much of it, and yet there is method in the madness. It pays. Supposing d'Annunzio had retired normally, say, to Florence or Sorrento? He'd have been forgotten, and he'd probably have been deuced hard up into the bargain since his work never was great shakes in the lira-collecting line. But when such a stunt is put up as the Vittoriale, simply compelling notice, what happens? Why, Italians from Mussolini down must needs take vivid interest. The Duce had done this to a point of having bought the place two or three times over, on behalf of the State, in order to keep its occupant in humour. The occupant, for his part, has on two or three occasions presented the Vittoriale to the Italian people, who are therefore bound to get it both ways.

What a gift! The only way to make head or tail of it, as far as I could judge, was to keep steadily before one this flight of the poet's: ' . . . the struggle, now impious, now sacred, but ever continuous, between the *Archangel* that I am and the beast that I am . . . ' Evidently d'Annunzio believes each should be represented fifty-fifty in his place of ritiro which has been moulded from what he likes to think have been his own unapproached struggles between the spiritual and the carnal. According to his biographer, Signor Nardelli, the little Gabriele 'first appeared on earth at Pescara on a windy day in March of 1863'. Well, nothing yet has appeared on earth like the Vittoriale, nor is anything ever likely to again; it could only be done by a poet given full

licence by a form of Government he happened to inspire. D'Annunzio, whose father's name was Rapagnetta, has the satisfaction of knowing this latter fact is recognised, as he prepares to sink exotically and also erotically into the earthy hillside beside his handful of reburied Fiume legionaries in whose case brief but licentious comic opera led, most unfortunately, to their stopping one or being knifed.

This estate was presented to the poet by the municipality in 1921. It consisted then of a single villa which had, until sequestered, been the summer residence of Wagner's daughter, Frau Thode. D'Annunzio had got the greatest kick of any mortal out of the War, but now he was glad enough of the offer. Before 1914 he was languishing at Arcachon. Suddenly he saw his chance to identify himself with Italy, nay, to supplant her with his own ego. The vision of blood and youth brought tingling to blasé veins. D'Annunzio was brave; he was also alive with vainglorious self and he should be dead to-day, for he declined to fly over Vienna on one occasion and the colonel who went in his place never came back. D'Annunzio was a decisive mesmeriser of the Latin at the time, yet one shall not take his purest heroism all for granted. Everything he touched was publicity jam. He was a middle-aged immortal and could have stayed well out of it instead of losing an eye, but the fact remains: if you will imagine a squadron-commander going up over a quiet (for us) sector just when he wanted to, perhaps pushing on occasionally and dropping bombs or derisive literature, and returning to the Savoy in town each night, that is hardly a travesty of what d'Annunzio's war was. The Savoy simile, because of the racket the poet kept up on the Grand Canal. There he had a palazzo, and thereby hangs a tale. That palace was given into his safe-keeping by an Austrian friend, Prince Hohenlohe, when war came. The owner thought it would thus be safe. In 1918, d'Annunzio left it as a wreck. It had served for three years' continuous carousal. D'Annunzio's was a great war. He used to send rendezvous, in clear,

to his lady friends when on service in the Adriatic. When called over the coals for this, or perhaps for keeping flyers out of training, he used to expose a small Buddha on which was engraved 'Me ne frega.' I don't give a hoot! That remains the motto of this priceless self-parader, but prime 'bringer-in' of Italy and weaver of gorgeous language, to this day. Its retention was evidenced on a notable occasion when the poet declined to receive the Crown Prince of Italy at the Vittoriale because that young man, and future first Fascist monarch, had visited others on the way up from Rome, had not come direct as pilgrim to Gardone. D'Annunzio showed the buddhist belly, with its motto beneath, to those who said he really could not do such a thing.

As pilgrim one must come. None others are received, and only the very best pilgrims. Mussolini has been twice. The handsome Segrave, in whom d'Annunzio delighted for his courage and chivalry, was another visitor. Piccard, who descended close by but did not call, drew from the poet a dithyrambic epistle the motif of which was that arrivals from the loftiest blue in the vicinity of d'Annunzio were quite in order. Chicherin was a notable visitor in early days. Lenin cabled his chief delegate of Genoa to run up to Gardone and report on 'the one genuine revolutionary Italy possesses'. But Lenin was too late then (summer of '22). D'Annunzio had taken the wrong turning, into the cul-de-sac of Fiume, when his road should have led to Rome in which direction another was now about to proceed with finality. Heaven knows what d'Annunzio would have done if he *had* taken that road to Rome and been installed as head of the people. Certainly, something of the orgies of Imperial Rome must have ensued in more than one palazzo; but as for the barque of State, poor Italy, well, did not the poet mark his rule over Fiume by proclaiming a League of Fiume in opposition to Geneva and mentioning Ireland, Egypt, Turkey, Albania, Montenegro, Catalonia, Persia, as founder members?

The relations between Mussolini and d'Annunzio have been mellowed thanks to the unrivalled intelligence of the former. The poet, as inspirer of Fascism, deems that his thunder was stolen by the Duce, just as the Fiume ex-Legionaires look down their noses even at those who participated in the march on Rome. Mussolini recognised that he owed a debt, and a big one, to this queer case he had to quash at first by ignoring. So as soon as he possibly could, the Duce applied himself to the task. Material conditions aiding him, the delicate process nevertheless spun out over several years during which coldness endured unbridgeably. But all the time Mussolini was nibbling at the poet's vulnerable spots. Some people have to be kept on – witness Hindenburg with Hitler. So it was, also, in the Duce's reckoning and to-day he stands rewarded for his patient humouring as he lavishly provides the wherewithal enabling d'Annunzio to bathe in self-love and a rich sensuality. In addition, honours and titles emanate periodically from Rome. 'Prince of Snowy Mountain' is the latest style, yet d'Annunzio cares little for handles, however superlative. He feels he still is a ruler, to be treated as such in his teeny-weeny kingdom, and all other titles not mattering, prefers to be the wartime 'Commandante'. He even jokes about Snowy Mountain and signs all kinds of mountains. Yet, in returning thanks for fresh distinctions, the poet never loses sight of the main publicity chance. The veil is now and again lifted on his retreat for what this really is; arresting point for the multitude who must never be allowed to let Gabriele d'Annunzio out of mind. When the poet considers this may be occurring, he issues declarations, as this one to the Duce:

'I live and work and make music within the solitude of the Vittoriale and dedicate to its walls the same assiduous care that I give to the pages of my books. Every room that I have carefully arranged, every object that I have chosen and made mine at any time of my life, has always been to

me a means of self-expression, a medium of self-revelation. Once a vain celebrator of magnificent palaces and sumptuous villas, I have come to this old peasant's house, not so much to humble myself as to test my powers of creation and transformation. Everything here shows my style, in the sense I want to give it. My love of Italy, my worship of memories, my aspiration towards heroism, my presentiment of the country's future – they are all revealed here in every line and in every note of colour. Here are my books, not kept to collect dust but as living entities, and perhaps no single student has ever had so many. I have founded an open-air theatre. I have founded schools and shops to renew the Italian traditions of the minor arts. I hammer iron, I blow glass, I engrave hard stones. I print wooden blocks. I colour stuffs. I carve bone and boxwood. I interpret the recipes of Caterina Sforza. I distil perfumes.'

And this one who would match the Garbo herself in the publicity game, who has carried things in his day the length of tolerating, as it were, invisible press agents on the quilt of his amours, also writes. He forgot to stress that, he who believes he is not only going to live in literature but that 'his passage over the earth is destined to leave a perfume that will endure for ages and ages' – though some will have it that his poem *Alcione* ('inspired by mad horse-rides along the coast at Spezzia') is the one thing certain to be shelved among the classics. The man himself should interest posterity though. It isn't every day, or century, that a nation has cause to rise to such a one, mixture of offensiveness, posturing, artistic dubiousness, and war idol, national lover, founder of a literary school, magician of language, inspirer of a new régime, and creator of the Vittoriale. Here, in a frail eventide, he is engaged upon two tasks, one more grandiose than the other. The first has to do with Mussolini's official publication, at a cost of some £70,000, of the *Opera Omnia* of the poet, totalling forty volumes containing eighty works, about a quarter of which have never been printed before.

Who will read this mountain remains to be seen, since d'Annunzio has never held a considerable public even with the better acclaimed of his works, *Il Fuoco*, *Forse che sì*, *La Citta Morta*, *Il Piacere*. Now he is weirdly, nervously busy touching up the whole formidable collection under four heads: poems of love and glory, prose novels, tragedies, mysteries and dramas, and fourthly, writings of 'research, fighting, command, conquest, torment, divination, celebration, vindication, liberation'. Much of this fourth category should emanate from his autobiography which he is writing simultaneously with assiduous *Opera Omnia* proof-reading. Every proof has to be passed by him three times, and during the passages to and from the printer the author is wont to show how he hates himself by adding such annotations as, 'Imprimatur, Gabriele d'Annunzio, enthusiastic of himself, night of September 18, 1929.' One proof sheet of *Forse che sì* was found to have this: 'It is six o'clock in the morning. The cock crows out to the dawn, but to my joy. Yet my pride is disturbed by a feeling of sadness. I thought I could surpass this stupendous prose in my later books. Perhaps it is an illusion.' The autobiography will just be called '*Life of Gabriele d'Annunzio, Master of all Arts and of all Trades*'. Small wonder that the poet has to lower his head to get into his study—to bow to his own genius, for that is the idea. No one else gets in at all. It is far too sacrosanct for that. But one may discern inside a high lectern as the chief article of furniture, since d'Annunzio has always worked standing, while on the walls and strewn about are not so quiet-making war relics: revolvers, bombs, bayonets. The poet fasts before a fit of writing, when he will write on and on, filling large foolscap sheets with his big, bold, lightning fist, for perhaps twelve hours on end. No one may even knock then. Should inspiration momentarily cease, he will dash next door and soothe himself at an organ. Should it dry up altogether, an angry little monkey of a man may elect to career madly round Lake Garda on his war-time submarine-chaser. Oh—

and there's another item in that den. A row of many-coloured inks. With these, d'Annunzio is accustomed to mark passages in the works of others which gain his favour, and it is an open secret that in due course such ideas are re-clothed in the poet's very own and special gorgeousness. No living master of literature has been so canvassed as possible plagiarist and those inks are at the origin of affairs.

To come now to the Vittoriale, to the life led there, and by whom. On arrival, I studied it at length from the terrace of a chapel perched in the adjacent village. Later, the Royal Guard at the gates permitted me to prowl briefly under escort which was, indeed, more than I had expected and doubtless only was granted because d'Annunzio happened to be away. The first thing that occurred was that d'Annunzio's description of the place as a peasant's cottage is all my eye. Furthermore, that the popular foreign picture of the poet as a recluse-gone-queer-and-buried-alive is equally wide of the mark. And that the notion of d'Annunzio having monastically eschewed for ever the good things down here below, is widest of all off the target. He is old, he is tired, his creative faculty is gone, he must dump himself somewhere and he has chosen a glorious mountainside, at Italy's warmest winter spot, overlooking a fashionable Riviera, within fast autostrade reach of half a dozen cities, and as for the 'peasant's cottage' the spreading Vittoriale has all the modern trappings and is the resort of a continuous and quite worldly flow of admirers—read 'pilgrims'—of both sexes, but chiefly fine-looking officers who were quite young in the War days and who now can transmit, in talking their War 'shop', a suggestion of their own virility to the jaded one. Three red cars shot in and out in the short period I was there, a rotten, rainy, day. Apparently red cars signify close adherents of the place. There is no suggestion of the cloister about the Vittoriale. It is in a gay garden whose trees vie with Grecian pillars, and whose brook babbles on amid the

strange jests d'Annunzio has perpetrated all about. Architecturally, the place is an incoherent jumble, now classical, now modern, now mossy peasant, dotted between tall cypress, giant palms, and hanging foliage. Its owner adds constantly as the mood takes him, his vehicle being Carlo Maroni, 'The Master of Stone'. Carlo is the head of a staff of two dozen, principally craftsmen and apprentices engaged in the shops, glassblowers, goldsmiths, wood-carvers, and so on, and on the strength of whose work a certain revenue is obtained from buyers who are ardent souls. To offset the pagan sumptuousness of much that goes on, the poet calls his staff by monks' or nuns' names prefixed by 'fra' or 'suor'. The rooms are called after the monastery. The dining-room is 'the Cenacolo', the chief living-room is 'the Oratory', the bedrooms are 'cells', the residential wing is 'the Priory'. All take meals in the refectory, with the poet as prior, and he alone having the right to initiate conversation. A different brother or sister says grace each day. The attendants are monastically garbed. At these meals the fare is believed to be Franciscan, but there are said to be other occasions when it distinctly is not.

At the very beginning the pilgrim is confronted with arch-angel stuff. Inside the gateway is the Piazza dei Sospiri – wisecrack about those who call in vain and go away sighing their disappointment. The poet is full of wisecracks, many on tapestries or cut in stone, but they are such that he has to go with the honoured pilgrim, explaining them. For this is d'Annunzio humour, and his young officers and feminine chorus are well trained to go into hysterics of mirth as he does the round – as, for instance, when one enters a chamber and a dictionary – of swear words – falls on one's head. The humour is not so evident in the refectory, the ceiling of which is covered by the red flag of the Quarnaro with the Fiume motto 'Quis contra Nos?' across it. At one end of the refectory is an altar piled with war relics, and on shelves round the room are busts of Confucius, Buddha, St. Francis,

and some others, the notion being to show that all religions sprang from unity. The walls are decorated with Bible frescoes, contrived into the sacred and profane. Ever the cocktail. Beast and archangel. Each hall, room, picture, statue, piece of furniture, has its own motto and name, but what lots of them mean only the poet knows. A mystery tapestry, for instance, shows 'Five Fingers, Five Sins'. The stairs at every turn show, 'Ave, Cave, Pave' (have fear). The whole place is dreadfully cluttered. One has to be careful not to upset curios, objets d'art, ivories, old editions, antiques. Nothing simple; chronic over-decoration. Reflection of the poet's mind. His bathroom has a joke. Tiled in white and blue, each white tile bears a Franciscan inscription. All tiles conduct to one central gold tile inscribed, 'Woman is a pest'.

But the titbit is the room whither the poet hopes to be brought shortly before death. Not in our time has mortal made such a song and dance about death as Gabriele d'Annunzio who wishes so to impregnate with his person (spirit) the show place he will bequeath that only the fleshy part of him will really have succumbed; in his view, he will still be more than half alive, and the importance of this, to him, rests in his belief that he has been far ahead of any other man in tasting life's sensations. He aspires to fade mistily away, gazing upward at what he has fashioned for that ultimate moment. In an alcove is a couch shaped like a bier above which in a nocturnal sky are picked out in gold the invocations of him about to die: 'A prisoner, I sing - Burning, I rise - Upward only - I have in me a fire eternal.' At present the bier is covered with daggers, pistols, spurs, bombs. The poet's golden and other medals were until recently of the collection, but one day he decided all such honours were beneath him and melted down the awards. A rich coverlet is marked with signs the secret of which none shall ever know. When life has gone out of him d'Annunzio wishes this cover and these daggers and things placed on his still form. The 'cell of pure dreams' (the dying chamber) also

contains paintings of d'Annunzio's great loves, with Latin inscriptions. Where, in that last hour, will be the final women of this super-amorist's life? The vivandière of Fiume and Angèle? Angèle of pre-war days: 'She came to him first in Paris. Just a maid, a servant girl, with a round, innocent face, a pure complexion, two bright eyes marked by barely discernible brows, a graceful figure. The great ladies come and go; some have tried to combat her, some to dispossess her. Angèle remains, with her sweet smile, her unruffled temper, her enduring charm. Perhaps it is her unpretentiousness and her humility. Perhaps she is the one who has most thoroughly understood.' (So, Signor Nardelli.) Where will these two women be? Standing around? No one knows the ritual d'Annunzio has laid down, but that it is formal and unique need not be doubted. I rather think ex-Legionaries and humble fishermen who helped to victual blockaded Fiume will play a leading part, for in life they are the poet's regular visitors. Not infrequently these times d'Annunzio has to try and find jobs for them. They can't all mount guard on the prow of the battleship *Puglia* – 150 feet of her – in the back garden. This, by the way, is the pièce de résistance of the outer precincts, together with the final grave. The *Puglia* was sunk, fished up, and presented by the Government to the poet who has a spacious cabin of war-time mementoes and receives on deck under an awning. This is when he is feeling naval, and never did seasick poet like a vessel better than this dreadnought sunk motionless in the garden far above the nearest (calm) water. D'Annunzio can strut to his heart's content aboard her, wear admiral's kit, send flag-adjutants to represent him round Italy, fire salutes. On glorious anniversaries d'Annunzio poops off to remind the neighbourhood, and on special occasions – such as the passage of the Duke of Aosta's body – he will spend lots and lots of money pooping.

Leading up, up to the grave are a series of little bridges over the brook at each one of which have been mounted

machine-guns, the gift of Diaz. The pilgrim passes pieces of rock and mounds of earth taken from the Carso and Asiago and Piave and samples of which will be appropriated for ultimate use. And there is the aeroplane from which d'Annunzio dropped leaflets on Vienna (he had first put bombs aboard, but was ordered to discard them; so much for the rubbish about his 'humanitarianism'). Finally, there is the mast from which flies the red flag of the Quarnaro. Beneath it, d'Annunzio has chosen his burial place right close up to the Germanic border so that any future fighting is bound to be round and about, he believing Italians would die to a man rather than yield his tomb to – Germans.

TRÈS MAUVAIS POUR LE TOURISME



32 A singular play of fortune is that by which the French police, so efficient and effective as a rule, appear chronically unable to secure results from their investigations into the recurrent murdering of British subjects in France. Anything from a certain seven to a possible maximum of thirteen have been done to death in eight years and all the law of France can show for the lot is a two years' sentence on a Riviera gigolo, later commuted. Formidable, is it not? If, for instance, we transposed the position and Paris were able to say to us, 'Here is one French subject after the other being murdered in England and not a sign of the vengeance of the law. Yet you manage to arrest murderers all right and secure convictions quick enough when the victims are of your own race!'

But we say nothing: and the series goes on. And it is because I do not think you have yet been given the opportunity of grasping the remarkable situation existing, of seeing it in the round and over the years, that I swerve off here. Not that I haven't the right to, technically, since never a year goes by without a new 'mystery' or downright undeniable murder of a 'Britannic' extending my gorge. Are we to suppose that these hapless ones really did die one upon

the other in circumstances so baffling as to checkmate the most aggressively implemented criminal law on the Continent? Are we to believe that precisely these English were the ones to make a 'corner' in mystery, as it were, in life and in death – and never French citizens being murdered concurrently? Because it is necessary to stress that whatever the flaws in subsequent French justice, they nearly always get their man. Heaven knows they have enough practise, making them adepts at the chase. The number of murders in France must be several times over that prevailing in England. Crimes of interest, jealousy, passion, drink, banditry. Masses of them are condoned but hardly any go unsolved. This is primarily because the investigators have such power and know how to turn it expertly, if often harshly and unfairly, to account. Without fear of contradiction, one can say that the gallery of English dead stands out freakishly in the records of the Sûreté. 'Classée', 'classée', 'classée', 'classée' . . . one after the other, regularly, to-day almost preordainedly. 'Classée', which means case shelved and (as I have said) is in capital French crime otherwise the rarity and the exception. A situation has come about which makes the murder of a British subject a safe thing for the murderer. If there has long been one law for the Frenchman and one for the foreigner, this attains its major expression in the case of murdered English people. All the piled-up enmity of generations seems to find outlet in the juge d'instruction, that extremely important preliminary prober who fulfils the rôle of coroner and magistrate and Scotland Yard and prosecuting counsel all in one. These men – freely venal and incompetent, and gloating in the publicity suddenly shining on their provincial selves – are biased from the start against the victim because of his or her nationality. Un anglais! (or une anglaise!). At once the process is the following: instead of going out full blast after the criminal, to fasten exaggeratedly on to the private life of the latest victim, the effect being usually to show what a low, immoral person he or she was.

So, the crime is accounted for! By the baseness of the deceased. This has not happened once, but repeatedly – in the case of Nurse Daniels, Miss Branson, Mrs. Wilson, and Mr. Lee, Mr. Ross, to name five instances that come at once to mind. Of course the newspapers are flooded with these libels on the dead – they often originate them – libels most of the time without an atom of substantiation other than the tittle-tattle of locals, easily prevailed into talking against the *étranger*. The defiling of the memory of the dead usually follows the line, in the case of an Englishman, that he was permanently soaked in whisky or gin or both, and, in the case of an Englishwoman, that she was a hypocritical soiler of pure French youth or, failing that, that she habitually consorted with fancy men or was a pervert. The male victim is also usually flicked with this latter brush. Nor does the Intelligence Service usually miss a mention – was not the victim in addition perchance a spy? The newspapers can say all of these things, and do. In fact, it is their crime reporters who really try each case from its opening hours, supposing, inferring, deducing, charging, writing any blessed thing they choose at the expense of the victim and moulding the whole case in such style, giving it such orientation, as to render the all-puissant examining magistrate of the provinces the easiest of yes-men following in their brilliant Parisian tracks. One can shake a very definite cocktail of what happens in France when each successive English person is killed or dies suspiciously: paint the dead as worthless dirt, rule out suspects by whitewashing them, invalidate likely clues, cramp the style of detectives making progress, reinforce magisterial prejudice, drag in the Secret Service, muddle up the whole thing, but make it a most spicy *feuilleton*, and then – *classée*. After all, it's only another English person. *Et les Anglais ne disent rien*.

The fatal flaw is the absence of inquest and police court proceedings such as elsewhere serve to pin down irrevocably at the crucial start. In France, the vital evidence goes just

anywhere or evaporates or homes to cob-webbed dossiers. A case in point: the alleged suicide of Miss Dorothy Wright in the hotel suite of Coty's son. A party of four returned in the small hours to find Miss Wright waiting, and she did not 'shoot herself' – behind the ear – until an hour later. With us, the most minute details would have been sought, in sworn evidence, of everything that transpired in that suite, and before and before. In France, just young Coty's version in an interview, and the whole thing rushed and hushed and . . . get her buried quickly. That is the thing – get them buried quickly because exhumation, even if granted, takes weeks and during that time the case will be disintegrating with the remains.

I cannot go through all the cases here though I should like to. Noteworthy is the fact that in all save one instance the dead were resident in the country, mostly units in the post-war English migration. The exception was the first case of all, Nurse Daniels, who was a day tripper.

There are special correspondents of London newspapers who are positive they know who murdered Nurse Daniels at Boulogne in October, 1924; that, in fact, the knowledge is public property in the town, affecting a local tradesman who happens, however, not only to have been conscripted in 1914 and to have begotten children but to be respected and solvent. The Boulogne way, in those vital days directly following a crime and when clues are hourly fading, was to concentrate on getting the murdered girl's companion back to France, and then, when this woman wisely refrained from returning, to suggest that the reason was because she was herself part-guilty. And there followed insinuations entirely imaginary and here unprintable. And the crime duly became 'classée'.

(In parenthesis, you may wonder at the reference to military service, etc. This is a very real matter in French crime. If a criminal fought in the War and can point to a brood justice can and does mellow before such conscript heroism

and self-denying procreation. A French judge will say, 'You served gloriously in the War, gaining the Croix de Guerre and earning a 100 per cent. disability pension as a great mutilated one. You are sober, an honest bread-winner, the neighbours speak well of you. You pay your taxes. You have given eleven children to the patrie. How is it that you cut up this small girl?' The chances are that such a judicial summary will mitigate matters even for the most revolting criminal. I know of an Englishman, about to figure in law proceedings, whose French counsel has been instructed to inform the court that his client fought three years in France, was thrice decorated and twice wounded, has a wife and four children and is willing to have a fifth if it will help to win the case.)

The murder of Mrs. Owen at Juan-les-Pins passed virtually unnoticed. The criminal or criminals ransacked her villa, and that was about all that was ever heard. It is not good for resorts to have murders of foreign visitors during the season; the sooner such regrettable events are forgotten, the better. Justice, in the modern world, can be handicapped in curious ways.

Then there was the case at Le Touquet of Mrs. Wilson and the confession, two years after, of the youth Leloutre, a gorilla-handed moron. Leloutre, who is now serving seven years in a reformatory for attempted outrage (also at Le Touquet), gave full circumstantial details which were immediately borne out. Particularly, he said they would find his bicycle hidden away in an attic where he had put it directly a hue and cry had gone out for a man on that kind of bicycle. Leloutre was furthermore decisively identified as he sat on the spot where the crime was committed and in the clothes he wore when (he said) he committed it. The handling of his confession, which was repudiated not by Leloutre but by the examining magistrate on a minor's behalf, entirely baffles. Mrs. Wilson did not escape the usual calumny. Why was she living at Le Touquet? And her husband in London?

That was enough. That, and going walking in the pine-woods alone. An assignation, of course! From which, to the ugly rest, was a mere step.

Then there was the murder of an English dancing girl whose name I forget. It took place at Beausoleil on the Riviera and was straightforward, that is to say, a gigolo was removed from the footboard of a car after he had shot his victim to death. Reason? Because she would not have him. That elastically passes under the style of 'crime passionnel' though I can see few more damnable excuses for killing a person than that she doesn't like you. The result of this case was the only conviction yet recorded, as it constitutes one of the two arrests, only, that have been made in connection with the deaths of English people. And I mentioned that the young man was let out after a few months.

Next followed, to my mind, the worst case of all – the brutal assassination of Miss Branson at Les Baux in Provence. All the elements of bias and smothered animosity were here discernible. The blocking of justice was determined and complete. Villagers who, when first interrogated, said Miss Branson was a Lady Bountiful loved by the children and liked by all, were somehow saying a few days later quite the reverse; and when it was announced (with what truth has never been revealed) that the dead woman was wont to go motoring with the young man accused of having killed her, the die was cast. At once this lonely, queer Englishwoman was placarded as a near-Messalina and debaucher of youth. And that was to be the leit motif at the subsequent 'trial' at Aix-en-Provence, when old Provençal airs were heard on the mouth-organ in court and witnesses were permitted to recite propaganda in favour of tourists visiting Les Baux, even verse being declaimed. Miss Branson, for the Aix-en-Provence Court, committed suicide. To do this she shot herself with a heavy service revolver plumb through the forehead from two yards' distance while reading Galsworthy by candle-light at dinner, walked without soiling her stockinged feet

20 garden yards to a cistern with enough food in her throat to choke her, uncut wire netting on top, and slipped down inside nearly naked. The young prisoner, who was seen calling on Miss Branson just before the shooting and who sought to cash in on a Will in his favour within twelve hours of his benefactress's death, left the court amid much cheering and he later inherited the hotel at Les Baux which Miss Branson had bought . . . from his father. And Les Baux returned to its daily round with foulest murder slumbering in its midst. Somebody there murdered this harmless, well-meaning Englishwoman for her money and, thanks to the oddities of French justice, had got away with it. Not a solitary adult among the village's inhabitants but must have known the truth; it could not well be otherwise in such an off-the-map community wherein everybody's business is everybody else's. They might come into Court and paint the victim as an evil creature holding a young man in her toils and killing herself because he would shake himself free. They knew different, very different. Alone with her dogs on the edge of the desolate Camargue, and women alone in France have such slender status, here was a 'murderess' if ever there was one, this painting, absentee English spinster with £800 a year.

After five murdered women, two, and in all likelihood three murdered men. The unsolved mystery of Mr. Reginald Lee, Acting British Consul at Marseilles, provoked a compact display of all the anti-anglais judicial methods or lack of them that have been already noted. Mr. Lee, a quiet bachelor of 34 and recent arrival from South America, put his car away at 8.30 p.m. one night in July. His concierge saw him; he was quite normal. He usually took his meals alone in a big restaurant on the Cannebière. But none saw him again that or any other night—or rather, none who has ever come forward. His consular affairs were in perfect order. Mr. Lee was a balanced, keen official. There was no known reason why he should do away with himself. Or run

away. Moreover, in the former alternative, the only vanishing element would be the sea, and the ninth day would probably have told its tale round the adjacent coast. As for flight, not a solitary clue. And every ship checked. However, from the start, 'suicide' said the local police. But why? *Cherchez la femme!* The Marseilles police, supported by the newspapers, proceeded to chercher her as far afield as Valence and Nimes, not to mention alleged affairs nearer home at Toulon and in Marseilles itself. Here was this trusted British official, this representative of his Sovereign and of the Foreign Office, having liaisons piled on him, in his absence, of a nature and number depicting him as an extremely restless Don Juan. At first the Valence case (a lady's maid) was selected as the instigating cause of the suicide. This admirable creature, so went the story, refused to marry Mr. Lee because he was above her station in life. So Mr. Lee killed himself. Soon, however, there was found to be no lady's maid at Valence so the venue was changed to Nimes, where a lady's maid was found who gave this fuller explanation: 'Mr. Lee was desolate because his family would not sanction his marriage with me. I refused to see him any more unless he married me. So he killed himself in despair.' Rapidly the case was being filed with this lady's maid's explanation, when an elderly lady in London said: 'Rubbish! This is not my son at all. They're trying to hide something,' and promptly took train for the scene of the strange enquiry.

In the meantime a fresh solution had been envisaged, namely that Mr. Lee possessed knowledge of the dope traffic and that he was kidnapped and done to death so that he might not prove a thorn in the side of future importers. Marseilles is a great drug-importing centre. This possible solution, however, the police put aside with astonishing celerity. Mrs. Lee arrived to find the suicide theory still holding the field and she proceeded to offer a reward of 5,000 francs, always a doubtful move in such circumstances. At

Marseilles, the franc-hunters were not slow in making their appearance – with the valise of the missing consul. It had been found on the seashore, and contained, in addition to some articles of clothing, the photograph of an elderly woman, with ‘I am killing myself’ scrawled on the back in handwriting resembling Mr. Lee’s, some cartridges, and a bottle of gin and one of whisky, each half filled. The missing man’s concierge having readily identified the clothing, the police lost not a second in deciding what had happened: Mr. Lee had got drunk, staggered out to sea and shot himself. The newspapers carried the news with finality under big headlines. The stricken mother pleaded and implored that the clothes were cheap and tawdry and that she personally had made her son’s outfit and that the handwriting showed two impossible errors. With commendable insistence she clung to the police. But it was of small avail. The case had been investigated and a decision come to. Would this annoying old lady not have done with her pestering? No, she would not. And on the fifth day of her insistence Mrs. Lee contrived to arrange a ‘show down’ – there is not better term – at which all attended, police, juge d’instruction, British consular officials. In Mr. Lee’s flat it was conclusively shown that the clothing identified so readily by the concierge was several sizes too large for Mr. Lee, and before this, even the Marseilles police had to bow. And the *mise-en-scène* of the valise was blown sky high. But *who had copied Mr. Lee’s handwriting on the photograph?* Somebody, clearly, having access to his belongings. One thing obtrudes: whether or not the valise was placed where it was found, by the police, the latter’s lightning acceptance of the grotesquerie sticks fast. The Marseilles force, it had been previously revealed, was corrupt in part and not unaddicted to drawing from the underworld tribute on recognised gang lines, especially in relation to the dope traffic. Was Mr. Lee a victim of this corruption? Keen and new, was he made away with because he ‘knew too much’? In early 1933 this found substantiation

in the Paris law courts when a Greek witness in a heroin traffic prosecution volunteered in detail that it was so. But Marseilles much preferred a second solution. Foiled in all other 'explanations', the notion that Mr. Lee was a spy conquered the Cannebière. It was first put about by the Press, without the slightest substantiation, as usual. In a sensational case, especially affecting les Anglais, the crime reporters start hare after hare in this manner and dig up 'evidence' on a paid basis, such as the two lady's maids, to bear out their printed 'stories' and 'scoops'.

The Mediterranean coast is just now a hotbed of spying, and Mr. Lee was precisely in the habit of frequently visiting that current haven of secrecy, Toulon, there to confer with his opposite number, Mr. Thomas. And precisely on Saturday nights – time of his disappearance – he used to make these trips. Was he set upon in Toulon, after perhaps being decoyed, bundled into a car, driven out some distance and killed, and later cast overboard from a motor-boat, his body adequately weighted? The good Meridionals, having long been flooded, together with the rest of France, with abundant literature purporting to set forth the ramifications of our S.S., were well primed to give full credence to such a tale. M. Cals, the local chief of police, even took the occasion to wash his hands of the case, saying, 'When the British Intelligence Service steps in, I button up my coat and step out.'

The unsolved murder of Mr. Ross, at Chantilly, led to a re-opening of the espionage sluices in the boulevard Press and, really, this spying phobia in our regard, the genesis of it, is probably more interesting than the crime. The victim, a Scot of 55 who had long been in business in Paris, was found bound and gagged and suffocated on the floor of a room in his villa where he was temporarily living alone and which was in a fearful state of wreckage, with everything turned out and upside down. Ross, in conformity with established practice, was duly painted as blind drunk at the Gare St. Lazare, as a person of 'secret morals', and as a spy.

Evidence, hardly audible, in time corrected the drink and the vice inventions, and many months after the crime the authorities announced that three desperadoes already held on another charge had 'confessed' to the murder. No one believes for a moment, however, that they committed it. They will be tried for the other grave affair on which they are held and sentenced for that. But the powers-that-be will be able to say, 'Of course we solved the Ross murder – those three bandits of Thonon did it!' There is just a sign here, nevertheless, that the French themselves are waking to the fact that all these murders of English are growing too frequent and that at least an alibi must be fixed up for them in future.

Ross served in the Intelligence Police in France. I forget how many of these we had but the number was large because they had, among other things, to watch 800 communes in our area. The slender connection was quite sufficient to introduce the spy motif into the man's murder because French newspapers and authors and publicists have got a bee in their bonnet about our Intelligence which they see everywhere. The drivel that goes into print – and good print – once again sets one wondering as to the intelligence of the French.

'There is probably only one man who knows how many secret agents are at work to-day, and he is King George V.'

'How do all these retired British majors and colonels contrive to live on the Riviera? Perhaps the Intelligence Service could explain.'

'In view of the ardent opposition the Intelligence Service displayed towards the grandiose projects of the Marshal (Kitchener) one may legitimately wonder if this Service did not do everything in its power to hinder, at all costs, their realisation' (a propos sinking of the *Hampshire*).

The above excerpts are not the gibberings of some spy fictionist writing for the nursery or for Hanwell. They are taken from three responsible French publications, to wit, *Le Petit Journal*, *Gringoire*, and *Je suis Partout* – the two

latter, weekly reviews understood to be favoured by the intelligentsia. There are many things, in the relations and reactions of French and English, for which one must go back for an explanation to the Napoleonic wars and even beyond. This may be one of them. Our secret service, in the generation which ended with Waterloo, was of itself an extremely formidable foe. It was everywhere on the Continent, and Napoleon grew to have the most lively respect for its subtleties, seductions. 'English gold' became a by-word. It won whole campaigns, declared the French! Not the troops so much as the gold, the almost unfailing secret success, brilliant usage of that gold. The French saw English spies everywhere; defeating them. The lore was handed down. Periodically, during hate interludes, such as the last decade of the nineteenth century, it would be trotted out. Now it has been trotted out again. I hesitate to say that the present is a hate interlude, but it is emphatically not a friendly one, viewed from the French side and cutting through all the pretty official verbiage. It is also probable that the personality of Colonel Lawrence has had something to do with matters for he seems to haunt the French. 'T.E.' has been located all over the East since 1919, now running a rickshaw, now presiding over Brahmin rites, now whispering in Krim's ear, dressed as a dancing girl. These legends will work their effect. Lawrence - Anglais - Spy. Say it often enough, plug it. There is also this to be advanced in connection with the phobia: 16 Books of greater or lesser worth have been published in England since the War purporting to tell this, that and the other aspect of our Secret Service or Intelligence work during 1914-18. No other country has been responsible for half the number; and some of the English compilations have emanated from men of known connection with the secret side of our War. What has transpired? It is a sorry literary incident. These books, the sound with the unsound, the sober with the sensational, have been freely poached upon, pirated, pinched, by French authors and journalists

and their contents all jumbled together and distorted for general turning against England. The resultant reading is of feuilleton sensationalism. There is no such field to draw upon in Germany or Italy, Russia or anywhere else. So the Intelligence Service Britannique is gratuitously reared upon high as 'the Powers of Darkness', and the French papers are replete with pictures and yarns, of themselves mostly idiotic and not fit for unintelligent schoolgirls, yet whose composite effect in the mass suggestion line is to associate the words 'espion' and 'anglais' as good as automatically.

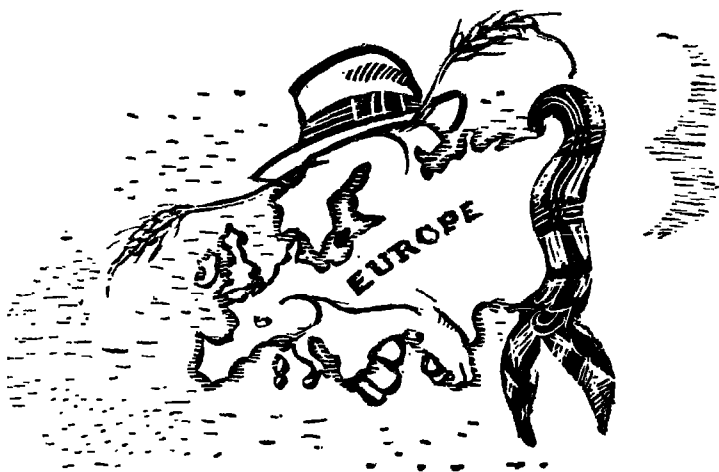
Nervousness in regard to possible spying upon her also derives from the fact of France being currently so deep in the game herself, offensively and defensively. While, not to be overlooked either, is the circumstance that French citizens are themselves so spied upon by their own 'policiers'. Suspicion, suspicion, what an unsatisfactory part it plays in the French character. We get it full in the neck, and none more so than the tragic gallery delineated here and with which I must now rapidly conclude.

Daft old miser Drinan, whose ringing totality to London's police court boxes was a memorable gesture whatever the absence of grasp on the donor's part, is said to have fallen downstairs at a small Nice boarding-house. A doctor comes along in the poverty-stricken case, doesn't waste much time over the old fellow for whom nobody has a good word, gives a burial permit ('head injuries') and that is all there is to it. No inquest; rapid common ditch burial; and an exhumation firmly discouraged, later. Of the remaining strongly suspect cases (other British subjects have died tragically but these have been pretty palpable suicides) one had to do with two Englishmen found shot in a Paris flat. Homosexuality and dope trafficking were selected to embellish their particular tragedy – all this does the English name an awful lot of good. One was found lying across a table and the other seated before a looking-glass into which the man is said to have fired at his own image. It seems the bullet

trajectories hardly bore out such version. But that was quickly over. Then there have been two further tragedies involving English girls, one after a midnight motor drive near Paris, the other, at a summer plage when the victim slept for six days and died a natural death on the seventh. There were rumours among the neighbours, one read. There would have been protracted proceedings elsewhere, in both cases, instead of the quick burials following the usual imputations that, in fact, eventuated. I think it can with all safety be said that there have now been eleven* unavenged murders of English people, at least. In the same period one American seems to have been murdered and his assailant was sent to Cayenne for 20 years. The Americans, in numbers and distribution, in station and habit of life, have closely resembled ourselves: the comparison is an apposite one.

Yet it isn't really the number so much as the normal and systematic blackening, and lips that can't answer.

* Counting the unsolved Riviera murders, this winter, of Mr. Mullins and Mrs. Hunt.



PIONEER DECADENTS

33 'Have you observed,' nudged my companion, 'how these people are copying what we did, were, looked like, ten or twelve years ago? They laughed at us then, the ones who visited the zoo at all. Look at them now! Look at this fellow coming along. Look at his scarf and canvas suiting, and the same air of doing nothing artistically. I know who he is. He's an industrialist's son and ten years ago he'd have been dressing round Deauville. And take this girl here. A model, any day eh? Of course. That's what she's out to look like. Something flaming, sans gêne, carelessly slung together, plastered with paint. Nature following art, all right. I'll tell you what it is. These bourgeois are trying to go bohemian. It isn't only what they look like. It's their habits. You watch them for a day or two. You'll think you were back in 1922. Only mass produced!'

We were seated up at Montparnasse, and what my friend said obviously had a certain amount of truth in it. From a mixture of necessity and choice, the ways of the 'decadents' of a decade ago were becoming many of their ways. Here was the same addiction to colour and oddity that used to be quite decadent, while the necessity of breaking off from go-

getting, owing to 'la-crise', disconnected these people from a good deal of the mechanical existence they had formerly led. Why, yes, a really bold one would claim the 'decadents' as nothing more nor less than the pioneers of that leisure state so soon to be imposed far and wide, even upon people who were born 'doing-it-now'!

Moreover, how these children of depression were blatant and clear-eyed about life and the world around them! At no café table of the early 'twenties was ever heard language more skinned.

But what would the decadents of those bygone 'twenties, so scattered or dead now, have had to say about it, about the way their tastes had caught on?

'Their language, I fear,' (basso profundo beside me) 'would not have been altogether favourable. Flattery they never did have much use for and in this wholesale flattery they would have fastened on to one thing. Their mass-produced sartorial effects. And with a low moan they would have fled. Ah – but whither? There you have me. Whither?'

It was thus that we fell to talking ghosts; and perhaps there was justification for the height of soucoupes that piled up in the evoking, since we seemed to be very nearly the only ones left. It is perhaps permissible to mention that if this current trying, birth-pangy Continent tends to 'die on' one, right in the forefront of the reasons is the dissolving that has taken place of the people one knew abroad. A world within a world has broken up, people one used to know all round Europe – 'map references' we used to call them – English and American chiefly, inveterate stayaways who had settled here and there and whom one would look forward to seeing again. It is muchly a case of Europe sans Anglais now. And sans Américains. Local colonies in business and affairs prevail still, of course, though sadly dwindled. As for the others, some are hanging on precariously, yet ever fewer. There's a form of last stand on the cheap peseta in the Balearics and I've come across English families living

more or less co-operatively in Belgium, while rare stalwarts have transplanted to cheap if chilly Scandinavia. But the Paris Corps, the Riviera Division, the Basque Brigade, the Savoy Battalion, the Capri Company, the Tyrol Platoon, the Dalmation Squad . . . where were they all to-day? *Où sont les neiges d'antan?* That it was ninety per cent. a world unable to face depreciated times, is certain. I don't mean it hadn't the guts, but that for the most part slender incomes fashioned in divers and curious ways, considerably from domestic sources, could not long stand the strain imposed by depression and the rate of exchange. Jobs also evaporated, removing many, while casualties of another kind have been tragic.

'Do you remember —' Read about him? It was in the papers. First of all his firm closed down and then his family stopped sending him anything. Told him to come home. Well, you can imagine the difficulties — would have in breaking with Paris, going back to God knows . . . where was it? That's right. Besides, there was his girl here. So he began slipping. Borrowing, spinning yarns, running round. Usual story. A bit of dope, too, I suppose. And bills everywhere. They let him run them up for old times but of course a halt had to be called somewhere. That's what tore things. He gave his passport in guarantee for a dinner and then, next day, when they wouldn't let him carry on on the same terms he ordered and paid for a bouillon and poured wads of sleeping stuff in it. Died at the table. Poor old blighter! Do you remember when he . . .'

Most of the casualties — and one Paris bar can talk of six — have resorted to insomnia powders or to veronal when they could come by this. There have been no messes — why, after all, visit it on your hotelier? And usually it has been for the same reason. Couldn't go back home after this utter break with former days that they had been living. But why continue on this lugubrious note? The exiles, the expatriates, the stayaways, the 'writing and painting people' from many

lands have disbanded under force majeure and that is all there is to it.

In the mind's eye I travel back to some of the stayaways of happier days. There was the colonel we met on a saunter in the Pyrenees and who first countered with, 'What the hell d'you mean?' but softened when the harmlessness of the term 'stayaway' was explained to him.

'You want to know why I left England? Nash's Regent Street! When that went, I went too!'

'But you don't mean to say that you cleared out simply because they pulled down Regent Street?'

'I do, sir. It was my favourite walk.'

This solitary soul went on to admit us to membership of the P.P.R.C. – Pyrenees Poste Restante Club – the rules of which he proceeded to give.

'There're several of us Army birds floating about this part of the world, kit dumps here and there, and we found that often we passed one another, perhaps in the same village or town, without knowing it. All you have to do is to leave postcards behind at the chief centres giving your prospective movements so that others of the Club may connect up. Quite a good idea because what one misses most is company.' Whereat, in suitable action, our colonel produced hot red-wine-and-cinnamon from a thermos flask and bade us drink to our initiation (at 7,000 ft. it was deuced cold even in June). 'This,' he announced, 'is much better than any hot grogs.'

'What do I do all the time?' he later clarified. 'Loaf and fish and climb. What more do you want? Pau in winter – with all the fittings, wireless and so on. I'd have preferred my own country, but where does a pension of four hundred get you? Besides, *they did-in Regent Street!*'

Of course there were self-exiled ones strewn about in Victorian, Edwardian and Early Georgian days – Brussels, Dinard, Florence, Taormina, Pau, where they were playing golf before Braid was born, Nice, Munich, to name but the

more obvious rallying centres; yet these communities of voluntary exiles were different affairs from their post-war successors. The class settling them, in addition to being preponderantly British, was in the main drawn from one or two clearly-defined categories such as retired army folk, spinsters who 'found it cheaper living abroad', a sprinkling of opera-lovers and spa-dwellers, occasional painters, eccentrics, black sheep. And Max Beerbohm. Mr. Beerbohm started staying away in 1906, and he is said to be now in the running for podestà of Rapallo. The expatriates of after-war had no such hard and fast origins; rather did they emanate from an assortment of causes few of which had ever arisen prior to 1914. U.S. Prohibition, of itself, bought a liberal sprinkling. I once ran across a typical case, a New Yorker of Dutch extraction whom I had known as a 100 per cent. Manhattaner and who now, surprisingly, was tending his tulips near Haarlem. He explained: 'I quit. Just that. I was only a one-generation guy, and I guess I prefer to drink my beer out in the open like a Man. I can visit back home when the spirit moves and the wad's thick enough or when the stork signals – so that if it's a boy, why, the kid isn't handicapped by foreign birth for being President. But, gee, I do miss my friends. That's where it gets you. Still, *I can drink my beer like a Man!* Besides, I figure I'm justified. There's more opportunity for research this side, and I need quiet, and I just couldn't keep quiet reading all that crazy front-page stuff back home. Kinda got me all jazzed up till I wanted to go round batting editors on the head. The *Haagsche Post* is the best sedative I know. But, say, don't get me mixed up. I've got as much use for some of our expatriates as for my neighbour at Doorn. I mean the ones who're over here because their own folk aren't well bred enough, and the camouflage art bunch that pretends it's working and all it does is souse. I guess some day Europe'll have her Ellis Island. I'll say you allow some tough boys and girls in as it is.'

Then there was the remittance woman, first of her kind, I should imagine, and also hailing from the States. Unlike the male, she need not of necessity have run off the rails, become *déclassée*, or have developed queer preferences. All she had to do was to arrange to become such a nuisance back home that parents or husbands would pay her anything to keep away. There comes to mind one fair lady who applied this racket to the tune of 12,000 dollars a year from her husband, every cent of which would vanish should she darken Manhattan. She brightened Paris instead, where she had a passion for keeping Russians. I do not mean individuals, but whole choirs. Very expensive. One night I was dining in the Swedish restaurant on the Left Bank when she swept up, all in black with white face to match and Russian head-dress, and begged for the loan of ten francs to pay her taxi. 'My Russians are being so *very* expensive just now,' she explained. Of her earlier and highly culpable Manhattan conduct, she would relate: 'Well, I wanted to get fixed in Europe so I just went round saying the most awful things I could think of about everybody. That speeded things. Interfered with his business prospects.'

Perhaps the oddest outpost I ever happened upon was an Irish lady living alone in a Moorish semi-ruin south of Seville, her chief companions enormous bustards ever eerily flapping about for fodder. Uprooted by 'the troubles' she had been; her home burned down in County Clare. Among the pathetic stayaways were pensioned war crocks. One, haunted and neurasthenic, had settled on the Somme. I shall always remember him because it was the day of an astonishing shock. Someone had written in the visitors book hanging at the gate of our Aveluy Wood cemetery: '*Et la livre sterling?*' (It was 1926.)

Still other stayaways were parents who had 'got the children off their hands' and now didn't see why they shouldn't have a good time; people who averred the English climate has taken on new and terrifying oddities; or who couldn't

tackle the servant problem; or who were just plain tax-dodging. And then there was the americanisation of England as excuse: 'Before the War, and until a few years ago, we had a delicious little house near Dawlish. Now it's simply overrun by charabanc parties half the year. So we let it and come abroad returning for a month or two each autumn just for auld lang syne. Of course the Continent is changing too, but it's got so much more room to do so. Poor, dear old England has got so terribly *small*, don't you think?' Some of the company managed to make a living, as in the case of an expert angler who at one time supplied the leading Basque Coast hotels with salmon. I believe in doing so he fractured most of the piscatorial canons, but he bore up. And there were the passionate duets one would come across: transplanted on account of our intransigent divorce laws. And trial marriages, too. The one I remember most clearly had the Vorarlberg as setting, its principals, both post-war – not more than forty-five between them. 'You see, we couldn't very well do it at home. They'd have got stuffy. I mean the actual living together part. That's the test, of course.'

Americans had some of the weirdest reasons for staying away. One gentleman had to keep on keeping away because he made his pile shipping arms to Mexico for use on the U.S. frontier. Another found it inconvenient to return because he had absconded with the receipts of a certain 'fight of the century'. This uprooted soul, though really too old for it, used to live in a remarkable caravanserai which came to be known as the Bust House. The thing had to come. Sooner or later that enervated younger generation which was all shot to bits in nursery and kindergarten – thanks to meat tickets, air raids, ersatz butter and parental absence – sooner or later the veterans-to-be of 1950 and onwards (present indications pointing to a distinctly premature veterancy) had to have their own brand in hotels. The conception of an hotel as principally a place where one slept was bound to pall. Good heavens! If one as much as threw a party in one's room one

was as likely as not hauled up before the management, some stuffy old E.V. (Early Victorian) having threatened to leave! And as for a fellow asking a girl up to his room – perfectly harmless – or a girl asking a fellow up to her room – perfectly harmless . . . well, all one could say was that some people had pretty putrid minds! So one day the law of demand and supply led to the appearance in the upper reaches of the rue du Vaugirard of a hostelry thrillingly attuned and repressionless, peppiest of preserves. The problem of how to give the feel of Savoy comfort and hygiene while keeping charges in harmony with a not-rich clientèle whose basis were Co-eds, graduates, sophomores, art students and whatnot, was solved by selecting an inexpensive site and running up a bald ferro-concrete affair with cheap Italian labour. Everything was to be concentrated on the interior. As a good many guests would usually be in a precarious state of health, these must be given the last word in comfort, hygiene, heating, and service. Outlay would be recouped on the bar. Clients wouldn't notice anything (even if in a fit condition) provided (a) their bath water was kept permanently on the boil, (b) rooms and suites were steam-heated to suffocation point, and (c) floor staffs gave a service relieving guests of the necessity for the slightest self-exertion, even that of lighting a cigarette.

Dominating the scene upon entry was a bar of freak length around which clients clustered to the music of an electric shaker that was seldom stilled. Carved on high was the device:

OUVERT LA NUIT
OPEN ALL NIGHT

with the flags of France, England, and the U.S.A. intertwined though the tricolour and the French were purely complimentary. Inlaid into the opposite side of the lounge were a beauty parlour, a druggist's, a cigarette kiosk, a book-stall, a travel bureau, indispensables of advanced whoopee

and all mobilised within arm's reach. In the first you espied clients relapsing horizontally on operation-chairs and being hot-towelled and creamed and massaged and frictioned back out of hangovers. Number 2 answered the clinical requirements of a Bust House in the way of nerve-calmers, heart tonics, pick-me-ups. Sometimes you might even get veronal, but not always. Once, a client, trying to recover from a bout (American, 'laying off the hard stuff') failed to induce sleep for nearly a week and was going mad. His lady sought veronal below and was refused. So she went out with a youth of her acquaintance who knew French and turned into the first pharmacie. The boy friend asked for some veronal. The pharmacist asked what for? Perfectly truthfully, the boy friend replied:

'For this lady's husband – we want to put him to sleep.'

Whereupon the pharmacist cast a knowing look at the pair and slowly shook his head.

Cigarettes being consumed unceasingly from stub to stub, the kiosk girl had to take her meals in amid the weed, not daring to leave – since for a client to be momentarily cigaretteless could be refined torture. Not infrequently clients developed crises-de-nerfs through running short of smokes in the night, when they would go hammering from door to door. At the bookstall were to be found all the banned books, with a rarer assortment from Berlin and Vienna. Gone the Paul de Kock variety; what this clientèle required was one hundred per cent. Sex, preferably featuring a Vert. Communal readings used sometimes to be held upstairs, over cocktails and cigarettes. The travel bureau, in addition to handling cheques, enabling clients to disregard tiresome banking hours 'down town', also permitted of departures taking place on the inspiration of the moment, most important, a saying existing in Bust House circles that if one didn't do things right off, one never did them at all. But possibly the clou of the concern was none of these things, but the entrance lounge itself, a typical Piccadilly club-room

of deep leather chairs and settees, one reason for which was said to be that when clients on a party fell into them they were usually unable to get up again and consequently were obliged to give their custom to the hotel. Of one piece with the lounge was a grill where a chef from Dijon served corn-beef hash continuously while keeping a stiff upper lip.

Upstairs, in what was termed 'The Warren', five floors of divaned rooms and bijou suites offered all the attributes of a genuine Modern's home from home. One was never alone – that could be guaranteed. Turn a tap, and steam clouded up. Thick carpets gave the feel of luxury. Special attention had been given to acoustics in view of the fearful din made by the clientèle. Telephones tinkled sweetly – otherwise their sudden ringing would as likely as not give a client the heeby jeebies right away. One day I rang and asked the maid what on earth was happening next door. 'It is only the gentleman who has met a red elephant in his bathroom,' came off-handedly. 'Is that all that Monsieur desires?' A speciality was the manner in which the personnel had been trained never to show as much as a tremor, even when clients had sorted themselves out in the most improbable manner following a party, or when young ladies screamed for bromoseltzers at six in the morning or dashed about from door to door but partially pyjamaed. A vision returns of one such skipping up and down, waving the free sleeves of her pyjamas, and announcing she was 'sleeveless errand'. Into the suite of a complete stranger she tugged me; where some perfectly *marvellous* young man had arrived. It was 6 p.m. and the hostess had just got up and was in her bath, whence she demanded a cigarette and a sidecar and told everybody to go ahead with the liquor. In a blue haze of smoke everybody proceeded to do so and soon were rotating to the gramophone. With Americans, such affairs went by the label 'stag and doe' parties and they might merge later into rather alarming sequels, such as 'passing out' and 'strip poker'. It would be common during a party for someone to exclaim:

'But I haven't eaten since Thursday!' whereupon others present would discover a like appetite and volunteers would make a move in the direction of a remarkable store that had sprung up opposite and was a mixture of rotisserie, boulangerie, wine merchant, dairy and depot for cooked vegetables and tinned stuff.

Probably not a few of the ardent young spirits who set the pace at the above establishment are now tramping America. Of course they formed but a small section, if the most flamboyant, of stayaways generally. Anyway, phantoms nearly all, to-day! And among the most pathetic, the old ladies of the tea kettle and hot water bottle and whose mainstays had been the local library, the church, the promenade, the patisserie. Old ladies, ludicrously Conservative, moved to the depths of their beings, and who answered the call of the pound. One thing, by the way, I should like to associate broadly with stayaways, believing it to be of some consequence to-day. These people, the same ones, knew how to extract rhythm, cheaply, from life; nor was it necessary, in order that they should do so, for them to be hitched to mass-produced, flashy, febrile cities which they, incidentally, couldn't afford. Often they may have longed for those cities but they felt *de trop* there. The result was that in the run of time these people, many of them, developed more than an inkling of life's truer values and interests. For them, the smoother, self-contained existence in surroundings fair to behold; nor did it need to be dull one bit. Essentially, they were themselves, solidly so, though often on the meagrest of pittances. It can be done. I know the comparison with fair Continental spots has laughable fissures, yet it can be done by others, and with sound profit, by others *aimelessly de trop* and broke yet held by the hundred thousand to our siren cities to-day. The manner of life and philosophy of these people, if adopted (duly aided) by a whole host to-day, could serve as an assistant way out of all this horrid mess. However —

As our stayaways decline, a substitute company which you might call keepaways grows and extends in their stead, distressingly and depressingly so. Heaven knows how many political refugees are strewn round Europe to-day. Probably one haven alone, Berlin's White Russia, leaves right out of sight the sum total of all such outcasts in pre-war days. From kings and queens in exile as never before, the tale flows down through the human gamut, down to the latest miserable wretch to escape Naziland and to hang round soup-ladling shelters in a Paris back street. Rather are these the kind of foreigners one encounters now, refugees who've got to keep away for their dear lives. Seated over a bock or coffee that will be made to last hours, they crowd around in their voluble confusion. The tight little island has escaped pretty well scot-free by the side of others. I see now why the Americans christened it that. But should émigrés continue to multiply on the Continent as they have been doing this last benighted year, something will clearly have to be done about them since, progressively as nations draw in upon themselves for economic reasons, even in order to purify the strain, as they grow more and more chary about harbouring refugees whose presence tends to make trouble with the countries the outcasts were forced to flee . . . should émigrés mount much more, they may come to present a problem for succour such as has not confronted Europe since the fine Nansen went forth after the killing, sowing human kindness as he went. Not a doubt but that even now, with the Jewish and German-Liberal deluge, refugee misery far outstrips the material suffering any constituted Minority might show. Particularly, should hitherto accepting France go refugee-shy would the subject become one of strict urgency in as much as so very many of these exiles have been bereft of their nationality, that is to say, are men – whole families, in fact – without a country. So where to send them? This confiscation of citizenship can never before have been promulgated in anything like such sweeping manner. Just

one further aspect of this daft interlude, this flinging of political opponents in bulk on to other people's shoulders. The Bolsheviks began it, the Fascists took the cue, the Nazis charged like bulls. Lesser others did not cease between-times showing their nationals the gate. And the result is émigrés, émigrés, émigrés, of every hue and accent. Poor drifting souls, meekly trying to live without being over-noticed by their hosts: that's what it's come to now mostly. Time was when their like would have been welcomed as sinew and breeding power but not now. Cut off, no news, living from hour to hour, thinking of home and others still there, pondering ever: how long? How long will, can it last? For ever? Behold your substitute stayaways now in this bright Europe! Yet perspective must not be lost. The above is naturally influenced by latter day outflowing from Germany in leanest times. A fair percentage of émigrés who had become genuinely assimilated over the years are weathering the storm yet and offer no problem. But their ranks are steadily thinning as employment grows scarcer, they being the first shown the door. So very few ever brought money into the countries of their landing. The only ones I can think of concretely are the Jesuits who, ejected from next door, carried the good peseta into Portugal where many are installed in what were the leading hotels in the hilly country round Lisbon. That is the entire exception. In overwhelming degree our unfortunate polyglots could more than be dispensed with, notably the swarming intellectual and professional leavening.

Before 1914, Paris, Geneva, Zürich, Lugano, Brussels, London, Barcelona, were the principal havens for refugees emanating in the main from Holy Russia, Austria-Hungary, South America, the Balkans, Spain, Italy. With Germany substituted for the Ramshackle Empire, the same countries continue to export now, if for slightly different reasons. But the same cities are not continuing to receive. London has dropped out; control in Switzerland and Belgium is

strieter. All countries these times have their refugees. They take them in according to their own political tendency. Mr. Pollitt is sure of a welcome at the Kremlin. Mussolini has his White Russians. Hitler positively recruits Austrian Nazis. Nevertheless, there can be no question as to which is the hub, the rallying point of outcasts as the progressive installation of new régimes means *out!* for so many. Paris, wide-open Paris, capital of that land where 'the political opinions of all are respected'. So active are matters apt to grow on occasion that such things as refugee musical chairs actually occur. Musical chairs – as when one day Spanish Republicans were shouting the odds on the café terraces of Montparnasse, for, the day after, their places to be taken by Spanish Monarchists. It did happen almost as quickly as that. Tsarist Russians, German Liberals, Jews, anti-Fascists, Spaniards, South Americans, Orientals, Bulgars, Greeks, they are all to be found sorted out by the Seine. The Russians, who with the Italians are the most numerous, have their special quarter behind the Invalides. Their music, their habits, their food, their fêtes they retain, and sometimes they run amok quite in the old St. Petersburg style, but as a whole they are resigned now, no longer the white-hot, plotting anti-Bolsheviks they once were. Only just recently has there been a slight change in this respect. Many of these Tsarist Russians have come out for Hitler who would fight Communism. Their paper *Renascence* openly applauds the Nazis. A tendency manifests itself for these Russians to move away from those who won the War and gave them succour and to support instead the vanquished who have everything to gain from another outbreak and who seem so anti-Bolshevik to boot. Slav dreamers have lately gone back to neglected maps over which they resuscitate personally planned campaigns aimed at the recovery of power. Whether to go straight for Moscow or to proceed little by little, how to win over the countryside and print money as the advance progresses, and so on. But it will have to happen soon because

the Russki babies of exile are fast growing up and so many of them are French citizens and as such have indubitably heard about the Grande Armée.

The Italian contingent has in the past decade made the Faubourg St. Denis its own. There are said to be a round million fuorusciti in France, a great many of them settled round Marseilles and Albi. The anti-Fascists of St. Denis have several newspapers of their own, circulating openly with contents bills. In fact in this vast brigade you see the utmost expression of political freedom that could well be granted foreign exiles. The pamphleteering alone is a thing to wonder at. As all mail reaching Italy from France is heavily censored, propaganda is printed in tiny type on tissue paper and forwarded in first place to England and the United States, in which countries sympathisers remail the contents to Italy, thus freely avoiding the vigilant Fascist censorship. Six or seven sheets can be included in an ordinary envelope and, posted to as many 'pivotal' anti-Fascists in Italy, are perilously reprinted by these for distribution among a wider circle in the homeland. For fun, the broadsheets of concentrated hate are occasionally posted direct to leading Fascists, even to the Most High. A second major St. Denis activity has to do with smuggling captive political brethren out of Italy, where it has long been a matter of several years' imprisonment and a shattering fine for anyone, even a woman, to depart without official sanction. A so-called 'underground railway' has come into existence by which Italians desirous of shaking free of Fascism are able to leave the country surreptitiously. The system is closely akin to that practised by the Princesse de Croy and Miss Cavell in Belgium in 1914-15. The evading Italians are passed secretly from house to house in Italy, up to the vicinity of the frontier. The final stealing over into French territory may be accomplished in disguise by a lonely path on a bad night. And with what glee are the new recruits received in St. Denis, each escaped one, another 'smack in the eye' for Mussolini! For a brief while

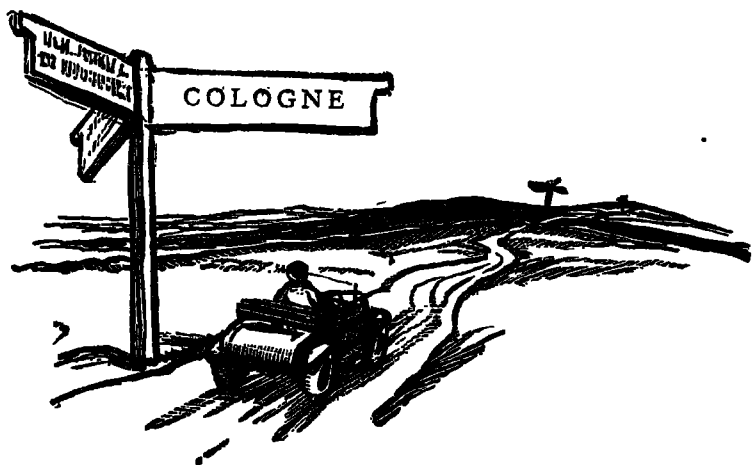
they are the heroes of the anti-Fascist cafés and ristorante and clubs where verbal fireworks, in the form of cursing the régime, beat anything that has ever happened. For these Italian exiles – most of whom, by the way, are sound wage-earners – really do expect that some day will mark the end of Fascism. They fully expect to return as top dogs to Rome even as their Spanish opposite numbers so surprisingly re-entered Madrid and Barcelona one April day of 1931. Who expected that? Ask the denizens of St. Denis who, hour after hour, may be seen declaiming at their café tables, now canvassing the chances of the Pope sundering with the Duce, now exaggerating about Italian army desertions or the alleged growth of anti-Fascism in Italy. It is all a game of soaring faith and corresponding despair.

The Spaniards are not greatly in evidence on account of the presence of the King on French soil. Often South Americans are mistaken for them. Until a year or so ago only the enemies of Dictator Gomez of Venezuela were conspicuous – and they have been conspiring against Gomez, from a fashionable café near the Claridge, for over twenty years – but in consequence of recent turbulence in Latin America there are now Argentine and Chilian and Brazilian and Peruvian and a few lesser tribes of political exiles meeting over the apéritif. These gentry have money and frequent the Elysée quarter. The Venezuelan contingent some time back mounted a regular attack on Gomez, the chiefs leaving Paris for Poland and thence sailing in a German ship. They managed thus to put the Continental police off their track, but they were nearly all killed in the subsequent rising. Only one or two regained Paris, where they now sit mourning their dead at a new café, not caring to frequent the old.

The Orientals tend to concentrate in the Latin quarter round the Panthéon. There is quite a Gandhi coterie, and also keen Wafdist, mostly students, who are wont to murder the British Empire nightly at their pet haunts. Yet these ardit of the East must needs increasingly watch their steps,

since the French are rather scared about the spread of disruptive ideas in their own colonies, notably in Indo-China and North Africa. The 'raffle' is the approved method by which political refugees are checked. At police headquarters sit experts before large-scale maps covered with flags and data. 'Raid the sixteenth and eighth arrondissements to-night,' they order. And out go dozens of motor-vans in the indicated direction where surprise descents are made on cafés and restaurants. Sometimes it may be a case of hands up all round while identification papers are examined and men or women not in order are bundled into the waiting vans and carried off for verification. Mostly 'Reds' are caught in this fashion. Lenin and Trotsky may have carved their names in bygone days on their table at the Rotonde, but by a strange turn their disciples are almost the only ones not tolerated to-day in Paris political refugee-land. When somebody is heard talking 'red' he is immediately followed for essentials concerning him to be found out: his haunts, companions, source of income, the contents of his correspondence.

The incursion of 25,000 German and Jewish refugees, largely without funds and of the professional class, shook up a situation that was already unsatisfactory. These educated and freely able men were not slow in showing signs of following the anti-Fascists in the way of assailing, both above and below ground, the régime that wrecked their lives. They have begun to dig themselves in with this object in view and it is predicted that their numbers will only grow as time goes by, chiefly more Jews. It may well be that émigrés haven't by any means reached their maximum expansion. An American, an Irish, a Vienna contribution is not beyond the realm of possibility though growth of the concentration camp idea may curb future exodus numbers.



34 Cologne, at Christmas, dining in the *Ewige Lampe*. 'The Earwig' of B.A.O.R. days (the initials, those of a far-off British occupying force). The Herr Ober, taking the order for Rhine salmon and Rheinwein, remembered.

'It is more sad now.'

'But you don't want us back again?'

'In civil clothes – yes!'

'And the schentleman, he come back to visit Köln, ja?'

The schentleman had come to hear a lecture and also (apparently) because he possessed a bee in his bonnet. At least, he'd been told so more than once.

Yet I contend that, if so, it's a perfectly good bee and, for brevity, superlative. It is this: the wide open spaces have become the firmly closed places. And the contention goes further, namely, that we stand a poor chance of ever putting Europe not to mention ourselves to right until the transcending circumstance is recognised and faced. All your disarmament conventions, all your pacts and poultices, all your economic makeshifts will avail nought, eventually, against this blocking of migration.

The particular attraction in Cologne was a certain General Kundt, sometime Bolivian C.-in-C., and who was to expound

a project for shipping 250,000 able-bodied Germans and their families, a million all told, to the virgin forest territory of the Upper Amazon. Summarised, he said: 'These families will have house material ready for building and all agricultural implements so that the work of development may at once be undertaken. One of the first things necessary will be to acquire a flying force which will patrol the whole country emitting gas that will destroy the mosquitoes and other insects which infest the region, making white life very hard at the present time. Indeed, the women and children could not support it at all. But what General Goethals did a generation ago in the Panama zone we can accomplish with the much more efficacious means we have to-day, even if the task be harder. The settlers will be split up into battalions under agricultural technicians, and all life will be on the co-operative system. Thus, instead of erecting isolated houses, we intend to construct whole towns on a common plan. As in the later German towns to be built, entire quarters will have their heating emanating from a central factory. The colonists will live in 'refrigerated' houses, and will thus be able to endure the climatic rigours of summer. There will be no windows, the sun's heat thus being kept out. Light and ventilation will be artificial. Science has already progressed far enough to enable a house to be healthy even without sunlight. We are not going to bring over inexperienced young people. We intend to take serious married men, of thirty and over, from the towns – men who are persuaded that they must plant the basis of a new life. They must know how to use machines, because the help of machinery is, above all, imperative for the success of our plan. The colonists will become citizens of their adopted country, but that will not stop them remaining good Germans and preserving their language and customs. They will remain in constant wireless touch with the Fatherland. We do not intend to produce things of which there is already a superabundance. We are not going to grow coffee or cotton or sugar cane. We shall

export wood to North America and minerals and vegetable fats to Europe. At present the United States gets much of its wood from Russia, but we feel sure the Americans would prefer to draw on South America instead, because we intend to buy a great deal of our plant and machinery from North America. The German mercantile marine, at present practically at a standstill, will be given the work of transporting the great army across the ocean. These settlers will not only relieve unemployment in the homeland, but will set in motion more than one branch of industry and commerce. And we believe that the spectacle of men and women setting forth to begin life anew will have a psychological effect of the first importance, not only in Germany but throughout the world. One of our chief technicians will be Walter Boehmer, who has had charge of a section of the Russian Five Year Plan. The President of Peru writes, "Colonise the mountain for me and I will pay you any price you like." Our Humboldt foretold that one day the Amazon would produce a new civilisation. Let us see that it shall be a German one!

Now, there are those who are already scoffing, 'Jolly old President of Peru! He knew what he was talking about!' We all know the Upper Amazon is hell, creeping, scorching hell. The fact only decided me the more to print the above: that fine stock white men should be compelled to seek out such a corner on all this vast unpopulated globe! I printed it too because it seemed to exhale the very breath of the future and because, anyway, it's the kind of thing millions and millions on the Continent are beginning to be educated towards. Even little Austria. Listen. 'An Austrian Colonial League has been formed to carry on world-wide propaganda for the granting of a sphere of influence to Austria in one of the great continents. It is held that the economic independence of Austria would be furthered if such an outlet could be found for its superfluous unemployed youth, who, through lack of occupation, often become involved in extremist movements. The League plans to cater only for single men at first. They

would be organised as "civil soldiers" under semi-military discipline.' If we can't respond to this kind of thing at this time of day or, rather, night . . . are we really so very much worth saving? It isn't, after all, a question of being Christ-like and giving as much as a matter of interested and intelligent action in the present condition of affairs: the establishing of settlements round the earth with which we can do business instead of this eternal and perilous street corner clutter. Difficult? Of course it's thundering difficult. But what else have we been up against all these years since the War other than thundering difficulties, the only trouble about them being that so many have just revolved and revolved round cramped and antiquated stuff? Even if nothing else, here surely is a chance to get away from our angered inturnd selves, much as Jules Ferry breathed air into the lungs of the Third Republic after Sedan by pointing overseas, thereby getting France out of her brooding and futile self-centredness? But obviously it is much, much else. For perspective it would be hard to better this *Observer* review, by Mr. John Still, of Otto Corbach's *The Open Door*:

'Races of men, like hives of bees, have their swarming periods. The Norsemen swarmed early, conquered widely, and withdrew again to their cold fatherland. The Spanish and the Portuguese, in their day of adventure, found new worlds; and although in due time their power declined their daughter nations still hold territories some thirty times wider than the motherland. The French Colonial Empire is twenty times the size of France; the Netherland Indies nearly sixty times the area of Holland; and the Belgian Congo very many times greater than Belgium. As for the British, or rather the Anglo-Saxons, for Herr Corbach treats of races before nations, in one form or another they govern about one-third of the land surface of the earth, having started with less than one five-hundredth part. Of Europeans these were the lucky swarmers; but they have ceased to swarm. No longer do their young men feel the urge to seek adventure abroad,

and there will soon be fewer young men to do so, for their birth-rates slow down. How long, asks Herr Corbach, can this division of the earth endure? It is a tremendous question, and will have to be faced fearlessly, frankly, and above all soon, if explosion is to be averted. For there are late swarmers as well as early and late swarms must raid full hives, or perish. Poland, Germany, and all the nations of Eastern Europe except Russia have no colonies at all, and their outlets for expansion have been closed by the immigration laws of the Anglo-Saxons and of the South American Republics. Fear of lowering the standard of living has slammed the door. Italy, who swarms anew, as once she swarmed to build the Roman Empire, has colonies it is true, but they are largely wastes of sand and scrub, or sand and no scrub. In Asia, Japan, virile, patriotic, breeding like the lemming, banned by the line drawn against her splendid people as men of colour, Japan has challenged the right of the League to confine her to her islands. What is going to happen? Speaking of Britain, Herr Corbach asks "Is that little European island kingdom to be allowed progressively to monopolise the whole legacy of the Age of Discovery?" He describes Australia's Northern Territory as "a region two and a half times the size of France, with excellent natural harbours, navigable rivers, and large continuous stretches of fertile land . . . contains only 2,240 inhabitants." If the white nations do not populate their wide open spaces, European discoverers, he believes, "will have laboured chiefly for the expansion of Asiatic peoples". He foresees a gigantic struggle between on the one side, the Anglo-Saxon nations, and on the other the landless nations of Europe and Asia. Of three great areas seized by the Anglo-Saxons, America, Canada, and Australia why, he asks, should the former contain 120,000,000 inhabitants, and the other two some 15,000,000 between them?

There you get the broad sweeps of time, the past and the conceivable future. Of the same family as Herr Corbach's, is

this from Dr. von Lindequist, formerly Governor of German South West: 'One day the countries that have more territory than they can administer may find themselves faced by a solid block of those countries that have a greater population than they can feed.'

This is so fundamental and decisive a question that one hates to shift it, however slightly, from the level keel it deserves yet it would be idle not to counter at once with the political overbreeding of most of these latter countries. The solid block would presumably have as its backbone Japan, Germany and Italy and probably Dr. von Lindequist has also in mind those other chronic overbreeders, Russia, the Czechs and the Poles. In ten years' time the population of Europe will be 80,000,000 more than it is now. The Japanese expect to reach 80,000,000 by 1960. They have less than 1,500,000 established in their colonial possessions, owing to climatic incompatibilities, yet the stream of babies goes steadily on – 150 an hour, 2½ a minute, one every 23 seconds. Babies can nowadays muchly be turned on and off by dictators. Anything suggested here in favour of opening up overseas spheres for others presupposes that their dictators shall turn off beforehand any baby flow they may be stimulating. Let me give a clear case in point. The Third Realm has gone in off the deep end, as one can imagine, over this whole business of overseas settling. In Hamburg I listened to a film-talk, in Berlin I visited a colonial museum, which, the pair of them, just resolved into so much overheating youth-dope. In the museum, after paying a penny entry, Nazi youths proceeded to throb with passion beneath Goebbels provender that ran the colonial gamut from close-ups of pear-shaped ebony breasts to nuts and apes and oils and an electric map showing how we were letting most of them sleep to death in East Africa and graphs . . . such graphs and statistics . . . one felt like crying out, 'rubbish!' but refrained. One prominent set of figures proclaimed of Germany's 6,000,000 unemployed that a third could be absorbed by economic revival,

a second third by home colonisation, but as to the final third, unless Germany got her colonies back. . . ? Actually, less than 30,000 Germans were in those colonies prior to 1914 — thought that isn't to say they couldn't be made to hold many more now in view of profound advance since. However: Hitler with all these people already on his hands, is stimulating births in every way.

This said, how very much could be done if we were only sane, if we devoted some of our time, gave our heads to working out watertight systems for overseas settling, yielding new horizons. What a five, ten, fifteen year plan could be here were the requisite funds unlocked. What a chance for science and machines to get busy with a will instead of cursing us with their over-attentions. Surely it should not be beyond the brains of British, French, Italians, Germans, to get together in this matter, for that is what it more urgently amounts to, precisely the Four Power Pactors? Japan is beyond present scope. What of any others? Russia has enough territory to expand into even if she does touch 200,000,000 in 1960, as is planned. The Poles have elbow-room, too. The Czechs should practise family limitation, because they've been jolly fortunate as it is. The three wise and balanced lands of the North get along without overseas connections which can prove expensive luxuries on occasion. In fact, many people don't want to swarm at all. But what if Germans and Italians do? And the deserving Austrians? And one or two more? If claims came to be made here and there for more breathing space . . . could we do nothing at all about it? Just enter a *non possumus* and nonchalantly carry on as if everything in the garden were not only lovely but just and equitable into the bargain? Isn't there rather something all wrong, against nature and the sense of things, about all these slammed gates round the earth? Here we Europeans are, who founded these places, one or the other of us, here we are multiplying and machining and staying put and hoping (?) to get away with it while all the time . . .

but unnecessary. I do not believe anyone really thinks it can continue so. But I know, too, what further is being thought. 'Charity begins. . . .'

Yes. Our own case needs rectification just as much as anybody else's, if not more so, with Dominion door after door seemingly permanently closed in our face. One sympathises with our kinsmen's fear of being swamped, and resultant loss of standard of living, yet, honestly, can there ever have been so extraordinary a position of its kind—other tribes dreaming of settling these places, overtly coveting them, and we, who found and reared them, not even we, permitted to go there in advance if for nothing else than to help strengthen things. As the years go by, the British Navy's routine protective work looks like covering the greatest curiosities in territorial history. Blockage of migration, carried out by a small minority in vast continents, just when the world needs to migrate as never in the past. It isn't only the Dominions. There's all South America, and France is closely involved, and so are other of the colonial Powers.

Faint hopes have shown latterly in our case: no doubt in one quarter because of all the little Japanzy faces beginning to re-appear. Chartered companies for the Northern Territories are under discussion. Long-term leases, special conditions for building railways and docks and other works, remission of taxation, and permission to import goods at low duty into an otherwise highly-protected land are among the enticements dangled, though naturally, after certain distressing Victorian happenings, everything would have to be studied closely. Nevertheless, it does show the birth of a glimmering of appreciation, and Western Australia, British Columbia, and New Zealand are also spoken of as holding out new hopes. But it is slender stuff, the lot of it, unworthy of the great subject at issue which is nothing more nor less than the wider revision. In our case, I have heard it said that the Prince of Wales would be ready enough to lead a new emigration were he certain of the necessary implementation

and support. What a unique élan that would give to the whole question! People would seriously get down to things, examine the problem all angles up, discover if it be really true that the more we raised of these overseas white settlements the more we ourselves would benefit thereby. That is what is wanted: *enquiry*.

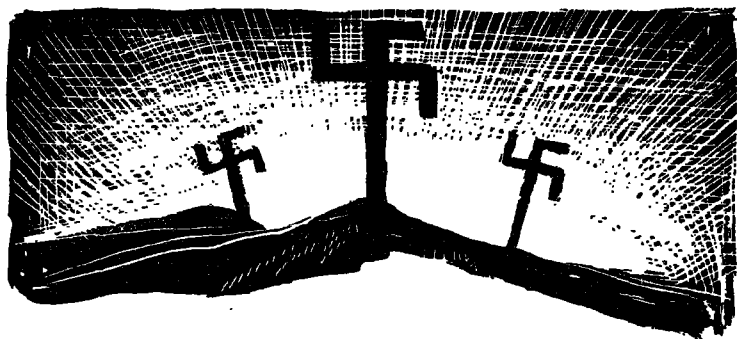
So far as I can determine, among the main objections to a project such as General Kundt's are:

Cost too much
They'd only make trouble and expand
World markets would be further saturated
Settlements might expensively collapse
The right people not ready to go.

There can be no adequate answering here to any of the above. Just a thought or two. In regard to cost, any gift or lease that might be granted, say, to Germans, would presuppose a drop in the arms bill. Moreover, there would be the dole relief. Since 1921 we have allotted £3,000,000 to emigration and £500,000,000 to unemployment. As for fear of trouble, settlements would have to be completely disarmed zones, possibly treated as Minorities or Mandatory strips. As for expansion, there doesn't seem to be any valid reason why, if Germans were prepared to become Peruvians, Austrians shouldn't become Australians. Circumstances are changing so rapidly that the same weight can hardly any longer attach to the strict preservation of nationality overseas. Perhaps that could be misunderstood. I mean that Austrians could still remain closely linked with lieber Wien over the radio, not to mention the talkies, and at no far distant date probably by television too, while the certain arrival of real cross-world air transport within the next score years further aids the argument: people who emigrated to these modern, slap-up settlements would be able to fly back to their homeland as easily as now their forerunners crawl for weeks on the surface of the seas. We know such things not

to be just imaginative weaving, as once they were, but now solidly true. With regard to saturation, it could and should be laid down that the primary object of these places would be for settlers to make their own show go from top to bottom, to become as self-contained as humanely maybe. Whether or no the right kind of people are ready to go from England, I can vouch that such is freely the case abroad.

A more rational resharing of the earth is overdue and must come one day. Whether it come by havoc or the wise council of men is the question. These settlements might be a beginning. But if it be asking too much to hope that modest pleas such as Austria's may be heard, in the name of several different things let us ourselves get busy with our own Dominions. Mussolini, of course, in our shoes would simply go out and reconquer them. But I don't suppose we can do that?



35 Well . . . I have not gone into the ditch but it is time to pull up in this all-over-the-road retrogression. Ever faithful to the Japanese recipe of authorship, just prior to Cologne, I was at Eupen: so this is from Eupen which shall then mark my term: Eupen not being a bad place at all for a final few well-chosen words. None realises better that such are likely to have dated by the time they appear. Since this book was begun there have been two or three more revolutions or changes of régime or other 'profound modifications'. It is quite impossible to keep up with them: one must just pin down the situation as one sees it at a specific moment and let it go at that.

Eupen is situate, you might say, at the very heart of the Locarno Treaty. Britain, Belgium, Germany, France abut one upon the other locally; alone Italy is at a distance. And Hitler wants Eupen back, and the surrounding country. '*Was deutsch war müß wieder deutsch werden.*' So, the great Hindenburg. But should everything that was formerly German go back to this Germany? Let us enquire a moment into the particular case of Eupen —

At the dancing Congress of Vienna, the hilly and wooded border country of Eupen-Malmédy, on the Belgo-German

frontier, was made over to Prussia for strategical reasons. Prussia duly appreciated the fact at the beginning of August, 1914. It was in this frontierland, from Elsenborn, that von Bülow's first divisions marched to the assault of Belgium. For years previously a network of military railways had been laid, connecting Stavelot, Malmédy, and Eupen with the main arteries in rear. Here was the key to the Schlieffen Plan, and here at the outset of war was the centre of the world, when 'les forts tiennent toujours' were the words on every lip in fevered Belgium, the forts of Liège barring the way to the West. The implication that the fortress still held out after the 6th was erroneous, a certain Colonel Ludendorff having walked in on that day, and off his own bat, and by a ruse, caused the Belgians to surrender, thereby freeing a bottle-neck jam that had imperilled the whole campaign. Still, this is by the way. The fact to bring out here is that Prussia, in 1914, made resounding use of the Eupen-Malmédy country, which had belonged to the Walloons before Waterloo, but for which Metternich, Talleyrand and Castlereagh had so thoughtfully found new ownership. The use was such that, at Versailles, and despite a no-annexation undertaking, the victors re-made over Eupen-Malmédy to Belgium, though with a proviso that a plebiscite be held.

This plebiscite was a farce and a put-up job. Belgians stood by with drawn swords while the merest trickle of 'protesters' signed for Germany. The overwhelming majority, though of German heart, were either afraid or held back by material considerations. And even to-day the Belgians admit that the annexed territory is unassimilated and pro-German. But should it, on that account, and because of the plebiscite cheating, go back to this Germany? Eupen-Malmédy remains of the same high strategical importance as 118 years ago, and the Belgians, who assuredly will never attack anyone, have duly organised the hilly woodland which forms a glacis dominating the main line to Cologne. The heavy guns

embedded in the Eupen-Malmédy heights hold every strategical point in adjacent Germany under control, back as far as Düren. There could be no thought of the Germans suddenly flinging themselves across the frontier so long as these guns remained in Belgian hands. The Belgians are taking no risks in this neighbourhood, not even with Holland. 'Boucher le trou' is the word. Nor need I stress the fact that Eupen-Malmédy is a defensive outpost of Kent. Locarno is not all give by this country. It keeps, at least, this Germany terrestrially at arm's length from us and it maintains a permanent hold over France spreading herself: historic veto of ours. But we should get more for Locarno: perhaps it should have been limited to air and sea so far as we would be concerned. Moreover, bomber advance since 1925 has certainly lessened the value that Locarno was to us, as advanced 'Kent bastion', when we signed the Treaty.

What, then, of Hitler's demand? Admittedly these locals 'voted' beneath drawn swords, but admittedly, also, here in this very spot the crime was committed. At this gateway the crashing occurred. Here was the pool of blood, here the torn scrap of paper. It is not as other spots. What does the fact of thirty or forty thousand peasants hankering for their homeland matter beside the risk of enabling Prussia once again to make capital use of the local strategical position? What odds, the sentimental nostalgia of a frontier population (as if Hitler cared about that), beside seven million dead? The former merely have the misfortune to be geographically situate at a point vital to European peace.

. . . The Germany so many of us sympathised with and tried to be decent to after the War has been murdered – not wholly by Hitler, France started the business. There is good in the régime that has substituted itself. One is well aware that Hitler does not lack sympathisers in England, if only for his not unheroic back-to-the-wall, do-your-damndest attitude, while there is also with us a strong undercurrent of 'too-much-Jew' plus a revulsion from campaigning again

for France. Again, the Nazi cleaving to realities—a whole string of them—has savoured of the future, thereby attracting no small junior applause. The businesslike unifying of the nation. The application of the comb to employment and the combing out of such as have no urgent need to be there in favour of those who have. The masculine priority. The conception that charity doesn't begin in a mental deficient's home, but before it. The ardour of adventure, to colonise, to obey. The way in which employed are helping unemployed as a man-to-man affair. The suggestion of control over big business and machinery. The curbing of 'octopus' stores in favour of small shopkeepers. The re-settling of the land. The urge to fitness. The impregnation of national lore and culture. The dignity of worrying out one's own show. Such things have appealed, and more besides. Small doubt, too, that Hitler would have deluged Germany with public works but for the regrettable circumstance that these had already been lavishly provided under the previous régime: hence so much of the marching and haranguing: filling up the time.

There is good in the Nazi régime; and, incidentally, let us, every time, graft on what might suit our case domestically. But how many of those who truly understand things can honestly say that they trust the Nazis even in our own relation? They may be all right now. But later? If allowed to muscle up? It's useless forgetting what the Germans were such a short while ago and how much nastier the present lot could be. For me that governs all. I do not trust them; and I do not want my Sixth Europe to be a reversion to war corresponding—although, come to think of it, that would be unlikely, anyway, since apparently battles in the future are to be reported after this style:

Mukden, March 1.—From the 6th onwards the wireless station here will broadcast a description of the battle of Jehol. Official aeroplanes fitted with microphones will fly over the battlefield and observers will report the progress of events, for subsequent relaying.

England may be developing three moods towards Hitler. One is conscious of a large number – and not only the Fascist-favourable in our midst – who are ready to let this Germany get strong and go East, are ready to take the hand of Hitlerism in the belief that this Germany, on her feet, will spell a breakaway towards new European horizons favourable both to this country and the human stride in general. One or two friends whose opinions I value feel that way. I hope they take into account (a) the deep risk of any tampering with Russia, (b) the untrustworthiness of better Germanies than this one, (c) the recession of the human mind contained in Nazi-ism. A second school would not cease, even now, trying to hammer out through the League a real system of mutual guarantees against aggression, of compulsory arbitration, and ‘pooled security’. In my belief it is too late for this now unless you are prepared to give territory to the other two of the 4-Power Pact, in a quid pro quo. Thirdly, there are the ‘preventivites’, people who believe that once the initiative is lost, we, too, may be, and who cannot understand why others should have the horrors at mere suggestion of preventive measures against this Germany – entirely legal measures – while the prevention is yet good (‘and it won’t be much longer!’); preventive measures which would obviate lakes of blood later. Why be fooled (say these folk) by the thinnest profession of faith breath could utter, by men not fit to black your boots?

What to do the while Hitler develops his obvious policy of trying to obtain first over the green baize what he otherwise in his own time is determined, must try to obtain by force?

Perhaps school three might be given a better hearing than heretofore – this from one who has always adhered to school two.

It is pleasant to catch a glimpse of England as one should like to see her in immediate years: in one hand, firmness, in the other, anything we can do for Germany. Perhaps that

may be England's proper policy no matter what Government came to power.

In being strong, there is no call for this country to offer excuses. Without self-pride, just because it is the fact: we have behaved best since the Armistice. In stopping kicking Germany, in debt cancellation, in trying to disarm, in agreeing at Locarno to go back, if need be, to damnable fields, in unrelenting search after conciliation, the laurels are to these islands even if others shall never give us the credit and even if a good deal of it was traceable to self-preservation.

In outline and at present, it might mean taking position by the side of France. The less said about France's attitude and behaviour towards us since 1918, the better. In mitigation, she's shell-shocked still, and a fear complex. She's also free. And it so happens that our material interests are not divergent from hers. Not only close at home but round the earth. There need be no sentimental stuff. Rather: 'Come on! Let's get on with this job!'

The job being to hold the pass for the oncoming tribe, for our prodigious progeny, so that we may hand on some sort of a world, not the Darker Continent that war would inevitably propel, and which Hitler sometimes appears to be holding over us in a species of 'You don't dare risk it!'

'If the political aspirations of the nations should grow sane, and the artificial economic problems of the world be solved, the combined and assured gifts of health, plenty, and leisure may prove to be the final justification of applied science.'

I can't trace who wrote that, but I agree with it; and that is why I want, at all hazards, to liaison with the new times that lie so manifestly ahead if we can but keep the road open to them.